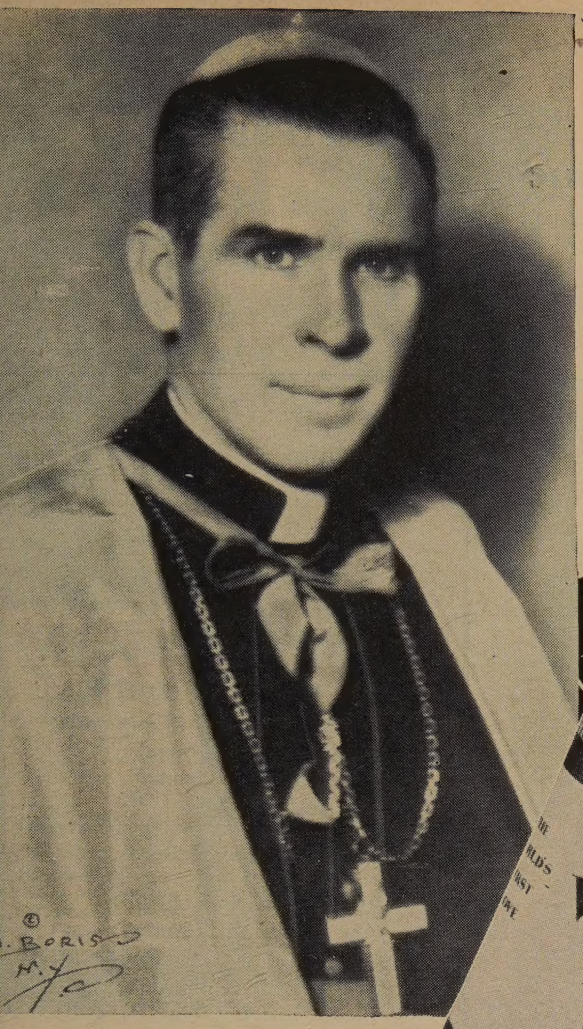


Introductory Offer!

to new members of the *Catholic Literary Foundation* . . . this powerful new book about Mary by Bishop Fulton Sheen! The famous author of *Peace of Soul* and *Lift Up Your Heart* tells the love story of the Mother of God as it has never been told before. . . .

THE WORLD'S FIRST LOVE

A book of praise for the most perfect woman of all time! In the rich clear language that draws people of all beliefs to his talks, Bishop Sheen portrays the glory of the Mother of God and, through her, the meaning of woman, motherhood, virginity, suffering marriage, and freedom. Vividly he shows how she shares the life of all humanity — both joys and sorrows. Here Mary is depicted as the Ideal for all time, truly the Mother of the human race. "She is the one whom every man loves when he loves a woman — whether he knows it or not. She is what every woman wants to be when she looks at herself." Read *The World's First Love* to learn how completely Mary identifies herself with us.

"Many rays of inspiration are to be gleaned from a reading of this thought-provoking book, which ends on a note of hope for the salvation of Russia just as there must be a remaking of our own lives."
— *Philadelphia Inquirer*

TYPICAL RECENT OFFERINGS OF THE CATHOLIC LITERARY FOUNDATION

THE STRANGER
Malachy G. Carroll
The story of an unfrocked priest who guarded the seal of Confession at heart-breaking cost. ". . . an extraordinarily powerful novel." — *Our Sunday Visitor.*

CATHOLICISM & AMERICAN FREEDOM
James M. O'Neill
Do Catholic doctrines conflict with fundamental liberties guaranteed under the Constitution? A recognized authority sets straight this charge.

THE PERFECT JOY OF SAINT FRANCIS
Felix Timmermans
Here is the full story of what St. Francis was really like, told in fiction form, making him truly human and not merely a marble saint.

GOD GOES TO MURDERER'S ROW
Father Raymond
Everyone is talking about this true account of a condemned murderer's return to God as told by the author of *The Man Who Got Even With God.*

We Have a Copy of Bishop Sheen's Book for You!

you do is fill out the coupon on the bottom his page, clip, and send it to us. That is application for membership in the *Catholic rary Foundation.* You agree to buy as few as books a year. When you send the coupon, *World's First Love* will come to you nptly. Bishop Sheen's book is only the first nany worthwhile selections that will come to as a member of the *Catholic Literary Foun-on.* Chosen from the lists of *all* publishers excellent novels, biographies of saints, spirit- reading, popular psychology, current events a balanced program of reading for Catholics very age. *And they are always fit for your ly to read!* No *Foundation* book is ever otful or "borderline" as to moral values. one contributes to your growth as a better olic!

No Membership Dues

costs nothing to belong to this wonderful Catholic book club! You pay only for each book you decide to keep — the regular publisher's price or less (but never over $3.00 for a monthly selection, even though the publisher's price is higher). Alternate selections may, however, vary in price from $2.00 upwards. Also, during the year dual selections are offered — two selections for $3.00 or $2.75 — a real bargain!

Outstanding Dividend Books

Every time you have purchased four books, you receive a book dividend — the regular publisher's edition of a significant, distinctly Catholic title that is currently popular.

Use the Coupon Today!

You'll be glad you did. Your entire family will thank you for giving them the advantages of your *Foundation* membership. Start out with your copy of *The World's First Love.* Fill out, clip, and mail the coupon below!

THE CATHOLIC LITERARY FOUNDATION
400 North Broadway **Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin**

FOR YOU . . . a copy of Bishop Sheen's **THE WORLD'S FIRST LOVE**

THE CATHOLIC LITERARY FOUNDATION (S 9-52)
400 North Broadway
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

You may enter my name as a member of the *Catholic Literary Foundation* and send me *The World's First Love* as my enrollment premium. I agree to buy at least four *Foundation* books a year and understand that a free book will be sent to me after the purchase of every four books.

Mr.
Mrs. .....
Miss
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....
Age, if under 21 .....
Occupation .....

(This offer good only in the United States, Possessions, and Canada)

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

SEPTEMBER 1952

VOL. 32 No. 2

ARTICLES

The American Scene

The False Face of Public Relations ..... *Helen Walker Homan* 17
They're Still the Finest ..... *Milton Lomask* 22
TV's Future ..... *John O'Connor* 25
California Puts Water to Work ..... *Neil MacNeil* 60

The World Scene

Whipping Boy for Bigots ..... *Albert J. Nevins* 28
The German Underground ..... *Robert Meyer* 48
Tito's Paradise ..... *James V. Parker* 63

Various

Through the Revolving Door (A Sign Picture Article) 9
Saint in the Air ..... *George Lamb* 32
The Denial ..... *Jude Mead, C.P.* 35
Hobbies for Fun and Profit (A Sign Picture Article) 51
That's What Daddies Are For ..... *James C. G. Conniff* 66

SHORT STORIES

The Big Bass Drum ..... *Harry Sylvester* 12
Fair Moments ..... *Ethel R. Seely* 40
Kiss From Mine Enemy ..... *Maura Laverty* 56

EDITORIALS

"Take and Read" ..... *Ralph Gorman, C.P.* 4
Current Fact and Comment 5

ENTERTAINMENT

Stage and Screen ..... *Jerry Cotter* 45
Radio and Television ..... *Dorothy Klock* 54
Sports ..... *Don Dunphy* 58

FEATURES

People 20
Woman to Woman ..... *Katherine Burton* 27
The Living Poet—*Poem* ..... *Kenton Kilmer* 36
Sign Post ..... *Aloysius McDonough, C.P.* 37
Spiritual Thoughts ..... *Dom Hubert Van Zeller, O.S.B.* 55
The Priest—*Poem* ..... *Margaret M. Daly* 62
Books 67
Letters 76

EDITOR
Rev. Ralph Gorman, C.P.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Rev. Damian Reid, C.P.
Rev. Fabian Flynn, C.P.
Rev. Wilfred Scanlon, C.P.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John C. O'Brien (*Washington*)
Jerry Cotter (*Drama*)
Don Dunphy (*Sports*)
Katherine Burton (*Women's Interests*)
Rev. Aloysius McDonough, C.P., (*Sign Post*)
Dorothy Klock (*Radio*)
Clifford Laube (*Poetry*)

ART DIRECTOR
Frank Rossi

BUSINESS—CIRCULATION
Rev. Donald Nealis, C.P., *Business Manager*
William C. Reilly, *Promotion Director*
Frank R. Magnin, *Advertising Manager*

FIELD REPRESENTATIVES
Rev. Pius Trevoy, C.P., *Director*
Rev. Timothy McDermott, C.P.
Rev. Terence Brodie, C.P.
Rev. Alan Prendergast, C.P.
Rev. Hugh Carroll, C.P.

MISSION DEPARTMENT
Rev. Emmanuel Trainor, C.P., *Procurator*

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price $3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25¢. Canada, $3.00 a year; Foreign, $3.50 per year.—All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. — Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.—Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6400. — Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1925.—All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index.

Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1952.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

for 10 Days Examination
In Your Own Home

THIS BEAUTIFUL IMAGE OF THE Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague

No Money in Advance
No C. O. D.—Just Mail Coupon

From the dawn of Christianity man's prayers have been heeded. The miracles wrought by confident devotion have deepened our faith in God's divine powers. He has healed the sick, uplifted the weary, enriched the poor, brought happiness to the miserable, confidence to the discouraged, strength to the weak, consolation to the bereaved, success to the failure, faith to the fearful.

"THE MORE YOU HONOR ME, THE MORE I WILL BLESS YOU"

The fame of devotion to the Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague has attracted an ever-increasing number of worshippers who appeal to Him in every need. In 1637, Father Cyril seemed to hear the broken statue say to him, "Give me back my hands and I will give you peace. The more you honor me, the more I will bless you." The young priest did have pity and did honor this statue, and a short time later money was obtained and the statue repaired. Soon thereafter the destroyed city and depression were overcome, and a prosperous city of peace and love was reborn. Ever since then devotion to the Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague has increased, and many replicas have been introduced into churches throughout the world.

ARE YOU TROUBLED?

Perhaps YOU are troubled, worried, sick at heart . . . perhaps you need consolation, confidence, guidance, comfort or courage. If so, you too may be blessed if you introduce into your home the devotion to the Infant Jesus of Prague.

IDEAL FOR HOME SHRINE

A new and beautiful reproduction of the original Image of the Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague is now being placed in thousands of home shrines throughout the nation. Of it, as of the original, it has been said, "From its beautiful eyes dart sparks of heavenly love; its smiling lips offer spiritual riches; its beauty conquers the heart."

Yes, this new reproduction is a truly beautiful sight to behold; made of durable Finartstone . . . sculptured with the finest detail . . . hand-painted in brilliant colors . . . glazed porcelain finish . . . rhinestone cross on crown and globe . . . shatterproof hands and fingers. The statue itself is 12½" high — weighs 5 pounds — stands firmly. The Altar stands 3" high . . . has 2 rose-colored candle holders, complete with 2 replaceable long-burning candles. You may examine both Statue and Altar—for 10 days—*free!*

THE FAITH CO.,

22 TREAT PL. NEWARK 2, N. J.

nd No Money—Just Mail Coupon

mailing the coupon now—you will receive this su-
b Image of the Infant Jesus (and the Altar, too, if
1 so desire). Keep the statue for 10 days. If, at the
l of that time, you wish to return it, do so and you
l owe us nothing. Otherwise, send us your check or
ney order for only $6.00 plus postage, in full pay-
nt. Statues of this quality are priced elsewhere as
h as $25.00 so this is a rare value indeed. (If you
h, we will send you the magnificent DeLuxe Statue,
ich has a sparkling stardust metalite crown and a
utiful 12-color floral decoration on the front of the
e. Price, $7.95). The Altar itself is priced at $4.95,
you *save money* when you order it together with
ner statue, as indicated in the coupon. Mail coupon
)W. (For prompt action, we will include a fascinat-
booklet, "The Infant Jesus of Prague" *absolutely*
e).

THE FAITH CO., Dept. F-89, 22 Treat Pl., Newark 2, N. J.

Please send me your beautiful 12½ inch Image of the Infant Jesus of Prague, as indicated below. I will keep it in my home for 10 days. If I am not completely satisfied with it, I will return it without further obligation. Otherwise I will send you a check or money order for the price indicated plus postage, in full payment. The booklet "The Infant Jesus of Prague" is mine to keep whether or not I return the statue.

(Please check statue you wish to examine)

☐ Regular Statue *plus* Altar..$10.45 (reg. value, $10.95—SAVE 50c)

☐ Regular Statue *alone*.....$6.00

☐ DeLuxe Statue *plus* Altar—$11.90 (reg. value, $12.90—SAVE $1.00)

☐ DeLuxe Statue *alone*.....$7.95

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if you enclose price now in full payment; in which case we will pay postage. Money back guarantee if you return items within 10 days.

Editor's page

"Take and Read"

FIVE hundred years ago, at Mainz in Germany, a bearded, middle-aged man watched anxiously as workmen operated a primitive contraption which one would hardly recognize today as a printing press. Now and then he picked up the printed sheets of paper and examined them closely to reassure himself that the type was being impressed clearly and evenly.

The man was Johann Gutenberg, the father of printing. The press he was watching was his own invention, the fruit of long years of experimentation, of trial and error. The book he was printing was the Bible, the first book ever to be printed from movable type. In that little print shop, history was being made. One epoch was ending and other beginning.

Johann Gutenberg was a Catholic. The Bible he was printing was a Catholic Bible, for the use of Catholics. That is good reason for the Catholic celebration of a special Bible Week, September 28 to October 5, as the 500th anniversary of the Gutenberg Bible.

Although the Bible is in a special sense the possession of Catholics, it is an unknown book to many of them. Most Catholic families own a Bible, perhaps even a large and ornate copy, but it serves too often as a decoration or as a convenient place for listing important family events, rather than as a book to be read.

The Bible deserves better of us. It isn't merely a book about God and religion. It is the word of God because God is its Author. The human writer was a mere instrument of the Divine Author. The Bible is a message from God to His creatures. It treats of the most important subjects in which man can interest himself: the creation and fall; the promise of a Redeemer; the birth, life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Christ; the foundation of the Church. It portrays for us the reason for our existence, our eternal destiny, and the means of attaining it. From every point of view, it is the most important book ever written.

All of the Bible is not of equal significance. In fact, some parts—such as the dietary laws and genealogies of the Old Testament—are of no concern today except to antiquarians. The ordinary reader should skip all such parts. He will find interest and inspiration in the historical books, the prophets, and in those gems of poetic beauty and religious inspiration, the Psalms.

The timid reader, fearful of venturing into what he has always believed a dreary waste, would be well advised to begin with a reading of the Gospels. The writings of the four Evangelists have a force and chaste simplicity that surpass in many respects the greatest of the classics. Read, for instance, the narratives of the birth of Christ. There is nothing more beautiful in sacred or profane literature. Or St. John's account of the healing of the man born blind and the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Read and savor the stark simplicity and restrained awe of the Gospel accounts of the Passion and Death of Christ, of His Resurrection and risen life, and of His Ascension into Heaven. No Life of Christ, no secondary narrative, no imaginative elaboration can replace the Divine impact of the original Word of God.

IF we need proofs of the benefits derived from reading the Bible, we can find innumerable in the lives of the Saints. St. Augustine is the classic example. Sitting in the garden, he heard a voice saying, "Take and read." He picked up a copy of the New Testament, and the passage he read struck him so forcibly that it was the final grace needed to turn him from a sinner into a saint.

Some measure of this same saving grace can come to all of us through a devout reading of the Sacred Books. It would be well to make the celebration of the 500th anniversary of the Gutenberg Bible an occasion for a firm resolve to tap this neglected source of Divine grace.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

United Press photo

A striking shot of the Pope, as His Holiness greets new mayor of Castel Gandolfo, town of papal summer residence. For first time in years, incumbent is non-Communist.

Religious News Service photo

Blind retreatants form touching and inspiring picture as they devoutly make Stations of the Cross during their annual retreat at Passionist Retreat House in Jamaica, N. Y.

Reluctant Candidates: Two Points of View

THE two national political conventions in Chicago produced more than a television *première*. They yielded a remarkable pair of candidates. Mr. Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson are both afraid of the presidency. The General refused to toss his own hat into the ring. It had to be snatched by Senator Lodge. The Governor would not even acquiesce in a draft until the convention served the nomination up to him all cooked and ready for eating.

In both instances, the major opposition came from competitors with very different ideas. Senator Taft had been eying the White House for sixteen years. Senator Kefauver apparently kindled to the same idea after television had spotlighted him as a shining knight walloping crime as St. George had belabored the dragon.

The winners were criticized by the opposing camps precisely for their reluctance to grab for the office of chief executive. Eisenhower was tardy about leaving Europe and starting his campaign. Stevenson viewed the office with frank pain and distaste. Such apathy was asserted to be a disqualification for office. A man can't give his best while wracked with a headache any more than a kid can be pleasant over a dose of castor oil.

It seems to us, however, that this feature of the conventions is the most hopeful symptom which American politics has developed in years.

The presidency of the United States is a terrific responsibility. It is *primarily* a responsibility, a hard, killing job, a burden on the heart, the arteries, and the conscience.

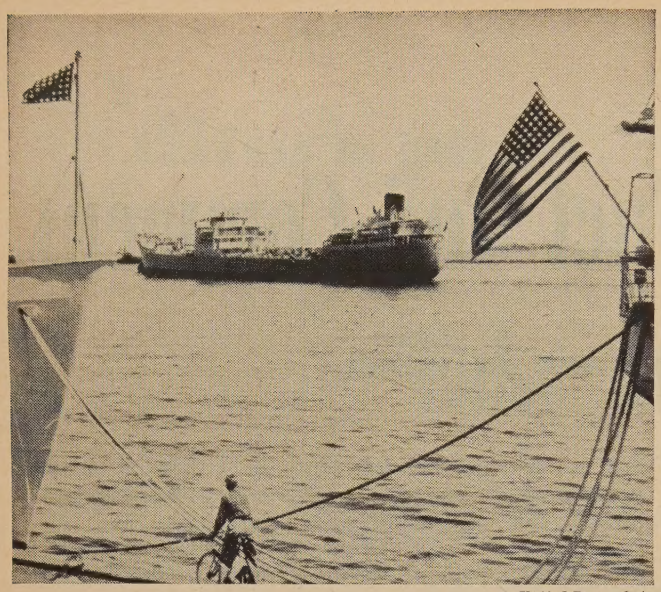
Anybody who has caught hold of it and doesn't want to let go is covered with psychological callouses or high sanctity. And the majority of political observers would disclaim the sanctity. Mr. Truman is displaying one of the most wholesome acts of his life in pulling out of the top spot.

Our contention is not that the presidency is a dishonorable office. It is mighty honorable indeed. Nothing is more understandable than for a man to want the sense of dignity and power which are incidental to it.

But they are only incidental. And they are what little school boys think of when they claim that they want to grow up to be president. They want the fun of it, the feel of being big shots, the parades, the patronage, the publicity. But they don't want the headaches. In fact, they don't even know about the headaches. They certainly don't know that the President of the United States can't put an old friend on the payroll or give his own daughter singing lessons without laying in a precautionary supply of aspirin.

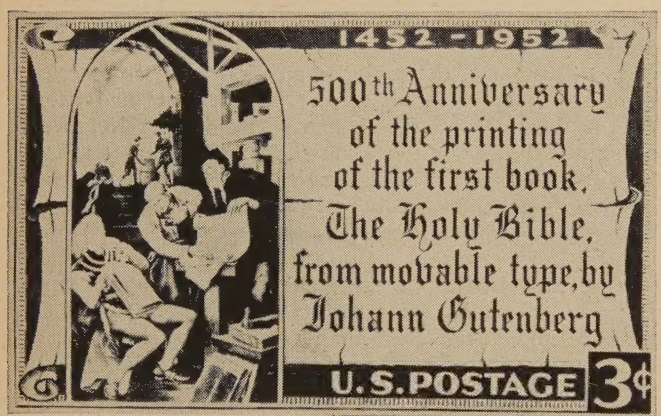
A grown man knows better. Particularly a politician. He can peel the cosmetic glamour off the office, and see the job as a four-year stint at fraudulent slavery.

Even at that, he could bid for it in a spirit of consecrated public service. He could approach the post as the ancient



United Press photos

Ship built for Soviets in Denmark sails. Our Madame Ambassador was in Chicago attending political convention. Why continue sending economic aid in face of such deals?



Religious News Service photo

Stamp commemorating 500th anniversary of Gutenberg Bible to be issued Sept. 30, the feast of St. Jerome, whose text Gutenberg used to give world its first printed book.

Harris & Ewing photo

Prince Faisal of Saudi Arabia visits Secretary of the Interior Chapman in Washington. U. S. prestige in the Middle East is deteriorating and our friends becoming fewer.

martyrs approached the lions, willing to be eaten alive on earth for the glory of God and the edification of men.

It is hard, however, to lift the average political conscience to so unearthly a level. It can be done, of course. But it would hardly be a good bet.

We think that a nicer reverence for the presidency of the United States is displayed by the man who is frightened of it and wants to run away. Not by the man who goes chasing it over the country like a cowpoke with a rope.

What's In A Name?

IT took forty or fifty centuries for philosophers to discover the world of reality. Now, that world is in danger of getting lost again and having to be rediscovered. This because certain modern philosophers talk about reality in a negative, inverted way which makes you feel dizzy and want to sit down. The heavy eater, they say, is not a person who likes food. He is an escapist. A fugitive fleeing from a feeling of emptiness and futility.

The alcoholic is not pursuing the blissful, bubbly sense of well-being which comes from stoking alcohol. He is retreating from the less blissful and bubbly sense of well-being which attends on privation of alcohol.

The traveler who picks up a twenty-five cent western or detective story at the terminal newsstand is not a poor devil who has a lot of time to kill and wants to kill it as pleasantly as possible. He is a softie. He is repelling the more cultural occupation of watching the endless miles of mid-western wheatfields or Pennsylvania culm piles, while biting his fingernails.

The millionaire playboy of sixty who marries his eighth wife is emotionally immature. So is the citizen who talks hatefully about Catholics, or Jews, or Negroes, or Japanese. So are women who prevent babies, or kids who drive hot-rod cars.

The old philosophy was different. It spoke about things in a positive way, the way everybody sees them and thinks about them.

It said men have desires which drive them to want certain things that are good and useful. It said that these desires must be controlled by reason. They must be kept within bounds. When they are, they are called virtue. When they are not, they are called vice.

Every normal person has the urge to indulge in food, or drink, or sex, or any of the other attractive adventures in living. This urge is necessary for the preservation of the individual and the race. This urge is a barometer of human need and a mechanism for taking care of it.

If that is so, why call a man an escapist when he complies with it? He is doing something positively useful. And when he overindulges, why not simply say he is intemperate? It makes a lot more sense.

How Silly Can Our State Department Get?

SINCE midsummer 1945, the U. S. Army and State Department have been trying to ram democracy down the throats of the Germans. Millions of dollars and tons of equipment have been poured into this venture. High-salaried experts and "cultural officers" have been shipped over to live in plush requisitioned homes and direct this great program of indoctrination from desks in the vast, sprawling bureaucracy called HICOG, the ancillary of the State Department that "runs" Germany.

Just about everything has been tried, from war crimes

trials to comic books. In between these extremes have been free cokes, free libraries, free jive sessions, free baseball lessons, town meetings, soap box derbies, youth conventions, boy mayors for-a-day, snack bars, hillbilly music, and other propaganda devices and paraphernalia in abundance, all served up as democratic bait. Some of it took. However, for the most part, the Germans have shrugged it off, content to grab and enjoy what pleases them, meanwhile hoping and waiting stolidly for the occupation's end.

One scheme for promoting interest in and understanding of American democracy has proved fruitful. It is that of the so-called "exchange programs," an idea which our highly paid experts copied directly from clever Soviet propaganda methods. Under these programs, German editors, industrialists, educators, churchmen, labor leaders, clubwomen, etc., tour the United States at government expense, sometimes in groups but more often individually and unescorted, going where they please, observing, and seeing exactly how Americans live and work. The most numerous among these "exchange" groups are students, who have been granted scholarships in our secondary schools, colleges, and universities.

Recently, twenty-seven German students were awarded scholarships to American schools. Acknowledged the brightest was a sixteen-year-old named Hilde Speer. A Washington upper-echelon "cultural officer" discovered that Hilde's father was Albert Speer, Hitler's public works administrator and probably the brainiest man in the Nazi hierarchy, who is serving twenty years in Spandau, although many who should know consider him far less guilty than von Papen or Schacht. Hilde's name was forthwith scratched from the list.

Born in 1936, she was all of four-years-old when Hitler was at the zenith of his power. In the eyes of the State Department, this probably made her a dangerous Nazi. Oddly enough, a few days after Hilde had been so shamefully, stupidly, and undemocratically turned down, a story was carried in most newspapers telling of a one-time rabidly active Hitler-youth leader who has just finished two years here in an American college under the State Department "Exchange Program." How silly can we get? Should we be amazed or annoyed if Germans snicker at our loud talk of democracy? In a six-year campaign to expound and extol democracy one should allow for a few boners, but in this instance, by weaseling on their own democratic preachment, our experts and cultural big-domes played right into the hands of the "Ami-go-home" propagandists.

The Strange Case of N.E.A. Democracy

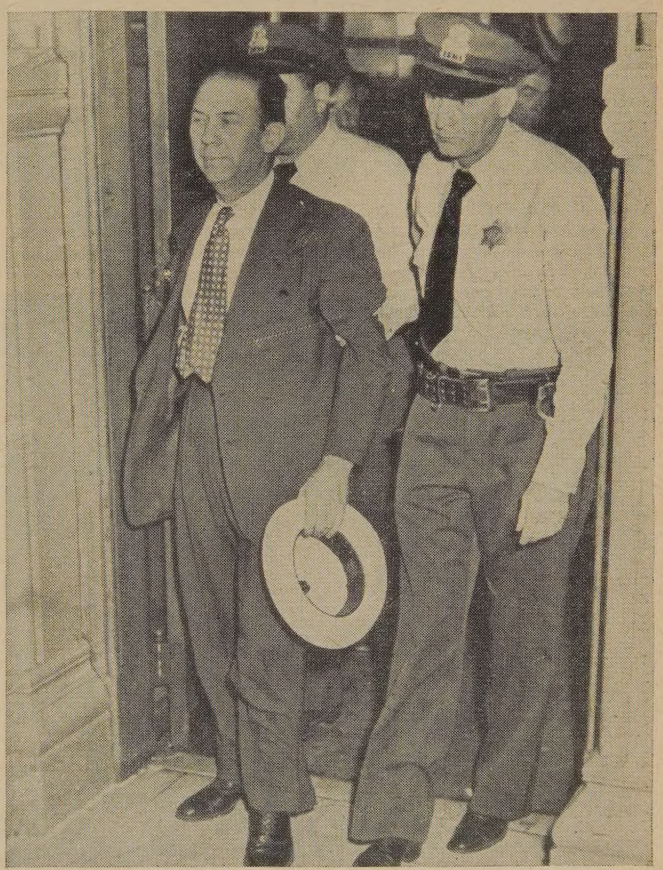
ONE of these September days, many of you will rush Junior and Sis through their breakfast cereal, put their books under their arm, and see them off to school—the parochial school. We suggest a brief meditation to accompany this act of parental responsibility. On July 3, two notable things happened at the National Education Association convention in Detroit. First, the Association "deplored" American Legion attacks on it. Particularly on its left wingers and on its alleged use of "goon squads" to intimidate citizens who disagree with its educational philosophy. Secondly, Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, of Washington, D. C., made a speech.

Mrs. Meyer said that Roman Catholic schools are divisive and harmful to the democratic way of life. She claimed that the parochial school is an anachronism in this country.

"The cost of the parochial schools, Catholic and Protestant alike," said Mrs. Meyer, "is already making itself felt in communities where their supporters are numerically strong.

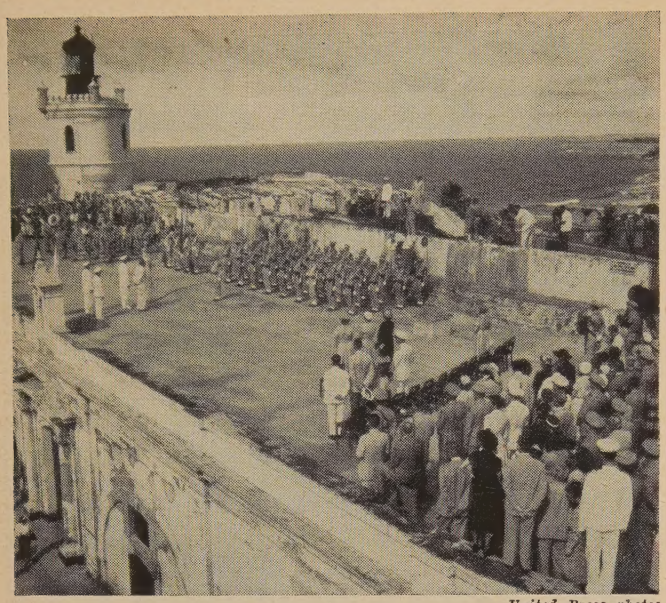
Religious News Service photo

Fr. Horvath, Navy Chaplain, accepts bouquet from girl at opening of Korean chapel built with servicemen's help.



United Press photos

Steve Nelson, notorious Pennsylvania Communist leader, is sentenced to serve twenty years for sedition. The American public is late in waking up to the traitors in our midst.



United Press photos

Puerto Rico celebrates Constitution. The Island enters new era as a self-governed free Commonwealth. This should answer those who accuse U. S. of imperialism.

Harris & Ewing photo

CIO President Murray and U. S. Steel President Fairless announce end of long and crippling steel strike. Both prophesy brighter future for Management-Labor relations.

Religious News Service photo

Sisters of Charity at New York Foundling Hospital enjoy their task of caring for an abandoned baby girl. Our Sisters perform deeds of mercy in every corner of the world.

All of us can point to localities where the public school budget is kept at a minimum because of the burden of private schools on a large number of taxpayers. I consider this one of the gravest dangers that our public schools confront at this time."

The National Education Association has advocated a double tax on citizens attending parochial schools. Wants them charged both for the parochial facilities which they use and the public facilities which they do not use.

But Mrs. Meyer goes beyond this. She implies that parochial schools should be abolished and the money which supports them made available to the public schools. Made available, incidentally, to the membership of the N.E.A.

You just don't walk into an N.E.A. convention and make a speech. You must be invited. And when you are invited, the N.E.A. knows what kind of speech you are going to make. It knew what kind of speech Mrs. Meyer was going to make.

That is the meditation we suggest to you as you send your children to a school where they can learn about God. You are willing to pay luxury prices for that sort of culture. Mrs. Meyer wants to make it impossible at any price. And the N.E.A. apparently wants to give her all the help it can.

Which makes us feel this way about the N.E.A. agenda for July 3: Keep swinging, Legionnaires. The N.E.A. seems to need a course in democracy.

Holy See Discusses Art and Religion

THE nation's newspapers and wire services gave considerable lineage to the recent instructions of the Holy See regarding "Sacred Art." As so often happens when treating Catholic matters, the incurable desire of the press to be sensational resulted in a distortion of the facts. With few exceptions, the stories deliberately conveyed the impression that the Vatican document, "Instruction to Bishops on 'Sacred Art'," was made up entirely of a "papal condemnation of modern art." Nothing could be further from the truth. Even a cursory reading should have proved that to any editor.

The advice and admonitions of the Holy See, as set forth in the Instruction, make only a passing reference to so-called modern art. The bulk of the text is concerned with warning the Bishops to "severely forbid second-rate and stereotyped" art and architecture; to strive to build churches "resplendent for the simple beauty of their lines." Although "new styles" may be adopted, sacred art must, in its "forms and methods" be made to "correspond to the beauty and holiness of God's house." The closing paragraph of this lengthy and wholly admirable document is a plea that seminarians "be educated in sacred art and formed to its appreciation." Rather than a condemnation, the Vatican has voiced a strong appeal to Bishops to preserve and foster genuine art and to "avoid anything that savors of the neglect of art."

By the same token, there is a definite need today for a loud and authoritative voice raised in warning and righteous condemnation of the abuses and monstrosities offered by some greedy, gross, commercial-minded, and mass-production purveyors of religious goods in this country, a few of whom are not even Christian, let alone Catholic. Much of the stock of statuary and "art" visible in the show windows and on the shelves of "religious article" stores throughout the land is an affront to religion and art, and brings both into ridicule. Catholics should refuse to purchase this junk. We are all for any movement or plan that can prevent these unscrupulous tricksters from preying and waxing rich on the devotion and piety of Catholic people.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

Through the Revolving Door

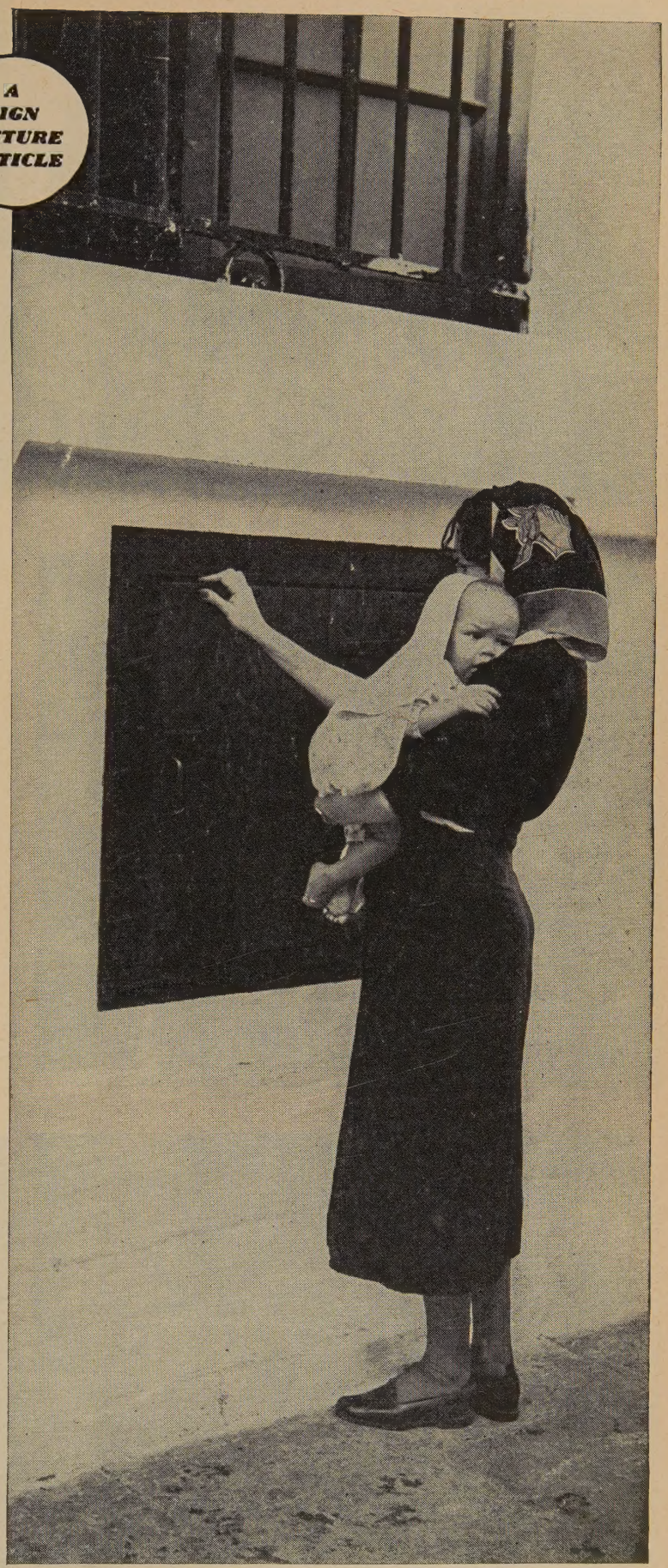
A look inside Havana's famous "Wall with the Door," where Sisters care for unwanted children

• Located near the center of Havana is the *Casa de Beneficencia y Maternidad* (Orphans' Home and Maternity House) with the famous "wall with the door." That door is a part of a unique custom. Unwanted children, whose mothers, for one reason or another, are unable to care for them, are placed on a revolving platform behind the door. A spin of the platform places the child in the waiting and merciful hands of one of the Sisters who run the home. The child becomes a ward of the home and is raised until adopted or old enough to go into the world alone.

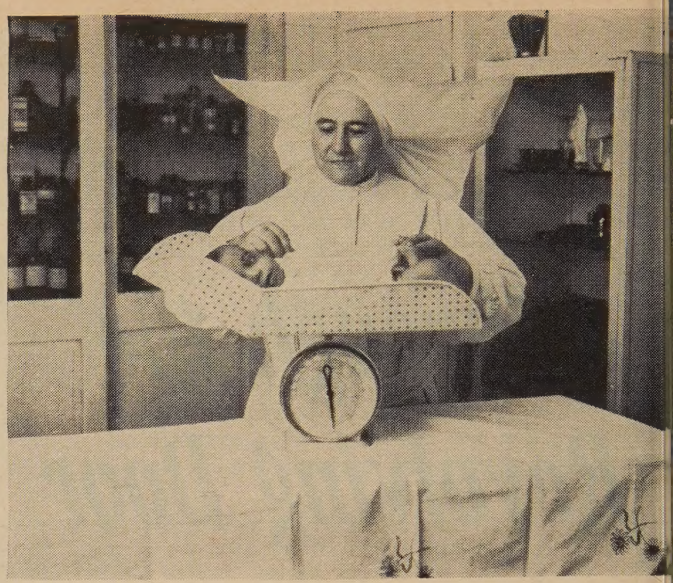
The orphanage dates back to 1687, when Bishop Diego Evelino de Compostela founded it. After temporarily being closed, it was re-established in May 1705 by Fray Geronimo Valdes. It is in his honor that all children admitted to the home are given the second name of Valdes. In 1832, the home was moved to the Hospice of San Isidro through a bequest by Dona Antonia Maria Menoval, a wealthy Cuban lady.

The Sisters attend to most of the details of administration and also take care of much of the manual work about the home. Their labors are supplemented by those of hired workers, mostly young women.

The various racial strains that run through Cuban groups play no part in determining who may be accepted through the revolving door. Any child left there is accepted. By the same token, children delivered to the home are baptized and raised in the Catholic Faith.



A mother who cannot keep her child may deposit the infant at this famous home without facing anyone in her moment of agony.



Top left: Inside the home a Sister receives the child through the revolving platform behind the door without any questions asked.

Top right: After record of baby is made, it is conditionally baptized, as all children received at the home are raised as Catholics.

Left: All the children are given the second name of Valdes, in honor of Fray Geronimo Valdes, institution's original benefactor.

Bottom left: Lay helpers assist Sisters in caring for children. Bottom right: Bequests make playthings like this top piano possible.

Top left: Each child has a locket or some medal, usually of religious significance, which home buys for them out of donations.

Top right: School is part of training, and every child that leaves the home is at least able to read and write. Classes are informal.

Right: Children are given a sound training in religion, with Sisters teaching love of Church and Cross at earliest possible age.

Bottom: Youngsters caught in a moment of relaxation on the veranda of the home. At the present, home shelters over 850 orphans.

THE BIG BASS DRUM

The university town acclaimed yesterday's hero. But the victory they demanded would mean the end of Stacy Briton's wrestling career

by ***HARRY SYLVESTER***

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

THE richness of the fields through which the branch line ran made the coaches seem dingier even than he remembered them. The corn stocked and the corn standing—these had always been his strongest memory of the place; now he saw, as though new, how willow shoots marked the occasional stream that meandered down from the low hills and how the willows were already becoming the Chinese red of their winter coloring. The coach was comfortably filled and he wondered idly why he had not taken the solitary streamlined pullman that rode ahead. Not that anyone had sat next to and crowded him; he was too big and perhaps too forbidding.

More in surprise than annoyance, he felt the seat move with the weight of a light body; half-expecting someone's pet animal to have gotten loose and leaped up beside him, Stacy turned to find a boy of about seven, who had squirmed onto the seat. The child was dressed in an expensive tweed suit and a white shirt, open at the throat. His knees, showing between tweed shorts and heavy woolen half-stockings, were calloused and faintly dirty. The glances of the man and child met, and some grave intensity in the child's forced a smile to the man's lips. "Where'd you drop from?"

"From the pullman," the boy said, waving an arm forward. "Why aren't you there, Stacy Briton?"

As Stacy had been asking himself the same question, his feeling became one of surprise and faint discomfort.

"I mean you make so much money," the child went on. "And you have to get as much rest as possible."

"I guess it's just habit," Stacy said. "Years ago I got so in the habit of riding in coaches on this line. It was all I could afford then. Otherwise you're right. This is the first time in years I've ridden on a coach."

"Where's your manager?"

"I don't need a manager. I'm my own manager."

The child turned away and considered that; apparently it seemed not only possible but reasonable to him; he turned back and asked Stacy if he were going to see the football game tomorrow.

"I think so. If I'm still in one piece."

"Ah—you'll take that Golden Marvel," the boy said.

The man almost smiled again, out of some complex and hardly recognized pleasure. "I don't know. He's big, bigger than I am." As he spoke he knew what he said to be not true.

"But not so tough," the boy went on.

"How do you know?" Some odd familiarity in the child, a certain implied degree of knowledge greater than could have been obtained from the newspapers alone, made Stacy curious.

"My mother told me."

A new unease took the man; he drew an unnecessary breath and, hesitating as though on the brink of a leap, he asked: "Who's your mother?"

"Mrs. George Courtney," the boy said. "Before she was married she was Ellen Tremont." But the man was already nodding. He was already feeling as though a trap had been sprung.

"Where is she?" he said, not because he wanted to know.

"In the pullman. My father is meeting us at the University. We're going to the game. Maybe we'll come to see you wrestle tonight."

"No," Stacy said. "Tonight would be a bad night. Some other night, some other place."

"Maybe in Chicago," the boy said. "You wrestle there, don't you?"

"Oh, often. What's your name?"

"Lee. I know all about you."

"You don't say. How is your mother, by the way?"

"Just fine," Lee said. "She's ahead in the pullman if you'd like to see her."

When Stacy said nothing, the boy continued: "You can see my father, too, when you get off at the University."

"I'm not getting off there," Stacy said. "I'm going on to Vineland. It's only a few minutes beyond."

"That's where the arena is, isn't it?" Lee said.

"That's right."

"We could drive over tonight. My father has the car. He came up to the University ahead of us to go to the alumni council."

"You know just about everything, don't you, Lee?"

"Oh, I don't know." Looking out at the fields he seemed to weigh something. "I'll be back with Mother." He was gone.

He sprang to his feet, picked the other man up, and carried him to the ropes

"I wouldn't," Stacy said, but couldn't be sure the boy had heard him. He glanced at the fields again. The wind was from the east and the shadow of the engine's pale plume lay between the shocks and the cars. Stacy began to think of how it had happened.

The particular syndicate he worked for had its offices in Cleveland. The arena in Vineland, the city next to Durbana where the University stood, wanted Stacy for a program the night before the traditional game. In the past they had often wanted the same attraction but Stacy had declined. His name had been too good a one at the University—as a football player, as heavyweight wrestling champion of the Conference—for him to want to return anywhere near the place since he had accepted the money, the money and the shame that went with this kind of pro wrestling.

His independence, too, had helped bring him here this autumnal day. He was too big, too colorful to relegate to some minor circuit, but the syndicate had seen to it that he never became champion, although he stayed near enough the top and the four-figure purses that went with it. When he began to rebel at having to take falls from opponents he could whip, the syndicate applied the only discipline available—it had taken bouts away from him. Because he had not had a match in weeks, he finally consented to take

this one at Vineland. And only after they assured him he need not throw it. Then yesterday had come the long-distance call telling him Golden Marvel was being built up for the next champion and that he, Stacy, would have to lose the match.

A good part of the time since he had spent pondering his reasons for going through with the arrangement. He had paid for a small ranch in Colorado and lately, since the disciplining had begun, had found himself in chronic need of money, for he kept putting what he made into improvements such as blooded stock. He supposed his reason for being here was as simple as that—he needed the money.

He thought, too, of the chance which had brought Ellen into his life again; not such a chance, at that, for this train and a dozen to follow it would be bringing other alumni in for tomorrow's game. He supposed it to have been this very possibility that had kept him from accepting a bout near the University. Ellen had married money. He himself had even made money; he supposed she had wanted more than money. Nor could he find it in himself to blame her. The years which had brought a good many things, good and bad, had also taken away and whatever grief he had known because of Ellen he had thought long gone. Now he was struck by the persistence of those forces lying in his own body waiting, as it were, to ambush him.

THIS unusual thoughtfulness had perhaps been induced by the approach to the University. The city's outlying districts fled past the window and one billboard reading: STACY BRITON—THE BIG BASS DRUM vs. THE GOLDEN MARVEL. Stacy began to remember how he had gotten the name as an undergraduate, when the faint odor of a good perfume—Chanel No. 22, although he didn't know it—made him turn. Ellen stood in the aisle with the boy. By now there was no doubt of the effect of the University's nearness upon him, for he thought of a sentence from the Chinese, remembered out of some class in "comparative literature." "The full moon is a woman of thirty in a rich man's house."

Ellen was a woman of thirty in a rich man's house. Stacy had only to look at the tailored tweed, the sure hands, but a wedding band on them. Her color was pleasantly higher than he remembered it, the mouth fuller. The delicate, high cheekbones and faint hollows in the cheeks were unchanged. Kindly enough, she looked at him in surprise, speculation, curiosity. He awkwardly rose and blurted: "I'd have

"The boys in Cleveland sent me"

known he was your boy—even before he told me."

"Lee? He looks like his father. But imagine our meeting!"

"Sooner or later," he said, "I guess it had to happen. I travel all over the Middle West."

"Yes, I know. May I sit down?" Ellen sat in the aisle-seat and Stacy, feeling awkward, sat tight against the window. Even so, their elbows touched, such was his breadth. The boy also insisted on squeezing in and stood, precariously balanced, facing them. At first curious over some sensed relation between the man and his mother, Lee became distracted by the train's coming into the University station. "We follow you in the papers," Ellen said. "Lee thinks you're quite wonderful." She had to speak over the noise of air-brakes.

"Oh," Stacy said.

"Indeed, we're all coming to the bout tonight."

"I'd just as soon you wouldn't," Stacy began, then realized how awkward he sounded, how embarrassing were some of the questions she might now ask.

But Ellen was standing again. "I didn't know we were so close to the station."

Stacy rose and stood sidewise, braced against the motion of the train; rock-like, he stood scarcely taller than Ellen in her high heels. Lee held one of his mother's hands in both his own, as though grown suddenly insecure. The train ground to a stop and Ellen, turning to go, said over her shoulder: "Call us at the hotel. George would like you to have a drink with him. Anyhow, we'll be watching tonight." The boy pulled her out of sight. The word: "Don't . . . " formed and faded on Stacy's lips. He stood a moment longer, then seated himself without knowing he moved, feeling dumb and brutish, a kind of animal.

From the window Stacy saw George Courtney meet his family. The station was crowded with undergraduates meeting the train. He didn't remember George very well from their undergraduate days. George had been a junior when he was a freshman. Now Stacy couldn't say that banking had left any special marks on George, as rosin, say, had pock-marked his own face. George looked what Stacy could think of only as prosperous and upright. Stacy turned away so that no one would start waving to him as the train pulled out. Banking, at least compared to his own, was a clean and decent business, he decided.

AT Vineland, no crowd stood in the station. Half a dozen people alighted and as many greeted them. No one met Stacy and he felt a singular pang of loneliness. Not that he had expected anyone to meet him. At the hotel an invitation awaited him, however; from the interfraternity council, it asked him to attend the various open houses after tomorrow's game. That was one of the many things he was not going to do, he told himself. He went up to his room, the best and largest on the top floor. Stacy always asked for a quiet room. Undressing, he tied a robe around him, not the white flannel one he wore in the ring with the red lettering on it, but an ordinary robe of gray flannel. As he had pulled the gray robe out of the single large suitcase he carried, the other robe had come along with it and lay spread across the open bag. The letters read:

STACY BRITON
THE BIG
BASS DRUM

The letters were the last thing he looked at before he lay down to rest. A peculiar weariness had overtaken him, one that affected his eyes rather than his body. When he closed his eyes, he could still see the red letters. Since he had borne them for so long—how many robes had he worn out?—he wondered why they should reappear to him so vividly now? As an undergraduate twelve years ago—a

---

HARRY SYLVESTER, Notre Dame University graduate, has written for *Collier's, Saturday Evening Post*, and is the author of three novels.

big sophomore—he had rejoiced in the name. And when he had gone into professional wrestling he had seen no reason for not continuing to use it. The promoters had wanted it that way. They had also wanted a college wrestling champion to give tone to their own parlous version of the sport, at that time in unusually bad repute. It had taken Stacy a while to understand that—about eighteen months. By then he was making too much money for it to matter.

NOW it had taken a longer time to understand something that the red letters before his closed eyes stood for and were trying to tell him. He had known it for years and at the same time he had withheld a part of him from knowing. He had to come here to the University where his name had been an honorable one and encounter Ellen, whom he had once loved, in order to know clearly what part of him had known darkly for years. The name, The Big Bass Drum, had been given him as an undergraduate because of his great breadth in relation to his height. As an undergraduate, too, he had been good-naturedly loud, not above bragging in fraternity and sorority houses after football games. People knew him to be without malice and had tolerated the burly young man beating his chest and uttering such sounds as: "I threw a high-body block into that tackle and knocked him into the stands."

Now, as he lay in the room's dwindling light, a curious thing happened to Stacy: not the drum's dimensions nor even its sound but its hollowness seemed to be what he shared with the instrument. Trapped, as he felt he was, the sham of which he had for so long been a part seemed to have taken some of him away; so that the figure of the drum which had once symbolized his stature and youthful boastfulness, now in his maturity, on an afternoon of dying light in the factory suburb of a university town, came to be the mark of his own emptiness. And Ellen, whom he had once loved, and the boy who under happier circumstances might have been his own, were to be witnesses of the emptiness.

Stacy sat up, less alarmed over this knowledge than at the cast of his thought. A kind of panic seized him, an experience new to him who had never known panic before. He grabbed at the phone and placed a long-distance call to a number in Cleveland. The number did not answer and after a hesitation Stacy gave the operator a second Cleveland number. That number did answer and a guarded female voice said it would see if Mr. Elborn was there. Bernie Elborn asked Stacy what he wanted.

"I don't want to take that dive tonight," Stacy said. "This is near where I went to school. When I first took the bout they told me I didn't have to take a dive."

"You do now," Bernie Elborn said.

"I know," Stacy said. "But I don't want to. If this was a straight bout I could take him apart."

"It ain't a straight bout," Elborn said. "What do you think you're getting thirty-five hundred dollars for? The syndicate wants the Marvel for the next champion."

Stacy found himself unable either to question or reply. There was a special logic to what Elborn said, one Stacy realized only now to have replaced that older logic of a world in which victory went to the strong, the fleet, or the alert. The sense of being trapped was keener and, as Stacy found himself unable to speak, became transmuted to anger.

"Anything else you wanted?" Elborn said.

"Isn't that enough?" Stacy asked.

"Look," Elborn said, "I wish you wouldn't call me at this number unless it's an emergency."

"Like what?"

"Like if you couldn't get to a bout or there was a riot."

"Look," Stacy said, "would you mind going to hell?" He put the phone in its cradle. He knew they had him. He had no other profession unless he wanted to start thinking of himself as a rancher.

The hotel management called to tell him they were sending up his steak. After eating, Stacy sat by the window of his room, watching dusk come down over the city. He could see all the way to Durbana. Lines of flares were forming where undergraduates assembled for the torch-light parade. Stacy remembered the squad sitting on the balcony in the field-house and the long lines of undergraduates filing in on the dirt floor below. The cheers for the team, the speech by the captain, the various assurances of undying endeavor by the team and equally undying support by everyone else. Even when he was a senior the ritual had stirred him. Now tomorrow he wouldn't attend the game. He was afraid of being recognized, for no one built like Stacy Briton could hide behind dark glasses or under a wide-brimmed hat.

The distant lines of flares dwindled and disappeared. They were passing into the field-house. Stacy turned from the window and sought escape in sleep. The desk was to call him at nine. At a quarter to nine the phone awakened him and he was told that a Mr. Halo-

The drum's hollowness seemed to be what he shared

way was in the lobby waiting for him.

Half-asleep, Stacy said: "But Haloway is in Cleveland," then realized what had happened and hung up. He swung his feet onto the floor and looked out the window which framed only the night. So he had frightened them, frightened them enough to send one of their men here; they must have had to charter a plane to do it. A grim amusement took him and he rose, stripped off the gray robe, and began to dress. The phone rang to say Mr. Haloway would like to come up. Stacy said Mr. Haloway would have to wait in the lobby.

Stacy's annoyance was compound of several feelings, anger, wonder, and a thin edge of what he had difficulty recognizing as fear. He didn't know much about Haloway. Reputed to have been a minor gangster at one time, Haloway's place in the syndicate was not well defined, for no gambling was connected with this kind of wrestling. Stacy, like some others, supposed him to be a kind of bodyguard for Elborn. Now, Haloway sat in the lobby, a lean, balding character in a tight, black Chesterfield coat. The lined cheeks framed a mouth whose lower lip protruded more than nature had intended it to. "Hello, Stacy." Haloway stood up. He seemed almost ingratiating.

"WHAT'S on your mind?" Stacy didn't pause but kept walking toward the door, so that Haloway had to walk with him.

"You got the big boys in Cleveland worried. They sent me."

"So I see. What are they worried over?" They were getting into a cab as Stacy asked his question, and Haloway seemed to have trouble thinking of the right answer. The cab started with a jerk, and Haloway's words came out as though spilled. "I guess they just wanted me to be sure you carried out your orders."

Stacy was silent for a moment. So it had come to this, he thought; they had sent a moth-eaten tough like Haloway, thinking to impress himself. But he said, levelly: "I told them I would."

"That ain't what Bernie thought."

"Bernie had something else on his mind. Anyhow, what would you do if I didn't do what they want me to?"

"Well," Haloway began, "Well, I guess you wouldn't get any bouts for a while."

"And they sent you all the way here on a chartered plane to tell me that? Tell the truth, Haloway. Didn't they think I'd be scared of you—because once you were a small-time mobster?"

"Well . . ." Haloway began again, but the cab was pulling up in front of the arena's lighted marquee. Stacy got out of the cab, gave the driver a dollar, and walked across the pool of lighted sidewalk toward the entrance. He didn't care whether Haloway followed or not. The other man's arrival, his mission, even, had the same hollow quality as everything else connected with the business. The disgust remained in Stacy although the hint of fear had gone. Yet he knew they still had him, simply because he had no other way to make as good a living.

Stacy found himself alone in a dressing room. After a few minutes, a Negro with graying hair and smelling of rubbing oil came into the room, said his name was Jeffrey and was there anything he could do. Stacy said there wasn't. Then, because he felt friendless and alone, Stacy asked the man to stay and talk to him. While Stacy dressed, he asked about the crowd and was told there was a large crowd, a lot of them people here for the game. Then Stacy asked about the music he could hear. Because it was a college crowd, Jeffrey said, the arena had hired the university band. They were down front.

"You going to take this Marvel?" Jeffrey asked.

"I wouldn't know," Stacy said.

• DRUNK: When a man feels sophisticated and can't pronounce it.

—IRISH DIGEST

"He's a big man."

Big and, unlike himself, fat, Stacy thought. "You want to be my second out there?" Stacy said. "Ten dollars."

"I wouldn't mind."

Haloway knocked on the door and entered. "Bernie thought I'd better be your handler tonight," he said. "It's time to go out."

"I have a handler," Stacy said. He brushed past Haloway and kept on going up a ramp into the lights. Two or three young women reached out to touch his arm or robe as he passed. The noise was considerable as he vaulted through the ropes but, as he was not interested in it, he made no attempt to interpret it. The noise didn't change much in tone or volume as The Golden Marvel followed Stacy into the ring. The noise, Stacy decided, was simply that of people who wanted to see a spectacle, who were without partisan feeling. Good, then, he thought savagely, it would be easier for him to do what he was supposed to do.

As he limbered up on the ropes in his corner, Stacy glanced around the arena. It was well filled and as a concession to the college crowd the band was up close under the ring. In the wreathing smoke and uncertain light, Stacy saw a dozen faces he might have known a long time ago; but he could not be sure, so had they or he changed. Ellen's he could not see, nor the boy's. Because it was a relief to do so, he allowed himself to think they had not come.

The referee called him to the center of the ring, where his blond opponent already waited. Considerably taller than Stacy, The Golden Marvel weighed actually ten or fifteen pounds less and had gone slightly to fat. His oval face worked ridiculously as he tried to persuade someone or something—perhaps only himself—that in his fierceness he could scarce wait for the bout to start. Stacy found himself torn between amusement and disgust. He didn't hear the instructions. Returning to his corner, he let Jeffrey take the robe and at the sound of a gong turned and came across the ring, feeling the two or three loose floor-boards under the canvas.

A cruel streak lay near the surface in Stacy. Since he had to lose, it occurred to him to salvage something of self-respect. When the unsuspecting Marvel came across the ring, one hand outstretched, Stacy seized it, whirled and threw the man over his shoulder in a classic flying-mare. In their kind of wrestling, there was a parlous version of the same move, performed slowly so that the thrown man's feet could get down before his body and hit the loose and noisy boards. But Stacy's flying-mare was the real thing, and the Marvel hit with an honest crash and rose with glazed eyes. Stacy had to carry him a few moments before the other man was steady.

FOR a little while, the Marvel was dominant until Stacy picked him up with a crotch-and-body hold and dropped him hard. At the edge of the circle of light, someone held up both hands in a restraining gesture and Stacy recognized Haloway. The bout was to go forty minutes but a kind of ennui seized Stacy, a wish to get it over with and himself away. The Golden Marvel took advantage of this slight hiatus in Stacy and seizing him in a headlock, twisted cruelly before breaking away. Stacy half-fell, half was thrown to the canvas. Some fool in the band rolled the traps and finished on the bass-drum.

Through the noise sounded a piping treble: "Come on, Stacy Briton! What's the matter?" As he rose, Stacy saw the boy, Lee, standing on a seat. Then it was easy to find Ellen and her husband: they were seated, one on either side of the boy. Yet it was the child's face that hurt Stacy as he felt the other man's loutish weight strike him in a flying tackle. He fell hard, still seeing the child's face, astonished and stricken.

(*Continued on page* 74)

The False Face of Public Relations

Publicity operates in many mediums

An inside look at this new and booming field by a public relations consultant

by HELEN WALKER HOMAN

I WAS dining with a friend and her husband, a successful young psychiatrist.

"What would you think, Helen," asked my host, "if I told you that my most difficult patient right now is, like yourself, a public relations consultant?"

"I shouldn't be the least surprised. Most of us are nuts, or rapidly going that way."

He shook his head in puzzlement. "She's full of frustrations and conflicts," he confided, "and there's lots I don't understand. Please tell me, for instance, what on earth is 'the angle?' She says she can't sleep because she lies awake nights looking for the angle."

"The angle," I explained, "is the key to her success. For instance, to place publicity you must have a good angle. Once you've found it, you're happy. Until you do, you agonize and lie awake nights."

"It shouldn't be so difficult."

"But it is. Quite frequently it takes weeks. Then sometimes, when you've found the angle, you discover it conflicts with other angles, necessary to the general theme, and you have to abandon it, weeping. What makes it harder is that, with the increased demands upon the press today, the angle must be very super-duper indeed not to end in the editor's waste basket. That's only one of a hundred reasons why we go nuts."

"I'm not worried about you," my psychiatrist friend said. And then added carefully, *"yet."*

Slightly comforted I went on: "Sometimes the angle is so buried that you have to go digging for it like a veritable 'forty-niner. Most of the time your client sees every aspect of his problem but that. When at last you've found the angle for him, frequently he disagrees violently. In this game, you not only have to 'educate' the public, but do a tall job on your client as well."

I told them how, not long before, I had been called in to publicize the opening of a new building of a certain convent whose nuns are semicloistered. The lovely Reverend Mother was happy that on a fixed day it was to be dedicated by His Eminence, the Cardinal. To her, that fact alone was worthy of columns of newspaper space. She wasn't conscious of how many new buildings are opened annually, nor how many times His Eminence is called upon patiently to dedicate them. She didn't realize that what occurs frequently diminishes in news value; nor why I kept probing for details.

"And did you find the angle?"

"Yes, after hours of listening and mental prayer. We went through the entire history of the Order, from its foundation in Europe to the present in America, before it accidentally bobbed up. It came trailing off inconsequentially at the end of one of her sentences. She was saying, 'On the day of the dedication, preceding the blessing by His Eminence, the entire building and cloister will be open to the public.' I pounced like a hawk.

"'Cloister!' I cried triumphantly, 'the angle!'

"'But it's not an angular building,' she explained carefully. 'Nothing modern about it. It's pure Romanesque.' She regarded me with concern."

"I should think she might have," murmured the psychiatrist.

"You see, once the building had been blessed, I knew that its cloister would never again be seen by anyone but the nuns. The newspapers knew it too; knew that very few ordinary mortals have ever seen the inside of a nuns' cloister. Reporters and press photographers arrived in droves, and the newspaper space given our story was pleasingly prolific."

"I begin to understand why my patient lies awake nights, angling for the angle," admitted the psychiatrist.

But the conversation had set me thinking about public relations as a profession, and on the way home I began wondering why so many of us who are in it have the jitters. That elusive angle is only a superficial reason. The fast pace at which the work must move in its crescendos; the infinite attention to detail when a publicity program is operating in several media simultaneously (frequently the press, both newspaper and magazine, the screen, radio, television, and public platform, with a different "gearing" required for each), the accurate timing, the constant call upon ingenuity, the keen competition of rival programs, and the increasing "tightness" of news columns—all these, intense as they are, are also only superficial reasons.

Yet admittedly each alone in certain cases can be sufficient to bring on a bad case of St. Vitus's dance. (John S. Cooper reported not long ago, in the *Wall Street Journal,* that expert surveys had revealed that only one out of ten, to one out of 150, "news releases" to newspapers are ever used.)

But the reasons for the real jitters would seem to lie deeper than these. It seems to me that they lie at the very roots of the profession itself, and that one does not need a psychiatrist to discover them. For I dare assert that nine-tenths of the men and women who adopt public relations as a profession at once come face to face with a basic conflict.

It is generally admitted, and I believe statistics prove, that the majority of human beings are honest and incline

Press agents once handled such jobs as hanging posters

naturally toward truth rather than toward falsehood. Yet here is a profession that is, of necessity, bound to pay homage to the shadowy demigods of half-truth, to the warped and falsely colored deities of exaggeration, to the sly, dark imps of concealment—and even at times to the Prince of Liars. You are shocked? But, what else? One is called upon to publicize "causes," people, events, institutions—and all, being governed by man, are subject to the frailties of human nature. Perfection does not exist. Yet in public relations one must present each as though it were perfection. This necessity does violence to the writer's natural urge toward truth. And upon reflection, the very name of the profession, "Public Relations," seems to widen this conflict.

The two words are inexact, slippery, and evasive. No such simple, straightforward name is here, as "Medicine" or "Law," which mean exactly what they say. There is no precision in the term "Public Relations." The French, with their love of the *"mot juste,"* their language exquisitely exact, must recoil at the term. It's enough to make the great philologists of all times do somersaults in their graves. For what exactly are public relations? Try shedding your mind of what the term has come to mean to you, through usage and experience, and approach it as one never encountered before, and see how confused you can get. One dictionary gives six different meanings for "public" and nine for the word "relations." Now where are you? It seems to me that this characteristic confusion and evasion go right down through the entire structure of the profession, and what is worse, insidiously tend to make those who follow it confused and evasive—unless they keep forever on the alert.

It is said that the term was coined by Ivy Lee, back in the days when he wished to counteract unfavorable opinion of John D. Rockefeller as an oppressor of the masses, and so set him to giving away bright new dimes to poor little children. At that time practically the only publicity medium extant was the press. Mr. Lee's predecessors, employed for more or less similar reasons, had called themselves simply "press agents." It was a more honest term, for it said exactly what it meant. But Mr. Lee had no intention of identifying himself with the lowly and generally despised slaves then known as press agents.

These had sprung from the world of the theater, in the days when the country had a real theater and sent great artists, its own and those of Europe, across the continent to play either in elegant, gilded theaters in such cultured cities as St. Louis, where the *haute monde* of the old families paraded between acts in the latest Parisian creations—or to perform in rough-timbered "opera-houses" on the far Western frontier, sometimes to the accompaniment of the Indian war-whoop. Edwin Booth, Barrett, Mojeska, Patti—our grandmothers and grandfathers knew the names.

The press agent preceded the company, arriving in town a few days before the show opened—and two jobs were his: armed with a large bucket of paste, he was himself to plaster large posters of the show on the town's billboards—and in suppliance, he was to call upon the town editor, present the show's program, along with two free tickets, and beg an advance notice. It was as plain as that. And he was just what he called himself: a press agent, pure and simple.

From this lowly grub has emerged the glorified butterfly, the public relations consultant. But what is he or she, anyway? Although for years I've been one myself, I've never been quite sure. . . .

When shortly after the turn of the century, Ivy Lee decided that great industrialists also needed press agents, he determined that the industrialists, too, should put on an act, as surely as did the theatrical companies. Only this time, it wouldn't be called an act. It would masquerade as truth. So Ivy Lee began to produce Mr. Rockefeller in the great "dime-giving act." It was a less honest performance than that given by those who frankly "walked the boards," and was as surely theatrical as "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

As with the early theater, the press provided the sole medium by which public favor could be won. But to disclose the fact that Mr. Rockefeller had a press agent would defeat the purpose of the act. So the term "public relations" was coined. It sounded fine and important, yet was so vague that it successfully concealed its real function. Yet for all the trappings and theatricalisms which in this synthetic era have come to cloak the profession, most public relations people today are still press agents, in function if not in name.

Many in the profession will rise in horror against these blasphemies. They will claim that "public relations" implies more than sheer favorable publicity; that it implies some magic touch at the "policy-making level" (a term they love) by which the public relations consultant skillfully maneuvers a huge business mechanism away from the shoals for which it was headed and turns a probable shipwreck into sky-rocketing stock-values. While the consultant's hand rests reassuringly upon the helm (he is usually a former newspaperman who was a good copy-reader, or an imaginative author who has never had anything to do with practical business) the president and the board of trustees are pictured as sitting back helplessly, watching with awe the great public-relations hand bringing the ship into safe harbor. Bunk! Ask any president of any big corporation how often this happens, and watch him smile.

Yet that is the goal at which many public relations consultants aim, and which some fondly believe they have attained. This, in spite of the fact that the president and the board go serenely on, formulating their own policy—to fit which the public relations chief must cut his cloth. His role remains as it was when the term was coined—merely to "put on a good act" and publicize it. (Incidentally, he frequently puts on a good act for himself at the same time. To impress others, he has learned to play the role of Zeus, with Minerva

springing from his Napoleonic brow.) The field of labor relations, so important to industry today, is quite another matter, and calls for different skills from those required of the average public relations man.

In spite of the false face and equivocal name with which the profession made its entrance, it has been lucrative. Some of the big firms today get annual retainers of $250,000 on a single "account" and employ a large staff to do the work. Smaller firms require an advance retainer of $25,000—and that's only the start. Expenses are billed as "extras." Fees largely depend on the size and reputation of the firm. Lone operators get less, but can do very well for themselves. The field has been found to yield "pay-dirt." Again according to John S. Cooper, "In New York, national capital of ballyhoo, a look at the telephone book shows over 600 public relations counselors of one kind or another for hire now, against roundly 350 five years ago."

Some public relations people claim they set company policy

Naturally, many young people looking about for a career are drawn to this stranger-than-fiction profession. Many colleges and universities now list courses in public relations, which unfortunately are frequently taught by the wrong people. After all how would a dean know how to choose a professor in public relations, when nobody knows exactly what the term means—least of all, the professor? Some hold that good writing and a knowledge of journalistic techniques are essential. Others, that you don't need to be taught these things, or even how to spell. All *that* should just come naturally, as you gain experience. What you need to be taught is perhaps sociology on an elaborate scale—or maybe only "charm" and "personality-development."

Yet in our modern drama today, when institutional money-raising on a vast scale is necessary, public relations is the player most essential to the cast. But it would be nice if it would remove its mask and play the role "straight."

Some of our Catholic institutions, having been disappointed, say, in loyally employing a former graduate with little experience to handle their publicity, have turned in desperation to the large, famous secular firms. Not being able or willing to pay retainers on the scale of, let us say, the Standard Oil Company, the service they receive is proportionate. The account is turned over to the mercies of some fifty-dollar-a-week writer on the staff who is fresh from college; and the Catholic institution is right back where it started. The writer gains experience, but the institution gains nothing. Once in a while, of course, "the great man" at the head of the firm will momentarily take a turn at the wheel. But soon his attention is called away to better-paying endeavors, and at the end of the year, for what has been a sizable outlay from a pinched budget, publicity results are pitifully meager. The institution would have done better by sticking to its own college graduate.

The sparsity of ethics in a general survey of public relations in America during the past half-century is conclusive that public relations has not yet achieved the status or dignity of an actual "profession" as we accept the word. The true professions, such as Law and Medicine, have flourished in public esteem and become protective forces in the national life, because they are safeguarded by legislation and by their own self-imposed ethical codes.

A similar vigilance is kept in medicine through the functions of the American Medical Association, the Medical Society of the State of New York, and other societies organized by the profession itself to keep its own house clean. Hippocrates himself set the standard back in the fifth century, B.C., and even today all candidates for the profession are required to take the Hippocratic Oath. Even so, legislation has been required to implement the self-imposed code. True, both medicine and law are much older vocations than is public relations.

Yet all three deal with human necessities: the preservation of health, of civil liberties, and of a just and fair evaluation by one's fellow beings—inalienable rights in a democracy under God. By this measure, public relations, properly understood, comes closer to basic human rights than do the professions of journalism and engineering. Journalism, to its everlasting glory, did not need legislation to set its house in order as was the case with medicine. The men who fought for and maintained freedom of the press in this country, from Zenger to Horace Greeley, from Dana to Pulitzer, held the profession to a high code of ethics and public service. Newspaper people formulated their own unwritten code of ethics, and it has been consistently maintained at a high level. Here a breach of ethics does not require any such elaborate or lengthy proceeding as disbarment. The offending writer is merely "fired"; and he finds himself hard put to get another job. The effect is salutary and quick. He adopts the unwritten ethical code without reservation.

But there yet exists no code, written or unwritten, for public relations, *per se.* Any high-school graduate—indeed, any grammar-school graduate, may set up his shingle as a public relations consultant. "Phoneys" and "gyps" work elbow-to-elbow with high-minded and ethical operators, often to the detriment of the latter. Proportionate to their ability to "put on an act," they draw in the business. Clients are mulcted and dissatisfied; breach-of-contract suits ensue; and the American businessman is becoming increasingly skeptical of a would-be profession which at the start promises the "world and all the riches thereof"—and at the end delivers a Morgenthau penny. The basic conflict with truth, inherent in both name and aim, becomes crystallized in results.

What is being done about it? The Public Relations Society of America was organized some four years ago, reportedly "to raise the standards of the profession." No tangible results of any importance are yet to be seen: but perhaps it's too soon to look for them. There exists also a smaller group, the American Public Relations Association. If those in the profession cannot impose their own unwritten code and make it stick, then they should implement legislation by government to protect the public and their own reputations. Proportionate to their unselfishness in desiring and working for the public good; in proportion to their idealism and love of their chosen field, will they succeed in raising it to the dignity of a profession. Their motto should be: "And the truth shall make you free." And the very first thing they should do is to remove the false face.

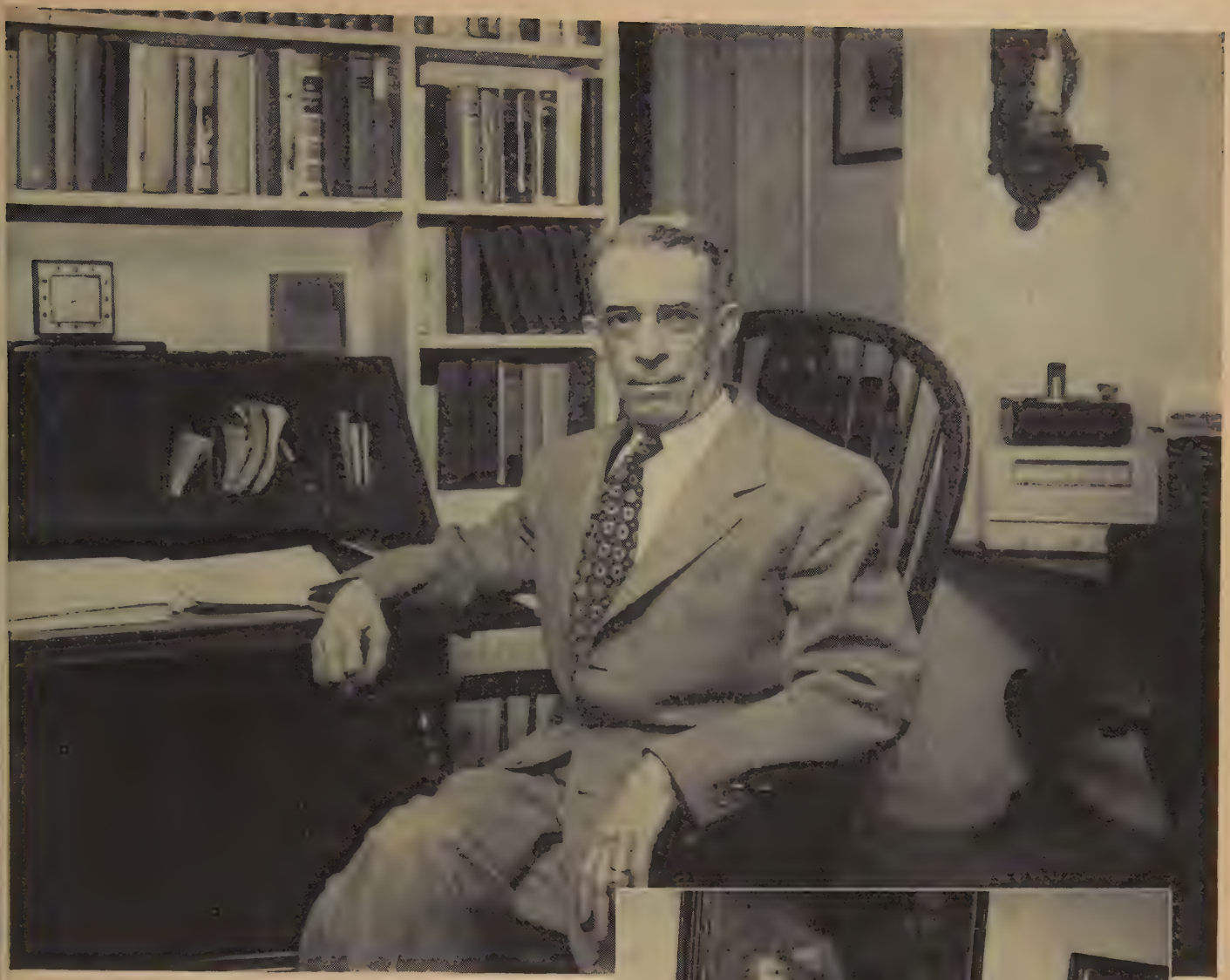
HELEN WALKER HOMAN served for sixteen years on the public relations staffs of several national organizations. She is author of *By Post to the Apostles, Letters to the Martyrs,* etc.

Top: Mother Clarke cheers up one of her "boys" at Walter Reed Hospital. **Above:** thirty-four jars represent the number of Mother's blood donations.

• **Mrs. Charles H. Clarke** of Thurmont, Maryland, is known to thousands of GI's as "Mother Clarke." Besides running a six-acre farm, keeping house for her husband, feeding the chickens, and tending a roadside vegetable stand, Mother Clarke collects gifts for the veterans at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. She has managed to get four television sets for the veterans, thousands of cigarettes, and other gifts. On one typical visit she entered the hospital loaded down with two radios, one clock, twenty-three potted plants, nine hundred candy bars, and four dozen harmonicas!

Mother Clarke collects money every year so that the boys can call home at Christmas. Asked why she always has gifts for the veterans, she replied: "I beg the gifts from storekeepers and friends, or I write to the candy and record and cigarette companies and they help me." Mother Clarke's generosity knows no bounds. Though near sixty, she has donated thirty-four pints of blood and she would still gladly donate, but her doctor forbids it.

Mother Clarke is the mother of twenty-four children, twelve of whom died at birth. One of her own sons has recently returned from Korea and is in the veterans hospital. For her own sons and for the sons of thousands of others, Mother Clarke continues to beg for those whom many of us shamefully forget. This zealous mother has been honored by the Holy Father and by Cardinal Spellman.



• **Justin McAghon** of Roselle, New Jersey, is a Federal Commissioner of Mediation and Conciliation. A profound student of the Pope's labor encyclicals, Mr. McAghon, received from St. Peter's College of New Jersey the Rerum Novarum Medal for his distinguished efforts to bring harmony between management and labor.

A registered architect and active in the construction and carpentry fields for over thirty years, Mr. McAghon is familiar with every aspect of labor-management relations. He was former president of the Master Carpenters Association of New York and Chairman of the Carpenters Joint Trade Board and a member of the Arbitration Committee of the New York Building Congress.

An original member of the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen, Mr. McAghon also brought his zeal and learning to bear in many other fields. He has been a promoter of laymen's retreats, past president of the Newark Archdiocesan Holy Name Federation, and president of the National Catholic Evidence Guild from 1933 to 1936.

Born in Jersey City, Justin McAghon married the former Bertha F. Lauer and they were blessed with five children: The Rev. James McAghon, C.P., who was Production Manager of THE SIGN for ten years, Mother Ursula McAghon, a Madame of the Sacred Heart, presently stationed in Detroit; Justin, Jr., Alice, and Elizabeth.

Justin and Bertha McAghon with their son, Father James, C. P., former Production Manager of THE SIGN.

They're Still the Finest

New York's Mayor decorates two policemen for outstanding acts of heroism performed in the line of duty

An example of modern police methods. On-the-spot rad repairs can be made by crew of this service tru

ONE Sunday morning, a Packard roadster shot through a red light at a busy intersection north of New York City. A mile down the highway, a motorcycle sirened the roadster to a stop, and a traffic patrolman stepped up to the car.

"Is this your son?" he inquired, referring to the twelve-year-old boy sitting beside the man at the wheel.

"Yes, what of it?"

The patrolman produced memorandum book and pencil. "Let's see your operator's license and car registration."

"I don't have it, but here's something that'll be just as good," and the man at the wheel presented the officer with a five-dollar bill.

The officer took it. He scribbled his initials on it and entered the serial number of the bill in his book. "I'm taking you to headquarters," he said.

"What for?"

"Going through a red light, reckless driving, driving without license, attempted bribery, and impairing the morals of your son. Let's go!"

This story, extracted from the files of a state police force, never got into the newspapers. This is hardly surprising. It has become routine for the press to put on the front page the evil policemen do. The good is usually interred among the want ads.

Thirty-four of New York's 19,000 policemen accept bribes from gambler Harry Gross and the public is treated to headlines. A five-inch story on the fifth page of the *New York Times* suffices to tell how another New York officer, mortally wounded by fleeing burglars and unable to get at his notebook, scrawled the numbers of the getaway car on the sidewalk with a finger dipped in his own blood.

In the drug store the multicolored whodunits stand row on row, as pretty as a flower garden. Between their stiff paper covers, the story is usually much the same: the dimwits from the homicide bureau miss the clues and bungle the evidence; some bright private citizen turns up the murderer. Hollywood mysteries follow a similar formula. So do TV and radio dramas. Only a handful of entertainment features—the radio and TV show *"Dragnet"* for instance—present police work as essentially dignified, professional, and demanding.

There is no reason, of course, why a 21-gun salute should be fired every time a policeman does something the public hires him to do. There is reason, in the words of Robert P. Powers, west coast law enforcement expert, "to deplore the fact that the public's low opinion of police officers has done much to encourage crime and scare good men away from American police forces."

To which may be added an arresting statement by Bruce Smith, police consultant to the Institute of Public Administration in New York City. "As to these popular attitudes," says Smith, "this country could take a leaf from the books of others."

From England, for instance. Brought up on the tales of Conan Doyle, in which Sherlock Holmes invariably outdetects the tax-supported officials, Britishers used to regard their constabulary with sarcastic disapproval. A concentrated campaign to dignify the Bobby has paid off. According to O. W. Wilson, professor of police administration at the University of California, "the people of England now enjoy the best police service in the world."

There is a certain irony about the average American's affection for the Canadian "mountie" as compared with the disdain he often feels for the officer on his own corner. This attitude seems to rest on the notion that in some mysterious way Canadian police work is different from American.

In truth, the two forces do the same things. Only in the movies does the mountie go after his man astride a magnificent steed. In actual fact, the entire Royal Mounted Police, 4000 men

ur community would benefit by a better public derstanding of what modern police work entails

by MILTON LOMASK

Photos from Bureau of Public Relations, N. Y. Police Dept.

Typical radio control center maintains constant check on all patrol cars. Emergency calls are relayed seconds after reception

strong, stables exactly 134 horses. The average mountie, like the average cop, is mounted on a radio car, motorcycle, police launch, snowplow, helicopter, or his own two feet. He patrols the highways, apprehends crooks, escorts children across the street, ferrets out subversive activity, helps keep the roads clear in bad weather, deters hunters from shooting rare whales, rescues cats from high buildings, and dissuades gloomy individuals from jumping off them.

Modern law enforcement is not simple. It used to be. A journal covering Boston's liveliest precinct in 1854 shows this. A few drunks, perhaps a dead body on the streets, half a dozen saloon brawls: these were the average day's work. Most exciting event of the year was when a man walked into the station house wearing a densely sequinned evening gown. A woman in his hotel, it seems, had slipped into his room while he slept, taken his clothes and left hers. The whole year's work, as things went in 1854, would be lost in the frenzied shuffle of one day's activity in a modern metropolis.

On the top floor of New York City headquarters, six turret-type switchboards, manned in peak hours (4 P.M. to midnight) by twelve patrolmen, are hard put to keep up with the unending stream of complaints and distress calls. From this nerve center, the communications staff of the New York department dispatches a minimum of 1000 ambulances a day. In the neighboring radio room, operators direct the activity of 1,025 motor vehicles, eleven harbor launches, one land plane, two Grumman amphibians, and three Bell helicopters.

At least twenty times a day, communications personnel must act on calls they know are phony. False fire alarms are a staple of the daily press. No publicity is given to the fact that there are always dizzy-minded citizens who enjoy annoying the cops with cock-and-bull distress calls. At this writing, New York officers are trying to identify a gent who several times a day calls from a Times Square pay phone to announce that members of the force have been murdered or are in trouble.

Recently a lady phoned to say the south tower of St. Patrick's Cathedral had toppled. Says the Communications Bureau sergeant, "We knew that one was a falsie because no one else called. When an event of that magnitude occurs, every switchboard in the place lights up solid."

In the old days, there was the horse and buggy. Today fifty million motorized vehicles speed, crawl, jam up, and smash up on American highways. Traffic control can no longer be entrusted to an officer whose major qualification is the ability to prophesy—and protect himself against—the intentions of an erratic driver. An efficient traffic patrolman must have a thorough background in such difficult disciplines as traffic flow regulations, police mathematics, accident investigations, and physical laws. In many areas, heavily traveled arteries are patrolled by a crew in a helicopter overhead. This procedure calls for the skills of several professions.

To prepare a man for modern law enforcement means intensive training. Each year, in New York City, from 300 to 2000 recruits are exposed to 30 fields of knowledge by 34 degree-holding instructors headed by Asst. Chief Inspector Joseph A. Curry and Capt. Charles Tiersch.

New York Police Academy, occupying an old brown-brick building across from a soap factory in lower Manhattan, is not at first glance anybody's "idea of a university." Its internal activities, however, are impressive.

In the projection room on the top floor, probationary patrolmen—and patrol women—study camera slides, made on the spot, showing how police handle riots, strikes, parades, and cele-

brations. In the museum, they examine one of the largest gold-bricks ever sold to a gullible citizen, the paraphernalia of con-men and safe-breakers, the armory of petty crime and the underworld, every type of narcotics, every type of equipment used by narcotics victims, and the exhibits of a dozen historic murders. In the gambling room they learn how "one-armed bandits" are rigged, how to detect a false bottom in a soft-drink box used as a numbers-game drop, and that, statistically speaking, it is absolutely impossible to make BINGO on the first five numbers called. And in the crime room they focus on Madeline.

MADELINE is not hard to focus on. She is trim and well-preserved. Madeline has lived. She has also died. At frequent intervals she is murdered, strangled, stabbed, gassed, garroted, burned, mauled, mutilated, assaulted, and subjected to insult. Madeline bears up well. She keeps her figure because it is made of plaster of Paris. Her hair-do lasts because it is painted on. Madeline and another life-sized mannequin called Oscar are the stars of a series of grisly demonstrations in which recruits learn what evidence is, how to preserve it, and the methods of criminals addicted to violence.

Recruit training is only the first step for the "complete" cop. New York Academy houses ten in-service schools for advanced training. All large cities and many small towns conduct such courses today. The F.B.I.'s National Police Academy, reputedly the finest of its kind in the world, sends out lecturers and operates temporary schools all over the country.

For the traffic officer, there is Northwestern University's Traffic Institute. Since establishment of this department in 1946, similar programs have been set up at the University of California, New York University, and the Georgia School of Technology. The safety division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police offers training programs to all communities.

For the probation and parole officer, there is the Delinquency Control Institute at the University of Southern California in Pasadena. Southern officers can grapple with problems peculiar to their localities at the recently opened Southern Police Institute in Louisville, Ky.

A recent issue of *The Police Journal,* published in London "for the police forces of the commonwealth," offers challenging advice to freshmen Bobbies:

"Read, study, try to acquire encyclopedic knowledge," writes an editor. "Our best policemen . . . are well-educated men without degrees."

In this country the policeman with a degree is becoming more and more common. Some of them have degrees in their own field. Within the last three decades, at least twenty universities have installed programs leading to all degrees, including Doctor of Philosophy in public administration, with police work as the field of concentration.

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the *New York Journal-American* and other papers, is now a full-time freelance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

The slightest familiarity with contemporary police work makes clear that what years ago was a trade open to any bloke is now a skilled profession. Apparently this development has taken place behind the public's back, for the same old canards about police crackle on all sides, even in circles where their falsity should be most apparent.

A few years ago a Bostoner, newly appointed as a special judge, told friends who were tendering him a congratulatory dinner:

"I wouldn't trust an American policeman if he spoke to me standing on a stack of Bibles."

Them's fighting words in the precinct houses, but just plain garden variety chatter in many other places. Conducting a battery of tests in a Chicago public school recently, a psychologist handed forty sixth-grade students a paper bearing the names of several American institutions.

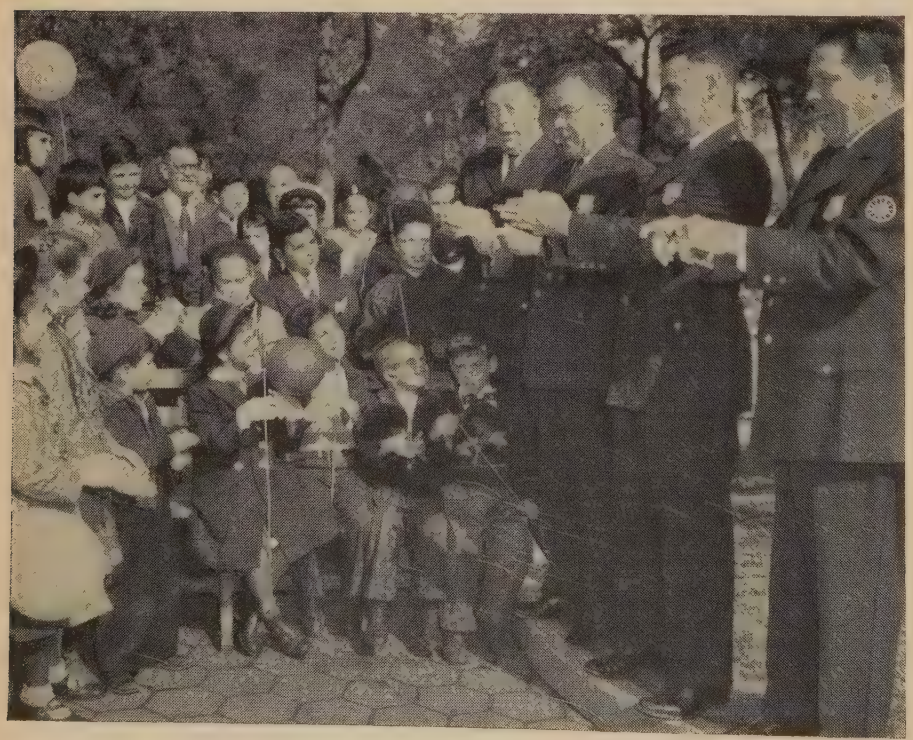
"Opposite each name," he told the students, all boys, "write the first word or phrase that comes to your mind."

Opposite the word "police," three youngsters, for obviously familiar reasons, wrote "dad." Nine wrote "flatfoot," seven wrote "hunk-head," and fourteen wrote "dumb cop."

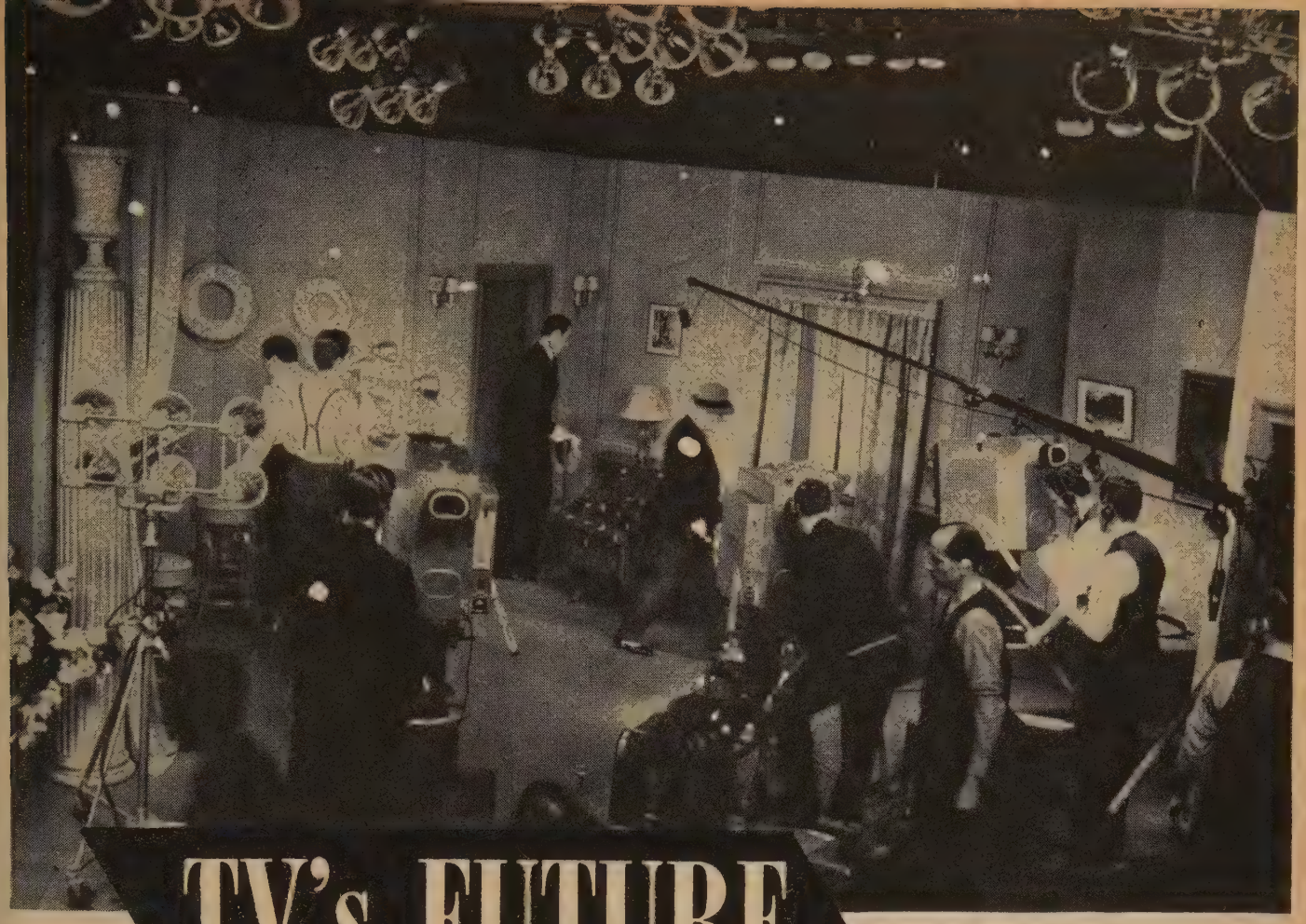
IT is not pleasant to open one's paper and read that cops are holding hands with gangsters or mistreating old ladies. The picture would be clearer, however, if a little more space were devoted to the brighter side. At the writer's elbow are the citations for meritorious acts recently awarded to 273 members of the New York Police force.

Several of these officers, of course, never saw their citations because they were killed in line of duty. Many did heroic things. Many more merely handled explosive situations with tact, prudence, and intelligence. Any police force in the country can produce a similar set of records.

Taking the large view, allowing for the crooks and crackpots bound to appear among any cross section of humanity, it is safe to say that the "flatfoot," the "hunk-head," and the "dumb cop" are fast becoming as rare among police forces as raincoats on the Sahara. In a country shadowed by increasing immorality and badly in need of good cops, the public could do itself a favor by taking a tip from England and Canada and buttering up the protectors of its lives and property.



New York Police quartet renders safety song to school children. Traffic Division conducts a year-round safety-education program.



TV's FUTURE

High costs of production are making many advertisers wonder if shows are justified

Despite the generous allotment of new TV channels, it will be a long time before many go into operation

by JOHN O'CONNOR

ALTHOUGH the Spring of 1952 brought about the thaw of permission from a governmental freeze on the construction and operation of television stations, the chances of TV "blanketing the nation" very soon are very, very remote.

It will be a long time before the new channels of Television will begin to carry entertainment, education, and information in the same quantity that radio does. There will probably be many city homes with two television sets before the TV-less sections of the country see any programs at all.

The advance of television, after a possible and imminent recession, will be slow. Surveying an area, finding available office space, setting up studios completely unlike film or radio studios, will take much time. Some new stations' permits to operate may be challenged in the courts by rivals who were turned down by the Federal Communications Commission and are now suing to test the right of the Commission to allocate channels for the new medium. Another defense emergency and a consequent 'freeze' on key materials might put TV on the shelf for another four years.

Unlike radio as we know it now, television is a product for the major cities and their suburban fringes. Its wave lengths cannot span great distances. It does not reach great areas of the country. Its impact is in and around the heavily populated sections. This, plus the factor of rising costs, has chilled the ardor of many sponsors and is bringing about a period of readjustment this Fall.

For instance:

More than half of the nation's potential customers are already within range of television, possibly 65 per cent.

It would take 35 to 40 stations at a cost of about $500,000 for each installation alone, to reach the next 10 per cent of the national market.

Then it would take possibly another *300 stations* to reach the next 10 per cent. Clearly no amount of retail sales would justify such investment to put a program on so many stations. Despite the generous allotment of channels and permits, the FCC may see its pride and joy stand still for a decade.

The Federal Communications Commission was determined that a pattern for the distribution of TV stations throughout the country could be set for many years into the future. The Commission tried to estimate population growths in some areas, shifts in others. Texas, with six stations at present, now has permission to erect 179 more, a patent impossibility for generations. Maine, without a single station, may now have 29. North and South Dakota, still radio country, can combine

to erect sixty-three stations " . . . in the future."

Undoubtedly the FCC has been under direct and political pressure from those areas where TV was not available. Very often the pressure was from obvious sources: radio station owners and newspaper publishers (often the same person) who wanted to have the first station in their towns.

Nor have the manufacturers been asleep. Sales have fallen off greatly in areas such as New York for the simple reason that the sales have come near the saturation point. There are few homes left to sell TV to, and the few homes that are left may, for one reason or another, not care for TV. Others are waiting for that distant day when color television will be here—and that, too, is more remote than the spellbinders will tell you.

Television travels in channels. The use of channels 2 to 13 has been expanded greatly, for now stations will telecast on more bands . . . from 14 to 83. A slight attachment on the present sets and a slight addition to the new sets, and many of the channels will be received in place of the half-dozen available today in most areas. These will be broadcast on UHF (Ultra High Frequency), grimly called "Ulcer High Frequency" on Madison Avenue, New York, home of the advertising and TV heartburn.

IT IS here you come into the TV picture. The profits are made from your sales, which in turn present the entertainment. But even the sponsors who produce your product are coming to doubt whether fantastically priced network shows, costing from $22,000 to $66,000 per hour, are justified.

They are beginning to ask: Does such a program *really* sell that many extra packs of cigarettes, gallons of gas, cars, tires, pots and pans, or cakes of soap to new consumers? This is a question TV must justify as opposed to the claims of radio, magazine, and newspapers.

For TV does not reach the public as readily as a newspaper ad, a magazine layout, or a radio program. In the latter medium some engineers, announcers, news tickers, and a good music library keep many smaller stations going.

Not so on TV. Here you need two men for each camera. You need two men for each overhead microphone. You need a floor director, prop men, wardrobe men, a lighting man or a crew of them, and several engineers in the control room, in addition to a sound man, a director, and an assistant director. Downstairs you may have another crew waiting to feed film strips into the projectors that put the commercials and the "film clips" for the show on the air.

Expand from these essentials to include the cost of scripts, of bands for variety shows, of fees to "name talent," of wardrobe and makeup, of rehearsals with and without camera, of lighting facilities, of publicity, and of power necessary to send the show out . . . and you can see the costs.

Because of these latter facts, many of the new stations, when they do put their masts on the horizon—with the vehement opposition of the airlines—will be stations that will simply "feed" or "boost" programs from New York, Hollywood, Chicago . . . or films. One Southern station is already reported to be a one-man operation: he is an anonymous minor genius who can load films into the machines, monitor the network lines for shows that are to come in on appointed schedule, and still have time to insert the local commercials. (It was not ascertained if he opened the mail and swept out the studio at night).

In the field of educational television a great deal of wishful thinking and starry-eyed planning has come along with the news that 242 channels will be allotted to education. The problem of educational TV was high-lighted for the writer the day before this was written by a top network official in New York.

"I fail to see how any college or university can stand the expense," he said. "Endowments are shrinking in size and number due to taxes. The colleges and universities will not recover from their present slump for the next ten years when the prewar, war, and postwar babies will have come of age. Meanwhile, teachers' salaries must rise, maintenance costs are increasing . . . and yet we are told that the colleges should plan for TV!

"Cameras run in excess of $12,500. A mobile unit in an equipped truck may cost another $60,000. And this has nothing to do with studio construction and maintenance.

"Frankly, I can't see the boards of trustees or the taxpayers accepting this proposal. Commercial stations pay taxes, employ people, and represent clients who employ people and who pay corporative and individual taxes themselves. Suddenly they are asked to support a competitor out of their incomes! It would be better if the communities concentrated on better salaries for the teachers, the police, the fire, and the welfare departments before throwing money into TV."

He paused. "It will be a real pity if the state treasuries are tapped by the state colleges for such stations to the exclusion of the hard-pressed private schools. And the political danger is always present that they may."

• A perfect gentleman is a man who makes every other man in the room uneasy.

—Dublin Opinion

A POSSIBLE compromise might be worked out along lines successfully pursued in Philadelphia. In that city the commercial TV stations donate several hours each week to the various schools. These latter give a total of thirteen programs per week. Several midwest cities are said to be considering this step as a compromise that can easily come into being and save the hard-pressed taxpayers millions.

Radio, except for some of the morning shows, news, the soap operas, and the commentators, has felt the impact of TV. Radio fixtures such as Bob Hope and Bing Crosby will take healthy cuts in their fees this Fall if they persist in staying in radio. Nor can the sponsors be blamed. When TV enters a home, it averages two hours-plus of the owners attention per day . . . and radio shrinks to less than half an hour.

TV has hit Hollywood hard. Many theaters have been sold and are now supermarkets or bowling alleys. Drive-in movies are more of a risk than before and some are again parking lots. The stocks of many motion picture firms have dropped and one major firm showed a profit of $14,000,000 last year as compared to a profit of $35,000,000 in 1948.

With the population shifts that may come, the infant of Television will continue to grow. Sets will be cheaper. Programming, combining good local management and good film work, may cut operating costs. But with the problems ahead, it will be slow going and not the blue-sky-in-the-morning of the bright boys in advertising, many of whom have apparently oversold themselves. It will take several years as the legal, technical, and individual problems are worked out.

So if you're not in a TV area now, you have plenty of time to save for that new screen in your living room or library. Chances are the curtain on that show won't go up until 1954 or 1955. Meanwhile, don't miss the other show: as the government, the advertisers, the networks, and the stars try to reach a happy medium. It should serve as quite an introduction to the really national appearance of the new genii of science, a giant who is still nine-tenths in the bottle of time.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Teen Age Dictators

THIS IS the month when schools open again in the land of the free and the home of the brave. And, much as that phrase has been overused by would-be orators, those are very fine adjectives. I hereby extend my best wishes to those who will this month start the young sprig on its way to adult fruition, and I wish for them all the patience and love their task demands.

At the same time one contemplates with some concern what certain portions of the free and the brave infants will get in the way of education. In some of our schools they may, for instance, get for collateral reading such books as the life of that great "patriot," Paul Robeson, or the incredibly poor life of George Washington by Howard Fast. They may later, in colleges, acquire some odd ideas about the idealism of the Marxist system as it is being applied wholesale around Europe by its presently successful teachers. Or they may be taught in schools so superprogressive that they insist on the three R's only and when the inquiring child gets ready to ask for them.

Professor Fehr, who teaches at Teachers' College at Columbia, gave a talk at a summer session this year in which he stated that present day methods are so different from twenty years ago that "it is often difficult for parents and adults to understand them." This is right along in line with the idea that parents are a set of nitwits who really ought to step aside and let the wise ones take care of everything. This is what he says the old concept of reading, writing, and arithmetic has given way to (please read this with care): "the development of physical health, mental and emotional stability, fine personality and effective citizenship."

For good measure Dr. Fehr added that instead of the old discipline having been done away with, "a new self- imposed discipline has been substituted." Work on that for a while, dear parents, and you may begin to feel slightly irritated at the supercilious manner of such an utterance. Also brood for a while over the "self-discipline" a six- or ten-year-old will impose on himself. One could write a very funny story on that. But the trouble is that it is not funny, for it is our American children he is talking about.

But there are still in our land a lot of schools where the teachers believe in teaching the three R's as such. There are plenty of schools where the badgered child is not expected to write his own rule of life. Many public schools still hold to the tried and true, with new methods judiciously added. And there are our parochial schools, today as technically good as any public school, where they teach one very important thing progressives don't bother about: the fact that God is at the center of the universe. It is a comforting thing to know this in our disordered age.

But in parochial schools there is a demon too, a very different kind of one. I don't know what to call him really, but I can try by quoting a letter from a distressed mother, one of four this week received from various parts of the country. The matter which they talk about may sound unimportant but it has wide implications.

Why School Uniforms?

"OUR ELEMENTARY parochial school," she writes, "has adopted uniforms for the children. The uniforms for girls consist of green jumpers embroidered with school initials, white blouse, jacket and cap, both initialed. For boys, green trousers, white shirts, green ties and jacket, with initials. I can see the advantages of uniforms for high schools; but I believe younger children in elementary classes are not clothes conscious and do not have the desire to overdress, the only reason advanced to us thus far for the uniforms. Mothers, particularly those of large families, are gravely concerned about the cost of these embroidered uniforms and also the extra labor attached to the laundering of white shirts. To keep a child that age looking clean will take a clean white shirt every day. Several families are taking their children from our school and sending them to public school. And I feel that the loss of even one child from our parochial schools is a tragedy, for the foundation acquired in these early years is often the mainstay of their future lives. I am not asking you to agree with me but I believe that if you favor the use of uniforms in elementary schools you will be able to give us a better reason."

Well, what do I think? First of all, I think there is very little vanity in the very young and this is not the true reason why uniforms are ordered. It is perhaps rather because of the variety of garb the youngsters wear and because there is nothing more soothing for a teacher to contemplate than a roomful all blue and white or green and white. As a matter of fact, high school girls do wear uniforms in many schools but in colleges there is no such insistence. Yet surely those girls are very clothes conscious.

Also, though it may sound unimportant, those white shirts and blouses for a busy mother of a large family will mean real expense and real work. Nothing looks worse than a soiled white shirt and there is nothing a small child can soil faster. Then, too, there is decidedly a matter of expense involved with all this initialing.

Consult the Parents

IT SEEMS TO ME that here, too, is something much deeper than expenses involved. That is that parents should be consulted, just as parishioners should be consulted more than they are. This applies in many, many ways. There was a church in the West dedicated to Our Lady which had a lovely blue ceiling in her honor, and which was repainted that color over the years. Then a pastor was appointed who was so fervently Irish that he had the ceiling painted green. Four parishioners left the church immediately and maybe more followed. Now it would have been very sensible for this pastor to have found out how his new parishioners felt about the ceiling. It was their church as well as his (in fact only Our Lord can really say "my church"). I could multiply this story with others and no doubt my readers can cap mine. And some of them end with telling how so and so left the church or took his children from the school. It is too bad, of course, that such small things should produce such a sad effect. But there are human equations all through life's mathematics and they ought to be solved and not thrown out. The mothers of this school should have been consulted, for to them these white blouses and expensive monograms were important matters. They have to pay the bills: why not see how they feel about it? The parishioners paid for the blue ceiling—and for the green one too; why not see how they felt about it?

WHIPPING BOY FOR BIGOTS

IT is about time that the secular press of the United States got some facts straight about our South American neighbor, Colombia.

Ever since the Liberal Party went out of power in 1946, there has been a growing crescendo of cries that the Catholic Church and the Colombian Government have become partners in a terroristic persecution of Protestant sects. During the past two years, large segments of the American press have increasingly allowed their columns to be used for the furtherance of this libel. In the interest of truth and justice, the time has come for American journalists to investigate the smear charges, which are manufactured in factional mission offices in the United States, and then handed out as authentic releases originating from "feudalistic" Colombia.

Colombia is no backward, archaic nation, as the Protestant propagandists would lead us to believe. Austin F. MacDonald, professor of political science at the University of California, in his book, *Latin American Politics and Government,* calls his chapter on that nation "Cultured Colombia," and he points out that while Colombia is the fourth among Latin American nations in both population and area, there is a strong basis for Colombians' claim that their nation stands first in culture.

John Gunther was amazed at the "staggeringly intellectual-literary" conversations he encountered at the Colombian dinner table. He reported that they dealt with such topics as "the quantum theory, the philosophy of Bertrand Russell, the influence of Rimbaud on Gide, and the works of Waldo Frank." Residents of Bogota refer to their capital city as "the Athens of America" and point out with pride that their city has more bookstores than cafés.

Now, with new modes of transportation opening up a country split by three lofty ranges of the Andes, education is being brought rapidly to the masses. The Colombian Government sets aside 10 per cent of the national budget for education. No nation in Latin America, with the possible exception of Mexico, is carrying on a more systematic campaign to wipe out illiteracy. Excellent secondary schools have been established in all parts of the country. Besides the National University and the Pontifical University in Bogota, universities are found in four departments (or states), plus additional private schools of higher learning.

Wide World Photos

View of Bolivar Square and the Cathedral in Bogota, Colombia. Residents call their city the "Athens of America."

During the past two generations, Colombia has witnessed the growth of strong and active unionism. Progressive social legislation has been written into the law of the nation.

"Colombia is one of the few countries of Latin America that can be fairly called a democracy," says Professor MacDonald, in the same book cited above. "Its differences of opinion are settled at the ballot box instead of on the field of battle . . . The party in power does not always succeed in winning the election, and when it loses it turns the government over to the opposition instead of invalidating the returns and keeping control by force. The democratic tradition is now well established."

On the fact of this evidence, how then is explained the anti-Protestant feeling that today lies like a blanket over the northwest corner of South America?

Colombia is a traditionally Catholic country which has always looked more toward Catholic Europe than to the Anglo-Saxon world. Antioquia, the most Catholic part of modern Colombia, finds a counterpart in present-day Quebec. Both are traditionally Catholic lands, with Catholicism permeating all forms of life.

When the wave of anticlerical secularism swept over the Western Hemisphere in the early nineteenth century, some of it left traces in Colombia. Dissident factions in Colombia became enrolled under the banner of the Liberal Party, which boasted a strong core of Masons and anticlericals. The entire nineteenth century was marked by bitter religious-political quarrels between the Liberals and Conservatives (to which most Catholic leaders belonged). The struggle finally broke out into civil war in 1887, and the revolution was not put down by the Conservatives until 1902. The war left deep and lasting scars.

The Conservatives remained in power until 1930. Under their banner, peace ruled and industrial reforms were adopted for the development of the nation. Constitutional guarantees were respected, and a democratic tradition

Colombia is not a bigoted and benighted country as some would have us believe. "Persecution" of Protestants has been a reaction to anti-Catholic acts and unwarranted meddling in politics

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

Street in downtown Bogota after the Communist-inspired riots of 1948. The Reds almost succeeded in grasping power.

grew up. In 1930 a strong coalition under the Liberal banner unseated the Conservatives. The next three presidential elections were boycotted by the Conservatives on one ground or another, and the Liberal candidate in each was elected to office with little opposition.

The Liberals set about modernizing the constitution. All forms of religion were to be tolerated, but Roman Catholicism was still recognized as the State Church. Monopolies were outlawed. Public welfare (once in the hands of the Church) was made a function of the state. Some of the Church's control over education was removed. A new concordat with the Holy See was forced on the Church. The concordat placed further restrictions on the Church. For example, one section provided that all bishops and archbishops must be citizens of Colombia.

When this concordat was presented to the Colombian Assembly, the Conservative leader, Laureano Gomez, cried out, "Here is Masonic work intended to destroy the Catholic Faith!"

The Liberal Government recognized Russia, much to the distaste of the Conservatives and a large majority of the population. Clarioned one Conservative leader, "Russia does not drink our coffee, and we do not eat Russian caviar! There is no need for a Russian embassy in Bogota!"

In a short time the Russians had 200 "diplomats" in Colombia. The Communist Party of Colombia increased, and from the Russian embassy went a steady stream of directives to Communist parties in other Latin American nations.

Under the Liberal Government, too, came the Protestant influx. The Protestants were mostly from the United States, although some few came from Great Britain. The Protestants naturally associated themselves with the Liberal cause, a mistake in more ways than one. Many Liberals resented their interference in Colombian politics. Conservatives used the Protestant support of the Liberals as a new weapon against the opposition.

Then in 1943 came a political scandal which split the Liberal Party wide open. The editor of a small radical newspaper called *The Voice of the People* was found dead in a Bogota park from knife wounds. An investigation made by the Conservatives soon involved many Liberals in the murder. The Secretary of the President, former director of the National Police, was arrested. A high officer in the police force confessed that he had ordered the killing. The repercussions rocked the Government. There were four revolutionary attempts in one year. Month after month the Conservatives kept up their pressure, until finally President Lopez resigned.

In 1946 the Conservatives re-entered the presidential contest and their candidate was elected. The new president, Ospina Perez, immediately set about reuniting the country. He gave half of his Cabinet posts to Liberals. He called for the enactment of social reforms, such as social security for farmers and effective medical care for workers.

Then came the great tragedy of 1948, simply referred to in the press as the "Bogota Riots." These "riots" took place during the Inter-American Conference, attended by General George Marshall, Secretary of State of the United States.

The outbreak began when the Liberal leader, Jorge Gaitan, was assassinated on the street. Within a matter of minutes, crowds broke out into full-scale revolution, not only in Bogota but in other large cities of the country. General Marshall and other delegates had to take refuge in the American Embassy. Mobs invaded the national palace and destroyed part of the building. Other government buildings were looted and burned. Churches were sacked and set afire.

First reports reaching the United States and the rest of the world pictured the "riots" as a reaction of the people to the government's murder of Gaitan. Many dispatches pointed out the close tieup between the Conservatives and the Catholic Church.

But, like too many dispatches coming from Latin America, the facts were completely distorted. It wasn't until the riots were put down, on April 12, that the picture became clear.

REV. ALBERT J. NEVINS is associate editor of "Maryknoll" and Director of Public Relations for the Maryknoll Missions. He is also a member of the Executive Board of the Catholic Press Ass'n.

The riots were Communist inspired and directed, although given an assist by Liberal elements after they had started, in an effort to discredit their enemies, the Conservatives. The Red master plan called for the assassination of Gaitan as the fuse to set off the explosion, expecting that by directing the reaction they could win control of the Government.

The fact that fighting took place all over Colombia showed the master plan at work. When government troops captured two Russian Communists directing rebel fighting, the hand behind the riots became more evident.

On April 12, General Marshall issued a statement from his sanctuary in the American Embassy which declared that Soviet Russia had been behind the Colombian uprising. He further stated that the attempted revolution was part of a world-wide Communist conspiracy.

The Conservative Government took rapid strides because of the incident. The Russian Embassy was given forty-eight hours in which to close down and get its personnel out of the country. Conservatives accused the Liberals of being partly responsible for the outbreak, since they had introduced the Russians into Colombia. Feeling between the two groups ran high and continues down to the present day.

THE Colombian people as a whole were badly frightened by this almost successful coup. Hundreds had died in the fighting, and thousands more were injured. As a result, Colombians rejected the Liberals. Up until the 1948 riots, Liberal strength was growing and all experts believed that the party would be successful in the 1950 elections. Largely as a result of the Bogota Riots, the Liberals lost so much popularity that in 1950 they did not even present a candidate.

The riots united Colombians in a way in which they had never before been united. As a result, they resent with great hostility any foreign interference in their national life.

This, then, is the background for the Protestant-Catholic, Liberal-Conservative dispute in Colombia today. The Protestants, who have allied themselves with the Liberals, are experiencing Conservative wrath, with added disgust because they are a foreign group bent on transforming the traditional pattern of Colombian society.

The dispute that is taking place in Colombia today is primarily political. And any North American who gets mixed up in Latin American politics must expect to get knocked on the head.

The Protestants not only mix in political quarrels, but their internecine quarrels bring discredit to their movement as a whole. The *World Protestant Handbook,* a Protestant mission directory published in London, complains about this very fact. "No country in South America," says the *Handbook,* "presents so acutely the problem of small independent missionary bodies rivaling each other and in some cases led by irresponsible missionaries whose main object seems to be that of discrediting other missionary groups and workers. The problem is aggravated by the fact that the missionaries sent out by some of the British and American societies are totally ignorant of the historical, social, and cultural background of the people among whom they work."

What do Protestants want in Latin America? Bishop John F. Noll, the crusading editor of *Our Sunday Visitor,* gives the answer in a recent pamphlet when he declares that most Protestants are in Latin America, not to preach Protestantism, but anti-Catholicism.

"We need not defend Cardinal Segura," says Bishop Noll, "who would have his government suppress all Protestant activity; but we cannot defend the bold preaching of anti-Catholicism calculated, and often designed, to create an incident, sure to be publicized through the several press services, to every non-Catholic in the United States, England, and elsewhere."

THAT excellent review, *Latinoamerica,* published in Mexico City and circulated throughout the entire hemisphere, treats the same subject in an editorial appearing in March of this year.

"Many times the question has been asked," says the editorial, " 'What do North American Protestants want in Latin America?' There are two Protestant answers. One is explicit: 'We go to preach the Gospel to a world which in great part does not recognize it.' The other, implicit (though at times all too evident) says, 'We wish to destroy the Catholic Church and establish a way of thought and worship, wholly equal to that which exists in the model of democracy, the United States of America.'

". . . In spite of the large amount of money and personnel poured in by the Protestants, Protestants are worried by the vigor of the Catholic Church and are seeking new methods and tactics. They now endeavor to convince public opinion of the idea that in Latin America democracy is not practiced, simply because Latin America will not throw open its doors to whomever promotes the spiritual feuds of Protestant chaos.

"Typical in this respect are the recent blasts against Colombia . . . which are inexact, vague, and exaggerated."

Herbert L. Matthews, in a dispatch appearing recently in *The New York Times,* points out that Colombian officials are quite disturbed about the bad publicity Protestants are giving that nation.

"There are only 20,000 to 25,000 Colombian Protestants in a population of about 10,000,000," writes Matthews. "It would be wrong to think that either the Colombian authorities or the vast majority of Colombia's people look with anything but dismay at attacks on Protestants. Even these people, however, are deeply hurt at the idea of foreign missionaries, who are mostly North Americans, coming here to convert this profoundly Roman Catholic people to Presbyterianism, Seventh Day Adventism, or whatever it may be."

MATTHEWS points out Article 53 of the Colombian constitution, which guarantees "liberty of conscience and freedom of all cults which are not contrary to Christian morality or to the laws."

Father Edward Ospina, a Jesuit, writing in Bogota's *El Siglo,* argues that this means any individual can follow the dictates of his conscience and exercise his beliefs within his place of worship. "It does not mean," says the priest, "carrying on public propaganda. Distributing Bibles or flysheets is not an act of worship. Freedom of propaganda is not guaranteed by the Constitution."

A Colombian diplomat, who prefers to remain nameless because of his position, put this question to the author: "By what reasoning can you explain the bad manners of these Protestant missionaries who come to my country and attack its traditions, ridicule a clergy we respect, and excoriate our state religion? Do North Americans always abuse hospitality this way? No Colombian would ever think of going to Norway or Sweden and attacking the Protestant state religion there."

No one can deny that specific cases of attacks on Protestants have occurred. However, it must be borne in mind that these acts were perpetrated by fanatical individuals and *not* by the Catholic Church or the Colombian Government, as the Protestants would have one believe. There are two sides to every story, and even fanatics do not act without provocation. Never once has it appeared in the American secular press that the Colombian hierarchy has repeatedly made itself clear that it disapproves of any violence toward the Protestants. Yet, with almost calculated regularity, the American press prints the smear that the Church and Church leaders are leading the physical attacks on the Protestants.

Recently, the United Press carried a story under a Bogota dateline which

declared that Rev. Fred Riddel, member of the board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention of Richmond, Virginia, had charged that Father Florencio Alvarez had led a mob of one hundred people in stoning a new Baptist church during its dedication ceremonies. According to Mr. Riddel, the attack continued for an hour and a half. Father Alvarez was said to have urged the crowd on with this cry: "Congratulations for this noble demonstration of the Catholic Faith! While Colombians bleed and die in Korea defending liberty and democracy, North American Protestant millionaires spend their money in Colombia attempting to steal the faith from the shoulders of the clergy."

That is the way the United Press released the story, without any investigation, checking, or explanation. However, the actual facts, following an investigation by *Latinoamerica,* were these. Catholics of the Perseverancia district of Bogota were offended when they received personal invitations to attend the dedication ceremonies of a new Baptist church. Hotheads in the area gathered a crowd, leading it on the Baptist church. The pastor of Perseverancia, acting on the orders of the Archbishop of Bogota, went to the scene, deterred the crowd from action, and persuaded the people to return to their homes.

Colombians gave me this example: a complaint was filed with United States diplomatic officials by a Protestant minister working in the Oriente section of Colombia that he had been machine-gunned and his church damaged by bullets from Colombian army planes, acting on express orders of Colombian authorities.

The Protestant complaint was immediately investigated, and the actual facts were quite different from those asserted by the minister. A Colombian transport was flying over the Oriente, a remote section, much akin to our Wild West of a century ago, full of bandits and outlaws. In passing over a village, the pilot saw a large white sheet spread on the ground—a prearranged signal for him to land and pick up passengers. The pilot came in to set the plane down and was met by a hail of bullets. Unknown to him, bandits had occupied the town the night previous.

Although wounded, the pilot managed to get the plane aloft and to reach the nearest regular air base. There he reported the incident to the Army. Two military planes were immediately dispatched to the area. These planes were met by fire coming from the vicinity of the Protestant mission. The planes strafed the area until the firing ceased and then returned to their base. There were no religious implications in the case (in fact, the pilots did not even know there was a Protestant mission in the village) until the minister's complaint turned an ordinary police action into another instance of "deliberate persecution."

The Protestant attack reached a new low in lies and vituperation with the publication of a long article on Colombia in the *Presbyterian Life* for May.

Frightened by earthquakes, Colombians pray before images. In general, they are religious, devoted to the Church.

Here are a few of the charges made in this lengthy diatribe by the Presbyterians. Inference was made that the Catholic Church took part in and supported the bloody Bogota Riots. The article asserts that priests manned machine guns, mowing down crowds from the top of churches during the riots. It avers that the Church sells baptismal certificates without ever administering the Sacrament. The Protestants are forced "to take Mass" (sic!). That the Catholic Church closed twenty local churches of the Gospel Missionary Union in three years. That "Roman priests lead mobs stoning big City Protestant churches." That hundreds of thousands of Catholics are deserting their Church to support the Protestants. That American Catholics in Colombia are embarrassed and ashamed because of what their Church is doing. That priests refuse to allow Protestants to be buried in family-owned plots in public cemeteries. That while Colombia is Roman Catholic and "intensely religious," it is "not Christian." That Church income "tops that of the greatest commercial enterprise, Bavarian Beer." And so on, page after page.

THIS article was checked with the Colombian Consul General in New York, a high Colombian Government official, and a Colombian businessman. All three gentlemen characterized it as a "mass of falsehoods and half-truths." Following the successful Blanshard technique, Henry L. McCorckle, author of the article and one of the editors of *Presbyterian Life,* has made so many smears that it would take volumes to answer them.

Actually, the article needs no answer as far as Catholics are concerned. The charges are too ridiculous even to be taken seriously. But for Protestants of good will who are confused by these underhand tactics, some explanations are in order.

The assertion that the Gospel Missionary Union lost twenty churches is a complete fabrication. The Colombian Consul General declared that the organization never had twenty churches in all of Colombia.

There is no authentic evidence that a Catholic priest ever led a mob in stoning a Protestant church. Every case investigated proved the falsity of the charge.

Hundreds of thousands of Catholics have not left their Church over the Protestant trouble. The actual reverse is true. Catholic life in Colombia is stronger today than it ever was. This year, the Colombian Congress declared that from henceforth the Feast of the Sacred Heart would be a National Holi-

(*Continued on page* 75)

SAINT IN THE AIR

ST. SIMEON was a Peculiar Person; of that there can be no doubt. To live on top of a pillar for thirty-odd years marks a man out in history, whether he has the incidental value of being a saint or not. And so St. Simeon was a favorite of mine long before I was a Catholic, long even before I knew he was a saint.

Somebody produced a one-act play at school, I remember, in which this weird creature appeared as hero; whether the play was funny or not I can't remember, though being a school play it probably was. Anyway, this was my first introduction to St. Simeon, and to the fact that in the past some people had sat on pillars and done nothing else for years on end. But this had all happened long ago: I was hazy about dates, and Simeon became simply one more figure of the dim and distant past, along with Alcestis, Orestes, Hector, the Trojan War, Venus, Helen of Troy, Brutus and Cassius; and such for a long time he remained.

But from the beginning there was a slight difference between this Peculiar Person and the real or mythical heroes of the classical past who appeared wrapped in shawls or imitation togas, standing before pseudo tent-flaps or rickety walls, on the bare boards of the school platform every Tuesday at four o'clock during the winter term. For whereas nearly all these famous figures were men of action, who did great things and suffered for them, Simeon seemed to have become famous—if he was famous, and I had never heard of him before—by doing absolutely nothing.

He had done nothing and yet got paid for it, so to speak. This struck me as pretty shrewd. I was lazy by nature in those days—or rather, I was a boy—and my idea of the good life was a perpetual holiday, with a game of cricket occasionally to relieve the monotony, and I thought that old Simeon had hit on an easy thing which in later life, if possible, I would do my best to emulate.

He was a romantic figure, too, because the details of his life were wrapped in mystery. There was the one bald fact of the pillar; but all sorts of intriguing questions arose as to how he lived there. How did he get his food, for instance? Was it sent up to him in a basket at regular intervals, or did he rely on the good nature of any casual passer-by? One thing seemed certain—he would not go down for it.

Then there was the further question of sleeping. Was Simeon in danger of falling off in more senses than one every night? For some reason, arising, I believe now, from the similarity in sound between Stylites and stilts, and also stiles, I was inclined to think of the old gentleman as performing some kind of balancing act on the top of a very flimsy wooden structure, rather like a music-hall comedian; and when I did get it into my head that the pillar was made of stone it still appeared to me as very tall and very slender, with Simeon not

so much seated as perched there, and I could not imagine how he ever managed to get a good night's rest. Of course, not doing any work all day he would hardly get tired, but still he would need a few hour's sleep every night presumably, and how did he manage to get it?

There was the final and fundamental question, the most intriguing of all, as to what he did with his time. What could he do all day?

This question, childish as it was and childish as it sounds, was nevertheless the fundamental question raised by the figure of this old man perched up there aloft. "Why should the aged eagle spread his wings?" is a later question, the question of the disillusioned, the "disenchanted," the question of those who have reached a certain age, and who can see no reason for going forward any further. It was not a question that presented itself to me then. I thought of life, lazy as I was, as activity, pleasant activity. Simeon remained with me as a personification of glorious futility.

And yet it was obvious to me that he was, though futile, by no means a failure. Apparently, judging by the one-act play, people often went to see him—even crowds of people. This seemed to me perfectly understandable. I was going to school in the 'thirties, the sporting decade in which records were being broken daily. There was Malcolm Campbell in his "Bluebird," record-breaking along some stretch of sand in faraway —California, was it? Daytona, perhaps? There was non-stop dancing and piano-playing, couples going round and round some dance-hall in Blackpool until they either stopped or dropped. And also at Blackpool was some modern fakir, a minister of the Church of England, I think, who lived in a barrel or did something or other in a barrel, and in whom the police force seemed to be taking an interest. Then in the 'thirties came Gandhi's visit—Gandhi in his sheet and spectacles, the man who fasted for phenomenal lengths of time, and always seemed to get his way in the end. Gandhi the religious Indian, the Church of England fakir, the sporting and dancing record-breakers, all seemed to have something in common with the mythical figure of old Simeon on his perch, something essential to the type of person who wants to go one better than everybody else in some mad direction or other, someone who wants to shine and get into the newspapers. Simeon had succeeded, as Gandhi had succeeded; but was such success really worth it?

Then for a long time I forgot about Simeon. I passed into a civilized world from which genuine cranks were ostracized, and into which only the sham oddities, those who know the rules, and if they break them know how to break them *comme il faut,* are received with open arms. Simeon grew very remote indeed. After all, he had lived so long ago. Times had changed.

But then times changed again. The civilized world prepared for war; went to war. The velvet glove was whisked away; the iron hand appeared. When you are encompassed by a world at war, Simeon's glorious futility begins to seem less futile and more glorious. I discovered with delight that some sections of the civilized world took old bearded madmen like Simeon seriously.

There was Helen Waddell's *Desert Fathers,* for instance. Then, in a beautiful picture of the desert fathers, each in his separate little orbit of ground, encircled with flowers and being visited by tamed animals, I found a flowering wilderness, and this seemed to me a blessed counterpoise to the wildernesses that were being made of the modern notices as the bombs fell thicker and thicker. I began to wonder whether those old madmen had been so mad after all, and whether maybe Simeon was not such a fool as he looked.

Since then I have learned a little more about St. Simeon; only a little, but enough to increase rather than diminish my youthful astonishment at this astonishing man. Apparently he was not always old and bearded after all, in fact as a boy he seems to have been quite a normal son of a shepherd—that is to say, a young shepherd himself—until one day, after going to church, he became suddenly convinced that he must go into a monastery. Of the mystery, the providentiality of that impulse, what is there to be said?

His mode of entry into the monastery was unusual but characteristic: he lay on the ground outside the gates of the building for five days and nights, until finally they let him in. He seems rather to have enjoyed the experience, for once in the monastery he started doing more outrageous things of a similar kind. When the others objected, he ran off to a deserted tank, hid himself there, was discovered and dragged back by force.

He did not see why they should object to his eating only one day a week when he was giving the rest of his food to the poor; nor why he should not bind his body with a tight cord so that the flesh grew over it, if he felt it necessary thus to chastise the rebellious flesh. His fifth-century monastery was not given to what we should describe as self-indulgence, but evidently it was too soft for Simeon, for after a year he was off again, and this time for good.

HE went to a mountain, the Telanassus; and it was here that he eventually became famous, ensconced on his pillar. He did not immediately go to the top of the mountain but lived in the comparative luxury—after an introductory fast lasting forty days—of a little house under the peak. He spent three years here; then he went up higher—to the top. At once, lest he might in a moment of weakness wish to escape, he walled himself in. But he was taking no chances; remembering that stone walls do not a prison make, he obtained a large iron ball, and chained himself to it. One day Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, visited him. If the will was truly there, the bishop remarked, the chain would be unnecessary. For all his austerities, Simeon was not above taking a hint from a bishop, and obediently he unhooked himself. The will did in fact prove to be there, for the saint remained on his mountain-top until he died.

According to his two friends, disciples and biographers, Anthony and Theodoret, the result of all this splendid isolation was an immense number of conversions amongst the wild Arabian tribes who had ignored Christianity's milder missionaries. God, says Theodoret, is pleased to raise up saints distinguished by different marks of sanctity appropriate to different times; and the wild Iberi, Persians, Ishmaelites, and Armenians evidently needed a man as wild in his sanctity as they were savage in their lives before they could be brought to the waters of baptism. Anyway, they were so impressed by the ferocity which this old man of the mountains vented upon himself that they flocked to him in droves to be converted.

Living on top of a pillar of stone for thirty years, St. Simeon Stylites gave daily sermons and brought about a large number of conversions among the Arabian tribes who had rejected milder missionaries

by GEORGE LAMB

I have wondered whether a sense of humor of a rather shrewd and countrified kind was tucked away somewhere behind the austerities; for Simeon, in an effort apparently to flee from his increasing popularity, did not move horizontally but vertically. The will was still there; not even notoriety could break it; and Simeon's pillar, which had begun by being six cubits high, rose to twelve. In the end it reached a height of fifty-four feet.

Simeon seems to have taken little pride in his elevation, for at a word from his superiors, the bishops and abbots of the surrounding regions (was Meletius one of them, one wonders?), he showed himself perfectly willing to come down to earth; but the authorities, having tested his obedience and humility, decided not to clip the old eagle's wings after all, and Simeon remained on his high pillar, up on the peak.

From this vantage point he preached, it is said, twice daily, sometimes for hours on end. Of course he fasted and prayed. He healed the sick. He even became a sort of judge. It was here that his uncomprehending mother came to visit him and die, wailing that flesh of her flesh should so cruelly have mortified itself; and her son wept with her. Here too came a thief, Jonathan by name, to be protected, converted, and dead, all within a week. And here at last the old man himself died, after being clasped to his pillar in prayer for three days; the body was taken down by the faithful Anthony, carried to Antioch, and buried with great pomp and reverence.

I HAVE a feeling that this saint is still looked at a bit askance by the "average" Catholic, as he is certainly a figure of fun to the average non-Catholic. And for a time, when my one wish was to be utterly orthodox in all things, both great and small, I tried to feel the same way about him and to convince myself that sanctity was more appropriately achieved in drawing-rooms with St. François de Sales than on the top of a pillar with St. Simeon. But as the times change again, becoming ever again the same, and the world prepares for another world war, waged with atomic weapons this time, I begin to return to my old favorite.

For what, after all, do we—do I—admire St. Simeon so enthusiastically for? It is for that terrific talent of his for doing nothing. There is no finer slap in the eye to the modern world than that. It is a phenomenon that the modern world finds not only incomprehensible but reprehensible and even criminal, and there are strong reasons for thinking that the modern world needs a good slap in the eye.

GEORGE LAMB, writer and convert to the Catholic Church, teaches at a school in Bucks, England. This article will appear in an anthology, *Saints For Now*, assembled by Clare Booth Luce, which will be published on September 11 by Sheed & Ward.

For why can't we sit still? Why must we be always doing? It is because the active life of the West does not feed the soul, because it so destroys our spiritual resources that even the briefest respite from it brings a sense of boredom. I am sure that most of the restlessness of the West arises from this fear of boredom, and boredom means being brought face to face with our own emptiness. Therefore that childish question: what did old Simeon do all day?—is highly relevant. If we could say no more about him than that he faced boredom, wrestled with it, did not succumb to it—did not descend from his pillar—but conquered it and remained up there, *doing nothing*, then I think that would be sufficient to make him a worthwhile study and counter-blast to the present day.

But Simeon didn't go right away from the towns, from civilization; he went so far and no further; far enough to be away, to be out of it all, not far enough to be ignored and forgotten. Perched up there on his pillar, he was and is a living reproach to the active city-dwellers, the everlasting compromisers who aim to make the best of both worlds—and certainly manage to make the best of this one. He was a thorn in the flesh of the civilized hide of mankind, that hardened hide which is so firm against the supernatural. Simeon did nothing—except live for God: hence he became St. Simeon.

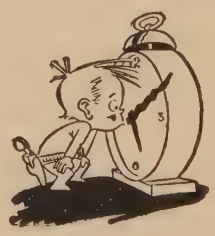
I take St. Simeon as my favorite saint because he dwells, so to speak, at the easternmost end of western Christendom, because he embodies all that other-worldliness of the East which has managed to get Christianized. He has, most of the West may say, only just managed to get in: we need to be warned, they will add, against all that is extreme in his example, particularly the spiritual pride that may so easily lie behind such an extraordinary mode of life.

PRECISELY the opposite seems to me to be true. For the Christian religion, like the rest of the world, is suffering from an overdose of Westernism: we need a potent injection from the East, the more violent and the more remarkable the better. The prime characteristic of Westernism is that it puts this world first—puts it first not only unreflectingly, but as its first principle of action. Simeon did the opposite.

Simeon represents a type that has always fascinated me, that of the outcast, the Ishmael, the scapegoat. But he is an outcast of a peculiarly intransigent kind: he does not go and hide himself away in a hole in the desert, he goes a certain distance (not too far) from the town and there "sets up shop." He is, if you like, an exhibitionist, in the most literal meaning of the word; he is determined to make an exhibition of himself. Presumably he has a reason for doing so; and presumably, since he is Saint Simeon, his reason was a valid one.

I take it that his reason was to cock a snook at the world, to behave as impertinently toward civilization as civilization behaves toward God. It is a transvaluation of all values to go and live up in the air, feet off the ground, permanently. It is to behave as daringly as Icarus, except for the solid rock of sanctity underneath. There is a cheekiness about it that offends more modest, more self-effacing types of saintliness; an oriental extravagance, divested of all oriental splendor, that strikes me as particularly appropriate and relevant today.

I think of that man of rock, a sage, a man of God. "Come in under the shadow of this red rock." It is because he lives in my mind with all the strength of the rock he lived on that I long to creep in under the shadow of that pillar and that sanctity of his; because he rises there like a beacon out of a better land and a better time, when sanctity was more gaunt, more simple, more heroic; when the eternal choices were clearer under the everlasting stars, Heaven and Hell closer, the sword of the spirit more ruthless.



Time On His Hands

▶ The fond mother was entertaining a visitor, while young Bobby amused himself in the kitchen. Wishing to impress her guest with the precociousness of the youngster, the mother called out:

"What time is it, Bobbie?"

"The little hand is on the five," promptly replied Bobbie, who had been investigating the clock's insides, "and the big hand is on the floor."

—*Joseph C. Callan*

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The Denial

Woodcut by Bruno Bramanti

Peter, cursing, said he knew not the man. Immediately the cock crowed.

by ***JUDE MEAD, C.P.***

In spite of two general warnings and a third pointed warning by Jesus, Peter was to deny Him three times within the night

THE fifteenth-century Crusaders' Hymn, *Schönster Herr Jesus,* ends with the words, "One only glance, for me were bliss untold." The reference is to the divine efficacy of a single glance from the gentle Christ. These soldiers of the Cross kept up their lagging spirits with this joyful paean.

In this history of the Passion of Jesus, there is a marvelous confirmation of the power of a single look from the eyes of Our Saviour. Our Blessed Lord, after His false trial and ignominious treatment at the hands of Annas and Caiphas and their minions, is led off to prison. In the midst of His own sorrow, He does not forget Peter, weighed down with the guilt of three denials. "And the Lord turning looked upon Peter." (Luke 22:61)

The salutary effect of Christ's loving glance at Peter is described by Our Lord Himself: "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." (Luke 22:32) St. Jerome explains further, "If even the eye of a mother has power to conquer hearts, it was impossible for him (Peter) to remain in the darkness of denial, who had gazed on the light of the world."

Having seen the effects of the merciful glance of Jesus, the causes should be considered, namely, Peter's threefold denial of Christ.

Peter, of all the associates of the Redeemer, was chosen to be the foundation of the Church. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church. And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16:18)

"I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 16:19)

Peter was indeed a rock. He was a born leader. The kind of man who can give orders and have everyone follow him without question. The kind of man who could state his own opinion clearly and definitely and confidently make his cause their own.

Like most people with his qualities of leadership, confidence, and decision, Peter was hasty, impatient, and intolerant of others. Yet Peter had a great heart; he was capable of intense love, ready to forgive and quick to repent.

No one understood Peter better than our Blessed Lord—none was more appreciative of his earnest love, deep sincerity, and disarming candor. Peter's weaknesses of character were such that, given the proper direction and supernatural assistance, they could be and were actually turned into great assets for God, for the Church, and for his own salvation.

The Prince of the Apostles had merited not only our Lord's special selection but also His special attention. The Master had warned Simon Peter frequently of dangers in store for both of them.

On one occasion, we see the stubborn apostles roundly rebuked for lack of understanding.

"Jesus began to show His disciples that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things from the ancients and Scribes and chief priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again.

"And Peter, taking Him, began to rebuke Him saying, Lord be it far from Thee, this shall not be unto Thee.

"Who turning, said to Peter: Go behind Me, Satan: Thou are a scandal unto Me, because thou savourest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men." (Matt. 16:21-23)

But Peter seems to have forgotten the warnings of Jesus. He continued as the leader and spokesman for the Apostolic band. He paid the taxes. He even went so far as to have Our Lord perform a family miracle for him in

curing the illness of his mother-in-law.

Certainly not in the maudlin, puerile manner of the unrecognizable Christ of *The Nazarene,* but in a spirit of courteous companionability, Our Lord had come to rely on Peter. Peter was gratified; he was elated; his expansive nature became even more enveloping and protective. Finally, at the Last Supper, when the foreknowledge of His Passion, already begun, lowered over the occasion, Jesus had the opportunity to warn Peter three times to take care lest his overconfidence lead to ruin.

The Saviour told His disciples that He was about to leave them and that none of them at this time could follow, but would surely follow hereafter. Peter, feeling left out, exclaimed, "Why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thee. Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both to prison and to death." (John 13:36)

The God-Man again clearly foretold events. "You will all be scandalized in My regard this night." (Matt. 26:31)

Peter again interjected, "Although all shall be scandalized in Thee, I will never be scandalized in Thee." (Matt. 26:32)

Besides the two general warnings, Jesus now makes a third very pointed one for the benefit of Peter alone. "Amen I say to Thee, that in this night before the cock crow thou wilt deny Me thrice." (Matt. 26:34)

Peter, forgetting himself, answered: "Yea, though I should die with Thee I will not deny Thee." (Matt. 26:35) And all the rest, taking their cue from Peter and not the Lord, made answer and said the same thing.

Events happened quickly and suddenly. Peter ran away with a bloody sword in his grasp. Shame and humiliation forced him to retrace his steps and find out how things went with the Master. On the way he met John, who had access to the house of Caiphas. He entered into the courtyard, where his uneasy manner called attention to himself. A maid-servant, probably recognizing Peter as the constant companion of Jesus, came up to him and declared, "Thou also wast with Jesus the Galilean."

"But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest." (Matt. 26:70)

Another serving woman made the same observation. Again Peter denied Jesus, and with an oath.

"And after a little while, they came that stood by and said to Peter: Surely thou art one of them. For even thy speech doth discover thee.

"Then he began to curse and to swear that he knew not the man. And immediately the cock crew." (Matt. 26: 73-74)

Here, one after another in rapid succession, were the denials which Jesus had foretold. How easy it is to go from one sin to another. St. Gregory gives the explanation. "Sin, when not removed by penance, by its very own weight soon drags down to another sin."

But Jesus Christ is the Man of the Hour. Every hour is His triumph. At the hour of the cock crow, He is led from the hall of injustice through the fire-lit courtyard to prison. And in the flash of an eye, He reduces the proud Apostle to a humble disciple and makes the quitter into a penitent confessor.

"And going forth Peter wept bitterly." (Matt. 26:75)

The Medieval hour books abound with imagery for the hour of Peter's denial and Christ's conquest. The rooster, the servantmen, and the maids leer at Peter. Peter is shown with a copious handkerchief. And not infrequently the glance of Jesus is represented by a great tearful eye. It is thus amazing that with childlike simplicity the artists of the ages of Faith could put their finger on the cause and the effect of the denial. The occasion was bad companions. Had Peter stayed with St. John, he would not have laid himself open to temptation. But, instead, he drew near to the fire, feeling worse for himself than for Jesus. Why did he seek out Christ's enemies? Why did he converse with them? Peter's undoing was seeking creature comforts in his sorrow, instead of having recourse to God.

Many Christians today follow Peter's weakness, rather than his immediate repentance. The secularism of our day is leading people further from God and nearer the fire, with their "one religion is as good as another" attitude. As a result of this we see tolerance bending over backward in civil relationships and an increase of mixed marriages. Even some of those who are supposed to be the elite of our faith, Catholic college graduates, give all kinds of explanations why they can keep company with those outside the Church. What shall we say of those parents who deny Catholic educations to the young for purely social reasons? How can our teen-agers advance in virtue when they are allowed the complete freedom of neglect to wander away from God to the edge of the fire?

This generation may not be granted the same grace as Peter. Nor can we be sure that the reaction will be the same instant conversion to Christ and life-long penitence and sorrow for the denial of Christ. There is a well-established tradition regarding the sorrow of Peter. It was so great and so constant that the cheeks of the first Pope were actually furrowed by his holy tears. His life of penance, zeal, and mortification is well known, even to his crucifixion upside down because he esteemed himself unworthy to die the same way as Jesus had died.

And then we have the mystery of the holy glance of Christ. Perhaps there is no better explanation of this saving look of Jesus than the words of the spouse, the loving soul, in the Canticle of Canticles. "Thou hast wounded my heart, my spouse: Thou hast wounded my heart with one of thy eyes." (Cant. 4:9)

THE LIVING POET

by KENTON KILMER

While the great wings are buoyed on eager air
See now, see now, how beautiful they are!
The piercing downward dart, or, upward, there,
The buffeting surge and rise, the eagle stare
Down cloudy canyons to the ribboned fields.

With eagle's eye, with ringing, singing tongue,
This is no bird to wait death for his song.
The towers of cloud with bells of song are hung.
On all the winds of earth the song is flung.
The hills and forests hear it and are still.

Now wreathy clouds are stirred with beating wings.
The vaulted sky will ring when he is gone
With tumult and the broken echoings,
Through hollow silence, of what now he sings.
When the great wings are still, the gold eyes dim,
His cloudy mountains will remember him.

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Meat on Friday

Should I eat meat on Friday—or let it spoil and go to waste?—A. Q., OAKLAND, CALIF.

If a considerable amount of meat would spoil and go to waste if held over till Saturday, there would be sufficient reason for an individual or for a family to eat it on Friday in case the loss of the food would drain an already lean budget. However, household meals should be so planned that there will be no obstacle to a meatless Friday. Carelessness can easily become habitual.

Why the Mass?

Why is the Church so rigid in insisting upon Mass as the only way to keep the Lord's Day holy?—V. L., SOMERSET, OHIO.

To say that the Church's law, obliging us to attend Mass on Sundays and on holydays, is "rigid" seems to imply that the law borders on the unreasonable. The Church is, indeed, insistent, but not rigidly so in any odious sense of the term. Nor does the Church consider our attendance at Mass the only way to keep the Lord's Day holy. We are obliged also to refrain from all unnecessary servile work—an obligation dictated by the Lord Himself: "Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor and shalt do all thy works. But on the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: thou shalt do no work on it . . . the Lord blest the seventh day and sanctified it." (Exodus 20:8-11) Obviously, the spirit of the day of rest bespeaks leisure for the care of the soul and for paying one's respects to God. Even if there were no Sacrifice of the Mass, we would still be obliged, on the Lord's Day, to give Him the tribute of our time and attention in the best way feasible.

To say the least, the Church is logical in specifying our attendance at the Sacrifice of the Mass, as the "how" of God's own Third Commandment. Why? There is only one yardstick whereby to appraise the purpose, the spirit, and the results of the Mass—and that is the sacrifice of Calvary. During the form of worship known as the Mass, Our Lord Himself in Person continues what He began to do for God and for us on the original Holy Thursday and Crucifixion Friday. Briefly, that accomplishment is the *ideal worship* of God. If you miss that point, the Mass is meaningless, and Calvary, too.

Because we are creatures of God, we are dependent upon Him and answerable to Him. Because we are intelligent, we can realize that sobering fact. Because we are also free, we should spontaneously admit it. The shape and form of what we should say to God, the proper attitudes of mind and heart, are, in the concrete, prayers of adoration, gratitude, and petition. Those prayerful attitudes would be called for, even though man had not been so arrogant as to defy and snub the Almighty. But ever since man became sinful, another prayerful attitude has been urgent—reparation. It is those prayerful and urgent attitudes that add up to what our worship of God should be.

During the Old Testament centuries, priests and people did their feeble best to worship God. The Saviour of the world, because He is God's own Son, is the only One qualified to worship God ideally. As our spokesman, He voiced a perfect prayer during the sacrifice of Calvary. The night before, He had arranged to perpetuate that sacrifice as an accommodation for us of today. Such is the origin, the purpose, the spirit, the accomplishment of the Mass. Can the Church improve upon the Mass as the ideal way to worship God on the Lord's Day? Can the Church be less than insistent that we take our cue from Our Lord Himself? Neither the Church's insistence nor the fidelity of Catholics is overdone.

Presumption—Despair

In your column, last month, you referred to "the extremes of presumption and despair" as sins against God. Please explain.—L.T., ALBANY, N. Y.

Any reference to an extreme bespeaks a so-called "happy mean" which is midway between extremes. The mean is normal; the extremes are abnormal or subnormal, by way of excess or defect. In this case, the happy mean is the virtue of hope. To be wanting in a normal attitude or degree of hope is to sin by defect—the extreme of despair. To be rashly confident is to sin by excess—the extreme of presumption. For example, when a patient consults a specialist, we assume reasonably that he can hope for reliable advice. But the patient may fail to co-operate for want of a properly balanced hope: in a spirit of pessimistic despair, he may consider co-operation futile; or, in a spirit of foolhardy independence, he may try to get along without medical help.

Hope is a supernatural virtue with which the soul of every Christian is endowed at Baptism, whereby we are prompted habitually to hope for the means necessary for eternal salvation—a hope based upon the power, goodness, and fidelity of God to His promises. Christian hope is classified as a *super*natural virtue, because it is not merely acquired as a result of human industry, as by a process of reasoning—it is instilled into the soul by God Himself, by the One who has invited us to become co-heirs with Christ. Furthermore, it prompts us to hope for exactly what God has promised—not merely some sort of natural or earthly happiness, but the happiness of God's heaven.

Obviously, it would be outrageous to hope to share God's own happiness—and eternally, at that—unless God deigned to offer it and unless He promised the necessary means. This fact gives us a clue as to the wrongness of not trusting God

—the extreme of despair—and the wrongness of presumption, whereby a man is so rash as to attempt the supernatural without divine help, or to expect God to reward him without the merit of co-operation. Obviously, too, neither despair nor presumption is at all logical—but, for that matter, no sinful conduct makes any sense.

No Empty Promise

If you Catholics are blessed with the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, you are to be "envied"—to me, such a fact would more than suffice as a convincing argument that yours is and must be a "one, true Church." But the likelihood of such a Presence seems pretty far-fetched!—C.M., MACON, GA.

Apparently, you are blessed in two ways. You seem to have a keen insight as to the stupendous marvel represented by the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist—even though you consider it only a supposition. And you credit Christ with a consistency whereby He would bequeath His Presence to one Church only—His own true Church. However, you fail to perceive that the marvel of the Eucharist is simply "all of a piece" with many other wonders provided for us by Christ. Why, therefore, single out the Eucharist as far-fetched? In this connection, any difficulty that occurs to you must fall under one or more of the following heads: "He wouldn't provide such a blessing," or "He couldn't," or "He didn't."

To say that the Founder of Christianity would not do so implies that such a marvel is "too good to be true," incongruous, or—as you say—far-fetched. The Eucharistic Presence of Christ must be considered in proper perspective. Hence, take a long-range view of the plans of God for man, and you will find the Eucharist blending in perfect congruity with all other features of the divine plan.

It is only too true that there is a worldwide lack of morality, and so much positive immorality, because men do not live according to their status as creatures of God. It is even more true because men do not live according to their status as adopted children of God. This basic fact—*man's kinship with the Almighty*—must be recognized, realized, and insisted upon, else every kindness of God to man, whether of Old Testament record or of the New, would seem like incongruous, far-fetched condescension—"too good to be true." Not because we are creatures of obligation but because we are sons and daughters of opportunity did God become one of us. Because we are men and women of eternal destiny, Christ underwent and accomplished so much for us. God has had a long-range plan, with us as the beneficiaries, and to perpetuate His Presence—begun in Bethlehem—is only one of many congruous, consistent marvels. If he "wouldn't" do such a stupendous thing, there is as much reason to allege that He would do nothing else for us. Granting that we have been adopted by God and adapted by His grace, we cannot set limits to His ingenuity or bounty in our behalf.

"He couldn't?" We recommend that you invest in an attentive reading of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Be alert to two items—the demonstration of divine power whereby Christ so multiplied "five barley loaves and two fishes" as to feed five thousand very hungry people, and the promise of a "manna of immortality" coupled with an identification of His own flesh and blood with "the living bread which came down from heaven." Even one miracle calls for divine, unlimited power. This prodigy of nourishment is only one of uncounted miracles. No such prodigy is ever pointless—in this instance, Christ exemplified His control over bodily nourishment, in order to vouch divinely for His ability to keep His promise of spiritual nourishment and to certify divinely the identity between His own flesh and blood and "the living bread" He promised. Divine power is unlimited: if He could accomplish the one miracle, He could accomplish the other. Of neither miracle may we say logically: "He couldn't"—for what He did, He could do!

"He didn't?" If one thing be clear in St. John's record, it is that Christ's audience understood Him literally, when He identified His flesh and blood with "the living bread" which He promised, and which He insisted they partake of. So much so that even "many of His disciples . . . walked no more with Him." Certainly, then, His Apostles understood His full meaning and intent when, on the occasion of the Last Supper, He proceeded to keep His promise. "This IS my body which is given for you. This IS my blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." We Catholics simply believe that Christ meant what He said as literally at the table of fulfillment as upon the occasion of promise. To interpret His words otherwise would be to tamper with and distort a clearcut assertion. Obviously, the Apostle St. Paul is of this mind: "Therefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord!" (1 Cor. 11:27)

To conclude—there is not even a flimsy argument to support the contention that Christ would not, could not, or did not bequeath to us His Real Presence, or that He did not intend that reality as our "manna of immortality." On the contrary, there is ample and cogent reason to think that He would, and to be certain that He could and did do so.

Canon Law

You often refer to the Church's Code of Canon Law. Please explain this source of information.—M.B., BALTIMORE, MD.

Originally, "canon" was a Greek word, and among a dozen or more present-day meanings, it signifies a law or rule or standard, or a catalogue of such laws. The Church could not function and fulfill its mission in this world, did she not have, as a divine commission, the threefold power to teach, to rule, and to sanctify. Just as in the case of any efficient government, the ruling power comprises the authority to make laws, to interpret and enforce them—the legislative, the judiciary, and coercive angles of the ruling power.

The Code or official set of Church laws now in force was promulgated under Pope Benedict XV in 1917 and became effective in the Western or Latin sectors of the Church a year later.

A code of Church laws had existed long before 1917, the earliest dating back to the thirteenth century. A thorough revision that would bring the legislation of the Church up to date had been under consideration since the Vatican Council, in 1869. The revision, known since 1917 as the New Code of Canon Law, is divided into five parts which treat of norms of legislative procedure, ecclesiastical persons, sacred things, legal trials, crime and punishment. All in all, there are 2414 laws or canons. A board of specialists, appointed by the Holy Father, is commissioned to interpret the law and its application to difficult or doubtful cases.

Internal Sins

Why is it that, after forbidding adultery and theft by the Sixth and Seventh Commandments, God added the Ninth and Tenth?—J.G., SALEM, MASS.

Respectively, the Ninth and Tenth Commandments declare: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." There are several reasons that account for the Ninth Commandment in addition to the Sixth, and for the Tenth as a follow-up to the Seventh. Of all the many temptations that allure men and women, the

predominants are an excessive desire for material goods and for sexual gratification. Hence, the advisability of a specific, repeated emphasis whereby we are alerted against those two seductions.

Another reason is the fact that we are susceptible to the guilt of "internal" as well as "external" sins. For example—"Whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." (Matt. 5:28) Whether a person decide to rob a bank, or to take revenge by burning down a barn, or whatever else, his guilt begins long before the robbery or the arson is carried out in detail. Everything sinful as well as everything virtuous begins in the privacy of the human mind and heart. In other words, a person sins internally before he externalizes his sinful thoughts, desires, or intentions—and even if he does not carry them out externally. In the accomplishment of good, a man may be thwarted, but nonetheless he merits commendation for his good intentions. So, too, he rates condemnation for evil desires or intentions.

Last but not least of all, the Ninth and Tenth Commandments remind us that while our internal sins may be hidden from our fellow men, our guilt is no secret to the Searcher of Hearts. His scrutiny of the human conscience is such as to unmask all insincerity. "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me." The Judge of internal sins is the nemesis of hypocrites. For the avoidance of sinful conduct, it is excellent strategy to develop an alertness as to where and how the mischief starts—in the secrecy of the mind and heart, by the plotting known as internal sin.

James—Greater, Less

Why the distinction between the two Apostles, known as St. James the Greater and St. James the Less?—A.D., LIMA, OHIO.

Both saints are renowned for a distinguished career, for both are apostles and martyrs. It is a matter of mere opinion that the basis for the distinction between them as Greater and Less is that of physical stature. James the Greater was an elder brother of John the Evangelist, both of whom were referred to by Our Lord as the "sons of thunder" because of their zeal. James the Greater, together with Peter and John, was present at the Transfiguration and during the Lord's agony in the garden of Gethsemani. Put to death by the sword, under Herod Agrippa, about 44 A.D., James the Greater is honored by the Spaniards as the first apostle of their country.

James the Less was a son of Mary Cleophas, who was probably a sister of Our Lord's mother, for which reason he is sometimes referred to, according to the custom of the times, as Our Lord's brother. He is a brother of the apostle St. Jude, the first bishop of Jerusalem, and author of the Epistle of St. James. Stoned by the Jews and killed with a club, he became a martyr about 62 A.D.

John P. Neumann

Was the famous bishop by the name of Neumann an Englishman or an American?—D.H., BUFFALO, N. Y.

In all probability, you are confusing two eminent and saintly churchmen—John Henry Cardinal Newman of England, a convert, and John Nepomucene Neumann, a Redemptorist bishop of Philadelphia, whose canonization is pending. Bishop Neumann was born in Bohemia in 1811, came to America in 1836, and was ordained by Bishop Dubois of New York. Before joining the Redemptorist community in 1840, he did missionary work in western New York for a number of years. He was designated Bishop of Philadelphia in 1852 and attended the Council of Baltimore. Renowned for devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, he was the first bishop to introduce the Forty Hours Devotion to his diocese. Venerable Bishop Neumann died in 1860.

Honor to whom Due

Recently, our parish priest gave a stirring sermon on the duties of parents toward their children, but under the heading of the Fourth Commandment. I always thought it should be the other way round: "Honor thy father and thy mother."—S.J., HARTFORD, CONN.

It is enjoined upon us by the Fourth Commandment to honor father and mother for what they are supposed to be—hence it is quite in order to dwell upon their duties in connection with that Commandment. The number of parents who are taken for granted as representatives of God is shocking. Parenthood supposes more than the procreation of children and their physical nourishment and shelter. It devolves upon parents to be solicitous for soul as well as body, not only to see to the elimination of original sin by Baptism, but also to provide for the counteracting of the aftermath of original sin—such as ignorance and a ramified, strong propensity to moral evil. Supposedly, parents educate their children for an eternal heaven—an impossible pipedream without the benefit here and now of a religious education, without consistent good example, and so-called old-fashioned parental discipline. We can hardly expect juvenile delinquents to honor father and mother, when the parents are also delinquent.

Sacrament of Reconciliation

Am an old mother; while recovering from a stroke, have been reviewing the past thirty years of my life. Am very much afraid because of many sins I never confessed—S. S., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

First of all and without delay, make an act of sincere and thorough contrition—prompted by regard for the Almighty as well as by consideration for yourself—covering all the serious and deliberate sins of your entire life. Then, as soon as reasonably can be, and to the best of your recollection, make a thorough confession of whatever sins you fear you have neglected to confess. Presumably, from the context of your letter, you have not been making bad confessions: rather, you now remember what had been forgotten over the years. Possibly, you are inclined to be unfair to yourself—your knowledge of many years ago is not necessarily one and the same as today's realization. Remember that it was to provide for any such necessity as yours that the Sacrament of Repentance was instituted by the Saviour of the world. "A contrite and humbled heart God will not despise." (Psalm 50:19)

Marital Ambition

Apparently, we can't conceive children. Are we required to doctor for the condition, or may we just accept it?—E. MCC., PAULSBORO, N. J.

Since the primary purpose of the married state is the generation of children, it is only normal that the partners to a marriage endeavor to accomplish its purpose. The solution of your problem may prove to be comparatively simple. Recourse to surgery may not be at all necessary: even if surgery be indicated, it may entail only moderate expense and little or no hazard. Rather than take for granted your sheer inability to have children, it is advisable and even obligatory that you seek medical advice from a source competent both scientifically and morally.

Fair moments

Barbara learned the hard way that things—and people—are not always what they appear to be

by ***ETHEL R. SEELY***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

BARBARA was sitting on the front stoop with the Halloran twins, exchanging ghost stories, when Mama called her. Later she remembered that Effie Skinner had just gone swishing by. All Thirteenth Street knew that Effie was "fast."

The three small girls in their white Sunday dresses were perched on the iron balustrade under the sign, "Flat To Let." Mamie Halloran was finishing a yarn full of witches and banshees that would have been scrumptious if the morning sunshine hadn't taken the creepiness out of it. The time for ghost stories, Barbara felt, was after dark, even if you had to gallop home full speed up three long flights and pass the black third landing, where a balky gas jet was never lit, with your eyes closed! But Mama frowned on such doings. They made Barbara scream in her sleep and wake up Sorrel, who shared the bed and needed her rest after the long day at the bookbindery.

Up the street rippled Effie Skinner, parasol cocked jauntily over her brass-colored hair, one hand clutching her long, ruffly skirts. "Oh, you kiddoes," she trilled at the staring trio. A strong scent of cologne floated after her.

"They say she's fast," Mamie whispered, "because she paints and powders and bleaches her hair!"

Barbara did not answer. The twins were ten, a whole year older than she, but there was plenty they didn't know! When you had a big sister like Sorrel, you found out things. Effie Skinner was fast because she let fellows kiss her! Barbara had seen her once in a shady valley in Prospect Park, when Effie hadn't known it. The man was a big, flashy fellow who hung around South Brooklyn corners. Something about the memory made Barbara's cheeks sting even now.

At this point a window ran up and Mama called.

There were two flats on every floor of the four-story house, strung out side by side, so that the end rooms were "outside" ones, giving the tenants cross ventilation. The tenants prided themselves mightily thereon, pitying and scorning the row across the street, which had front and back apartments. Barbara went into the big rear kitchen, which was the real family living room, the parlor being used only for company. There seemed to be something unusual about the room. Same coal stove with up-ended boiler beside it, same geraniums at the windows, same old square table. . . . Why, of course! No dinner preparations. And Mama wore her good black skirt and white waist with the fancy jabot and was pinning a new spotted veil over her Sunday hat.

"Get your blue sash and hair ribbons, Barbara," she directed. "We're going to Aunt Carrie's for dinner."

Barbara gave a little glad skip. Aunt Carrie was Mama's sister who had married well. That meant that Uncle Earl had a good job—not like Papa's at the plant, which was sometimes busy and sometimes not—and he and Aunt Carrie owned their own house out near Jamaica, where it was almost country, and they had a telephone, and Cousin Lilian took piano lessons. Barbara loved to go out there and play with her two cousins. But her elders did not share her enthusiasm. Sorrel never went if she could help it.

Mama tried her hat on, tucking the veil under her small, firm chin. All of her movements were crisp. She pivoted to the mirror over the iron sink.

"All I say is, Bert, I hate to be patronized."

Papa replaced the shoe polish in the cupboard. He always shined his shoes very carefully on Sundays. He was so tall he could reach the top shelf easily. There was an odd expression on his thin, gentle face. Sometimes you could tell exactly what Papa was thinking and other times you couldn't.

"If I don't object, Amy, why should you?" he asked.

Here was peculiar talk. Patronizing a butcher, now, meant buying all your meat from him, and the butchers didn't mind, they liked it. Barbara fiddled with the pump handle and waited. The pump brought water to the top floor when the pressure failed and the water shut off, usually when you were in the midst of having your hair washed.

"Young lady, I—told—you—to—go!" Mama said dangerously. And Barbara scurried away.

On the top floor, the bedrooms, hough windowless, were well lighted by he airshaft. At her bureau sat Sorrel, a wrapper flung over the white duck she ad worn to church, brushing her shinng, curly hair.

"Are you coming with us?" Barbara emanded in pleased surprise.

"Certainly," returned Sorrel. "I want o see the Weidman girls." And Barbara ecalled that the Weidmans, who kept a delicatessen near Aunt Carrie's, had a ousin in Sorrel's bindery.

Sorrel was seventeen, old enough to wear her skirts down to her shoetops nd tease into a pompadour the hair hat gave her her nickname because it hone red when the sunlight struck it. Papa had named her Sorrel when she was just a baby and now nobody ever called her Sylvia. That hair was Barbara's envy. Sit in the sun though she might, her own mouse-brown locks never responded with the faintest flash of red. Moreover, they hung in two uncompromising pigtails that not even kid-curlers could dent. She just wasn't pretty, that was all, while Sorrel was the prettiest and most popular girl on the block. Maybe in all Brooklyn!

Lightly Sorrel patted her face with her chamois powder-rag. She winked naughtily at Barbara, who grinned back. Just that much powder couldn't hurt!

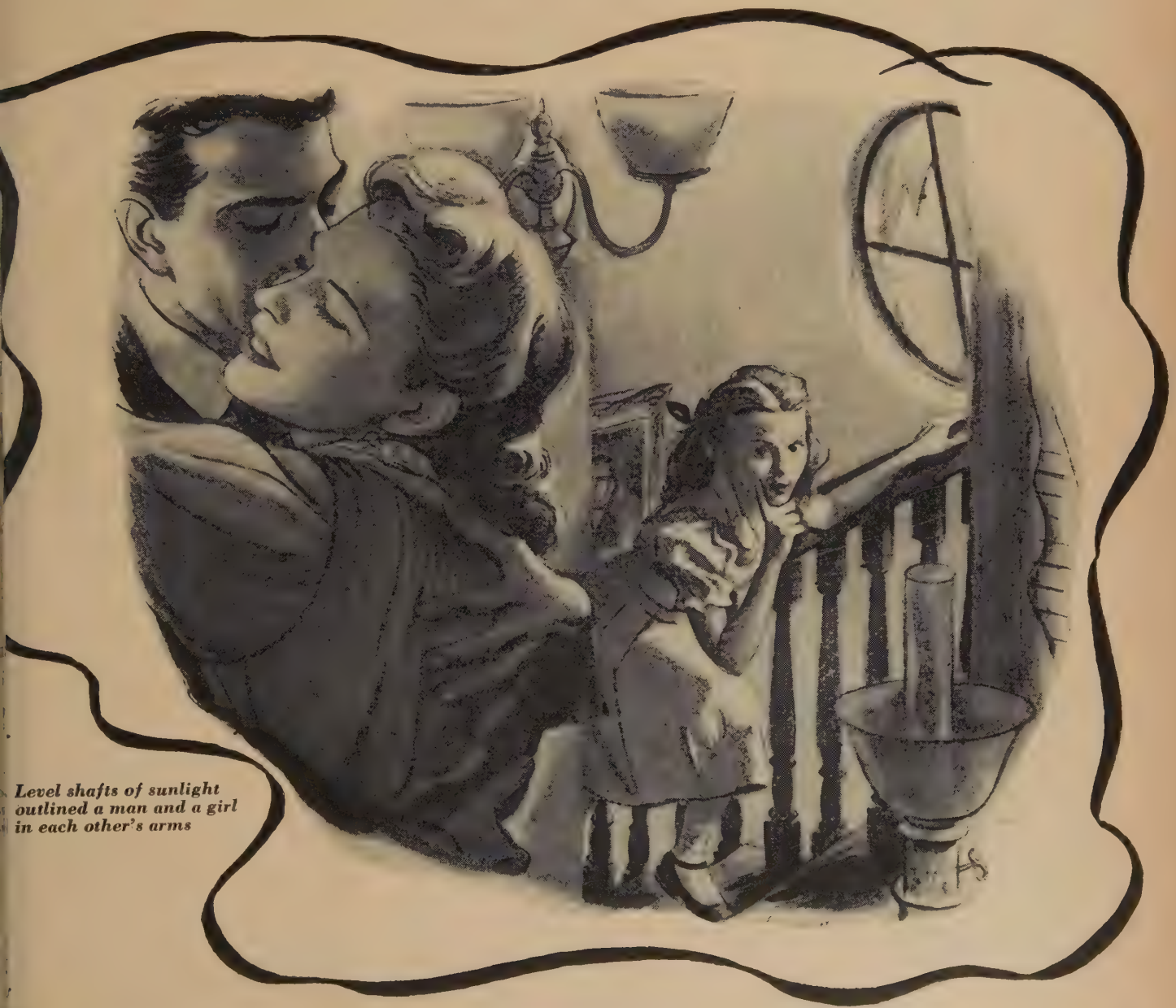
"Well, Rubberneck?" laughed the older girl.

"Do you like to be Patronized?" asked Barbara abruptly.

Sorrel stared. "Of all the funny kids! Look, weren't you sent for your blue ribbons? Well, get 'em and let Sis tie 'em for you. Skiddoo, now."

Sorrel knew all the latest slang.

The trip to Jamaica was packed with interesting things. First, the Elevated. You could go by the Long Island Railroad, but Mama said why waste money when a nickel got you there? The El swooped so close to people's windows that it was almost like watching those new moving pictures in the back room of the Socrates Brothers' ice-cream parlor; if you bought a soda, you got to see the pictures free! Where the El deadended at Cypress Hills, one transferred to a trolley, running out between daisygrown fields. Papa said some day there



Level shafts of sunlight outlined a man and a girl in each other's arms

would be rapid transit clear to Jamaica. Whatever rapid transit was, Barbara preferred the trolleys. After all, they had double tracks! Out beyond Jamaica she knew of single-track lines where the car had to crawl out on a siding and wait for its partner coming the opposite way to pass!

After leaving the trolley, one crossed the railroad, a wide network on which locomotives went snorting by, cut off from the street on both sides by only a bladelike pair of gates. Barbara admired these puffing monsters from a distance, especially when their great headlights rushed through the dark, followed by a string of lighted windows. But invading their own territory was different! She clutched her father's hand for reassurance.

"I'm never afraid when I'm with you," she confided.

His quiet blue eyes smiled down at her. He looked pleased, and yet almost humble, though that was a funny word to use for a grown-up.

Farther along, the "Castle" scowled out of its forest of neglected shrubbery and pines. The lower windows were boarded, but the upper ones stared like watchful eyes. Once the showplace of the town, the Castle had been empty for years, a sorrowful old house gradually falling to pieces. Neighbors claimed it was haunted, and even those who scoffed at the tales of weird lights and dragging chains avoided it at night. Just now a black cat was picking its way around the small square cupola. Maybe a witch in disguise! But surrounded by her family, Barbara didn't care. She even made a tiny face at the cat.

Aunt Carrie's house had a porch covered with honeysuckle vines and a big back yard. It was a neat, squat, bay-windowed house. Aunt Carrie and Uncle Earl who came out on the porch to greet the guests, both looked a little bit like their house, Barbara thought. Cousin Fletcher, a lanky boy of eleven, and little Cousin Lilian, who was only seven and wore her yellow hair in a Buster Brown cut, followed. Uncle Earl swung Barbara into the air. He was usually jolly, but she felt she wouldn't want to make him mad. She suspected he could get very mad.

There was chicken for dinner, followed by ice cream. Barbara never had ice cream at meals except here. But dinner seemed less gay than in the big, sunny kitchen at home. The dining room, facing the narrow strip between this house and the next, was dark, so that the big glass dome over the table had to be lit. Nobody talked much but Uncle Earl, who talked about his office and his dental plates. Sometimes he broke off to say impatiently, "Lilian, don't reach for things! What awful grammar, Fletcher!" Barbara wriggled uncomfortably. Grammar was something to study in school, not to worry about at dinner.

"I do wish poor little Barbara could be out here in the country with our children," remarked Aunt Carrie as she brought in the dessert. "It would do her a world of good. Wouldn't you like it, dear?"

"Of course she would," chuckled Uncle Earl heartily. "It's the only place for kiddies. What can you do in any old city, hey, Babbie?"

"Oh, lots of things . . . " Barbara's voice thinned out. Why, there were any number of things to do! Skating on the school sidewalk. Coasting down hills in the park in winter, picnics there in spring. Trips to Coney Island. Dancing to the hand-organ. Eating waffles from the waffle-man's cart. Aunt Carrie's was nice, but home was just as nice. Too unsure of her grammar to attempt to explain, she glanced at Mama for encouragement, but Mama's face was flushed and her small mouth set hard. Maybe this kind of talk was Patronizing!

Sorrel offered to wash the dishes, but Mama objected. "She's cooped up in the bindery all week," she explained, "and ought to get the fresh air. I want her to take a nice walk with her friends."

"Ah, yes, those Weidman girls," nodded Aunt Carrie. "When we first heard the Weidmans were opening a delicatessen in this neighborhood, I said to Earl, 'My stars, what next?' But I must say, they're nice enough folks. Not at all—you know!"

SOMETHING hot and furious bubbled inside Barbara. All at once she knew what Patronizing meant. She heard a small, choked sound from Sorrel and couldn't look at her. But Papa spoke and his face wore its hard-to-read expression.

"You mean, Carrie, they know their place?" he asked very quietly. And for some reason this time it was Aunt Carrie who flushed.

Barbara was glad to escape into the back yard. It had a border of morning-glories and hollyhocks and golden-glows—she hoped they'd give her a bouquet to take home—and a big, double, wooden swing that made a dandy pirate ship.

"I'm going to be a pirate when I grow up," Cousin Fletcher announced. "Or maybe join the Army and fight in foreign wars and win medals."

"Me too," said Barbara, who loved medals.

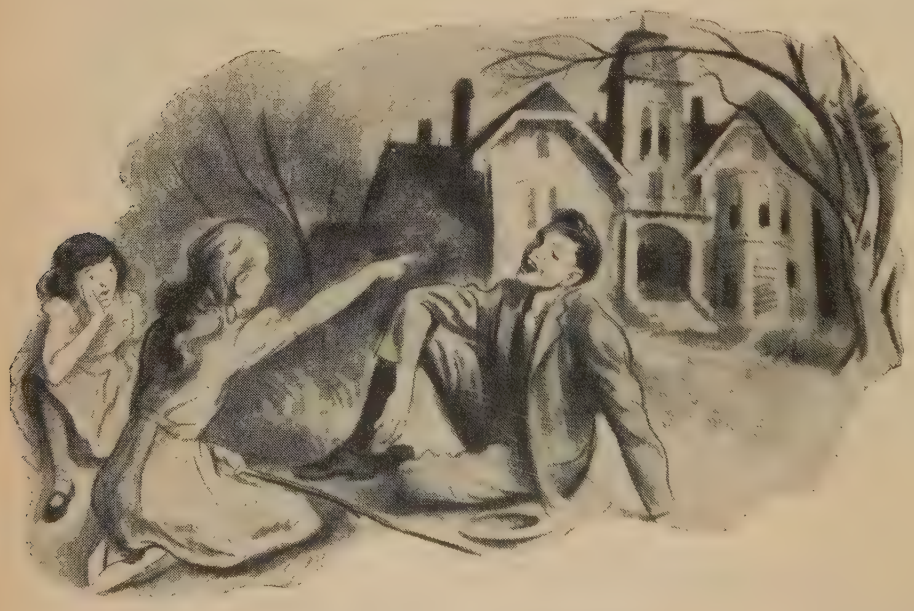
"Aw, you're silly! Girls can't be soldiers."

Barbara wasn't going to back down. "Maybe they will when I grow up. Or maybe I'll have a little girl, and when she grows up they will."

Cousin Fletcher smiled at such foolishness. "Anyhow, there aren't going to be any more wars," he declared loftily. "Nowadays nations arbitrate. It says so in my history book." And Barbara, who didn't yet study history, was silenced.

Cousin Lilian, the peacemaker, proposed a walk as far as Weidman's and the other two concurred. With luck, someone might offer them a pickle.

Weidman's had three steps leading up to it, and its name went in white enamel letters across the window. Behind the marble-topped counter, Mrs. Weidman, plump, dark, and cheery, hovered



"I dare you to go clear to the cupola alone"

At the bureau sat Sorrel, brushing her shiny hair

among loaves of pumpernickel and great round cheeses under glass bells. There was no sign of the girls, out walking with Sorrel, probably. But Mrs. Weidman, fluttery with excitement, showed the children some newly received pictures of her only son, Reuben, in his cap and gown. The dark, sharply cut face was not handsome, but Barbara liked it. Reuben, it seemed, had recently returned from Germany, where he had been studying at a great university. He had already taken degrees, whatever those were, at all kinds of American colleges and now was to teach at one of them.

"He iss so smart, mein Reuben," cooed the mother. "Only think, a professor he iss!"

A professor, which was better than an ordinary school teacher, and very smart, with oodles of education! What a joke on Aunt Carrie and Uncle Earl, who hadn't thought the Weidmans good enough for their neighborhood! Barbara's eyes danced and before she could stop herself she clapped her hands. Mrs. Weidman beamed.

"Here is nize pickle for you, little Happy Face," she said. The others got pickles too, but not quite so large.

Sucking their spicy prizes, the three strolled homeward.

"These'd go good with roast mickeys," pointed out Cousin Fletcher. "I'll crib some from the pantry and we can build a fire in the field."

"Would that be stealing?" asked Barbara anxiously.

"Naw! What's the difference if we eat 'em in the dining room or outdoors?" Which made sense.

The fire soared and crackled and the smoke smelled like burning leaves in autumn. Fletcher gallantly spread an old tarpaulin for his sister and his cousin to sit on. In her school middy and skirt, Barbara thought regretfully, she might have helped, but she had to be careful of her best dress. It was pleasant to sit among tall grass and clover and eat potatoes that came out of the fire with blackened skins and white, mealy insides. An airplane buzzed overhead, like one of Cousin Fletcher's big box-kites. The children could plainly see the pilot in his swing-like seat out in front.

"I'm going up in one of those when I grow up," boasted Cousin Fletcher.

"Me too," said Barbara.

"I'd like to see you," Cousin Fletcher hooted. "Look, here's Barbara up in an airplane." Twisting his body into contortions supposed to represent extreme terror, he squealed, "Mama! Get me down! Save me!"

"I would not!" flared Barbara. "Don't you Patronize me!"

Fletcher rolled over and over, shaking with laughter. "You up in an airplane. Why, you'd be scared to go up alone inside the Castle!"

"Like fun!" Barbara retorted recklessly.

"Then I double-triple dare you!" triumphed Cousin Fletcher. "I dare you to go clear to the cupola alone."

Barbara's heart went into a long, steep plunge, like a car on the Giant Racer at Coney Island. The haunted Castle! All the horror of the Halloran banshee tales flooded back over her. She heard, as from far away, Cousin Lilian's wail: "Ooooh, no! There's bad things in that house!" Dizzily she hoisted herself to her feet. Her legs wavered as if turned to long spears of grass. But something in her hardened to meet Cousin Fletcher's jeering, relentless face. "All right," she said quietly.

The sun had gone lower and the Castle was dark with crapelike shadows. The pine trees moaned and shook their boughs like long, pointing fingers. Barbara lifted fearful eyes to the cupola. Why had she made a face at that goblin cat? "You can yell out the cupola," Fletcher was directing, "the window that ain't shuttered, then we'll know you went all the way."

The great front hall swallowed Barbara up. Her footsteps echoed on the floor, thick with dust and plaster that had fallen from walls and ceiling, exposing the bare bones of the laths. Out of the stillness came tiny, scampering noises. Probably field mice, or maybe—maybe— Not daring to look into the caverns of rooms, she began tiptoeing upstairs. A swinging cobweb touched her face and she shrank back with a whimper. She dreaded cobwebs almost as much as ghosts. But the thought of Fletcher's taunts prodded her on. Once Mama had said that the owner of the Castle had a skeleton in his closet. From behind any of these closed doors it might stalk out, grinning! Perspiration dropped from Barbara's forehead in spite of the damp chill. "Please, God, please!" she sobbed. Here was the third floor, somewhat less gloomy because the windows were not boarded. But the wind went in and out of the shattered panes with a sound like someone crying. Now for the cupola, just one narrow flight.

Barbara halted. Did she hear voices? She went up a few steps.

LEVEL shafts of sunlight through the open window outlined a man and a girl in each other's arms. The man was Reuben Weidman. Barbara immediately recognized the dark, sharply cut features. The girl's face was hidden. But a burst of sunlight struck red from her hair, and Barbara turned and fled.

This was why Sorrel had wanted to come to Long Island, why she had slipped away! Not to walk with the girls, but to hide in this lonely, haunted spot! Pictures raced across Barbara's mind, flickery as the Socrates movies: Effie Skinner with her bold, red mouth and brass-colored locks, the scene in Prospect Park, the whispering neighbors, and now those hushed, huddled figures up there! She forgot ghosts, forgot her best dress, flapping against dusty banisters. Effie Skinner, yet. But not Sorrel, gay and sweet, whom everybody loved. Oh, never Sorrel!

"You didn't go to the top!" accused Cousin Fletcher. "I knew you'd be too scared! Why, you're whiter'n chalk!"

"Take me home!" cried Barbara.

He cartwheeled across the lawn. "'Fraid-cat Babbie! 'Fraid-cat Babbie! The brave girl who was going up in flying-machines! The brave girl who was going up in flying-machines! Look, silly, there's nothing in the Castle 'cept field mice. Come with me and I'll show you."

"No, no!" gasped Barbara. He mustn't go up, he mustn't see . . . "Yes, I'm scared," she said deliberately. "I'm scared to death. I want to go home." She broke into a run.

Cousin Lilian was weeping. "You naughty boy! I hate you!" She pummeled her brother with small, indignant fists.

"GOLLY, I didn't mean to scare you, Cousin Barbara," Fletcher blurted, overtaking her. "Honest I didn't! Don't tell my mother, will you?"

She shook her head and tried to smile, unsuccessfully. For it had come to her that even at home, even in familiar, safe Thirteenth Street, she would not be free of her new, dark knowledge. She would have to live with the secret, hiding it from Papa and Mama and everybody, until people began finding out, began whispering and Patronizing! Oh, why had she learned what "fast" meant? And kind old Mrs. Weidman, so proud of her professor son! Barbara didn't want her to be hurt either. Waves of shuddery sickness went over her. The world had turned into one great, frightening Castle.

"Barbara don't feel well," announced Cousin Fletcher to the family group on the porch.

"Filling her stomach with messes again, I suppose," Mama groaned. "What now, Barbara? Candy? Lemonice?"

"Just roast potatoes. And a pickle," Barbara faltered.

"On top of ice cream at dinner! Oh, I might have known! Go lie on the parlor couch."

The partly lowered blinds and the shade of the porch made the parlor cool and dim. For once Barbara could gaze all she pleased at the silk fringe portieres, the gold chair, the big pink conch-shell that hummed when you held your ear to it. But now she found no pleasure in all this luxury. She was merely grateful not to have to talk to people. Once Papa came in and stood looking down at her.

"Is anything wrong, Babbie?" he asked.

Oh, to be able to tell him and feel warm and safe again, as when clinging to his hand on the railroad tracks! "I'm—all right, Papa," she stammered.

"You didn't quarrel with Fletcher or Lilian?"

"I didn't quarrel with anybody, Papa."

He went away then. Presently someone lit the gas bracket over the piano and everybody trooped in to hear Cousin Lilian pound out "Little Fairy Waltz." After that Aunt Carrie played and sang. She had a clear, sweet voice, and when the rest joined in it sounded nice. Usually Barbara loved to hear them harmonize old favorites like "Who Is Sylvia?"—which always made Sorrel mad!—or "Sweet Roses That Wither." But now the music had a lonesome ring. She joined her hands under Aunt Carrie's knitted afghan. "Please, God . . . " she whispered brokenly.

There was a stir at the door. Past the others she caught one terrifying glimpse of Sorrel and Reuben Weidman. They had come here together, believing nobody *knew*. A chill traveled along Barbara's spine. The blood roared in her ears, louder than the conch-shell. She could hear nothing except a hubbub, out of which Mama's

CONNOISSEUR: One who knows everything about something and nothing about anything else.

—Ambrose Bierce

voice shot up into one thin, high word, "Engaged!"

The roaring sounds lessened. Why, if people were engaged, then . . . Barbara found she could stand up. Engaged people kissed and hugged and it was called spooning and wasn't fast at all! Everybody was talking at once. But Sorrel winked at Barbara, just as she always did, and she looked pretty and glad and proud. Mama, standing close to her, seemed ready to cry, but it was the happy kind of crying.

"I know this is a surprise to you, sir," Reuben Weidman was saying to Papa. His voice was as pleasant as his face and Barbara liked the way he said "sir." "But believe me, we were equally surprised ourselves! There was no thought of secrecy. Anything that you wish to know about me I'll gladly tell you."

"All we want is Sylvia's happiness," Papa said slowly. You could see he liked Reuben too. "But she is young, not yet eighteen. You will have to wait."

"We understand that, sir. Of course."

As for Uncle Earl and Aunt Carrie, for once their expressions were the easiest to read! Easy as handwriting on a wall. Delicatessen people! Those Weidmans! Yes, but after all, a professor! And for one of Amy's girls . . .

"My boy," boomed Uncle Earl, "congratulations! Sorrel, my dear, I wish you joy." And that was that.

In the excitement, nobody remembered Barbara's illness or observed her swift recovery. She trailed upstairs when Mama and Sorrel went to tidy up for supper, to which Reuben had been invited. Though Mama was strict about little pitchers with big ears hanging around the grown-ups, she didn't appear to see Barbara sidle into the narrow, prim little guest room and seat herself on the edge of the brass bed.

". . . Ever since his cousin introduced us," Sorrel was saying, unpinning her beautiful hair. "But I figured he thought me just a kid. He wasn't like the Thirteenth Street boys. So much older and smarter. So I just never mentioned him. Some things you can't explain, even to your folks."

"I know," Mama said, as if to herself.

"Today he asked to see the Castle," Sorrel went on. "He's seen real ones, on the Rhine and the Danube. It was dark and spooky and he kept laughing at me for being scared. But up in the cupola, the sun was shining, and you could see for miles, and it was so beautiful. And before I knew it, I was in his arms. And he said—mind you, he didn't ask me, he told me!—'Little Sorrel, we are going to be married!' "

IT wasn't fast! Only beautiful and romantic, and Sorrel was telling Mama all about it. "Thank you, God," Barbara breathed. The horror had passed like a nightmare, but the spears-of-grass feeling lingered in her knees. She sank back on Aunt Carrie's white starched bedspread. That was when she saw Fletcher. She didn't know how long he had been standing in the doorway. He teetered on his toes and ducked his head.

"You're a nice girl, Babbie," he mumbled.

A moment later she heard his footsteps clattering down the stairs and Cousin Lilian's indignant screech of "Let my hair alone!"

Barbara sat up. She'd thought of something. "Can I be flower girl at your wedding, Sorrel?" she demanded.

"Little pitchers . . . " began Mama sternly.

"She's only a kiddy, Mama," Sorrel protested with her most matronly air. "They love celebrations. Parties, fun—that's all they think about." Hugging Barbara, she crooned a fragment of "Sweet Roses": " 'Thus fade the fair moments of childhood away . . . ' "

Mama sighed, then smiled. "Sometimes I'd like to go back to childhood, believe me! It's so carefree. No worries, no responsibilities . . . "

Strange how even the wisest and dearest of grown-ups could be mistaken.

STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

The shepherd children kneeling before a vision of the Blessed Virgin in a scene from "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima"

Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima

In simple reverence and with unembroidered beauty, the greatest story of our time has been recreated for the screen in THE MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA. It emerges in a form that is dramatically powerful without sacrificing dignity, and brings the message of Fatima in sharp focus without resorting to undue emotionalism or excess of any kind.

The simple, ungilded story of Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta, who went to the Cova da Iria on that fateful May 13 in 1917 and beheld Our Lady standing in a bright cloud over an oak tree, is related with an understanding and sincerity that will win the earnest enthusiasm of every Catholic in the audience. It is a motion picture that calls for the support of our Catholic moviegoers, and it is one that will undoubtedly impress and influence those of every religious persuasion who see it.

Filmed in the new Warnercolor process, the picture opens with a tersely effective sequence indicting Portugal's revolutionary Junta of the period, and it ends on a triumphant note as a million pilgrims pay homage at Fatima in October, 1951. In between, the story of the three shepherd children comes to light, a story that is more portentous for our time than any headlined scoop or stop-press dispatch could possibly be. Scenes of the vision have been handled wisely, and in the best possible taste.

A good many factors have contributed to the results obtained in this first attempt to tell the story of the apparitions on the screen. Producer Byron Foy, his associate, Joseph Breen Jr., Jack L. Warner, studio president, director Crane Wilbur, and writer James O'Hanlon, have earned the appreciation of a wide audience for their efforts in preparing and presenting the Fatima story.

Not the least of their achievements is to be found in the casting of such difficult roles as Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco. Perhaps the key to the success of the entire film can be found in the selection of Susan Whitney, Sherry Jackson, and Sammy Ogg, for these parts. With simplicity and naturalness all too rare in child actors, they manage to make their appearances memorable. Gilbert Roland, as an amiable atheist who finds his way out of confusion, is splendid. So is Angela Clarke as Lucia's mother, who at first doubts and then champions the children's story.

The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima is a fine motion picture, one prepared for the Catholic audience primarily. It should be seen by everyone, for its message of peace through prayer and faith is universal. (Warner Brothers)

Reviews in Brief

Javert pursues Jean Valjean through the French provinces and the sewers of Paris once again in the latest screen version of Victor Hugo's LES MISERABLES. Concise, competently played, and convincingly mounted, this remake of the Hugo classic holds interest even though it

lacks true dramatic power. While the work of Michael Rennie as Jean and Robert Newton as the relentless police inspector is capable, neither manages to capture the full flavor of the hunter and the hunted. They skim the surface without bothering to probe too deeply into the complex characters. Physically, this revival is a polished affair, with Edmund Gwenn, Cameron Mitchell, James Justice, Debra Paget, Sylvia Sydney, and Elsa Manchester adding luster to featured roles. The uncritical adult audience will undoubtedly relish it. (20th Century-Fox)

A keelboat voyage on the Missouri River in the roaring, brawling 1830's is the story frame for the sprawling, outdoor spectacle, THE BIG SKY. For the sheer beauty of its photography alone, this merits the attention of the adult moviegoer, for this was filmed in the Grand Teton National Park. Kirk Douglas is cast as a Kentucky mountaineer who joins a trading expedition to the Blackfoot Indian territory. The familiar obstacles are encountered, but the theme is developed with more than the usual attention to important detail. The excitements and the perils of the plot, the quiet humor, and the excellently developed suspense transform a simple idea into a stirring, though somewhat lengthy, historical epic. Douglas gets splendid cooperation from a cast which includes Dewey Martin, Arthur Hunnicut, Steven Geray, Buddy Baer, and Jim Davis. Withal the thrills and highlights in this adventure yarn of the Old Northwest, the principal attraction is in the restraint and authentic manner in which it is spun. (RKO-Radio)

LURE OF THE WILDERNESS was filmed in Georgia's Okefinokee swamp area and owes much of its appeal to the somber backgrounds against which the period melodrama is retold. Unjustly accused of a murder, Walter Brennan and his daughter hide out in the treacherous swamp for years. A young man searching for a lost dog discovers them and before the final Technicolor fadeout is reached, the mists of misunderstanding have all cleared away. Novel settings and able portrayals by Brennan, Jean Peters, and Jeffrey Hunter bolster a familiar plot. For the family. (20th Century-Fox)

The pirate formula has been dusted off and prettied up for the Technicolor cameras in CARIBBEAN, in which Cedric Hardwicke manfully strives to interpret a ferocious seadog called "The Black Panther." An uprising of slaves on an island fortress, the usual grim heroics by John Payne, and a beauty who is not in distress, just bored with island life, round out the escapade. A flimsy and puerile adult charade. (Paramount)

THE STORY OF WILL ROGERS pays belated tribute to the cowboy humorist even to casting his son, Will Jr., in the title role. Beyond that the film lacks cohesion, suspense, and dramatic power as it kaleidoscopes the Rogers story. Interesting enough as a bit of Americana and a refresher course in the career of the gum-chewing wit, this also captures some of the warmth and geniality of the personality it frames. Rogers is likeable and bears a striking resemblance to his father. Jane Wyman, James Gleason, Noah Beery Jr., and Eddie Cantor are supporting cast assets. (Warner Bros.)

ISLAND RESCUE, the story of Britain's wartime "Operation Venus," combines clever satire, strong suspense, and intriguing characterization in a typically underplayed package. The setting is the Channel Island of Amorel, occupied by the Nazis and the home of Venus, a prize cow whose rescue is planned by the Ministry of Agriculture. Outstanding photography, subtle comedy touches, and competent acting by David Nivens, Glynis Johns, Barry Jones, and others mark this an unusually satisfying comedy, one which the entire family will appreciate. (Universal-International)

The conflict in Korea adds a topical and occasionally grim note to the otherwise conventional aspects of ONE MINUTE TO ZERO. Scenes of actual conflict on the ground, rocket-firing jet planes, and the pathetic refugee

☆ *Michael Rennie (left) as Jean Valjean in movie of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables"*

☆ *Elizabeth Threatt confers with a fellow Indian in "The Big Sky," story of the untamed Northwest*

columns comprise the picture's principal assets. When attention turns to the commonplaces of the plot, the impact is dissipated. Ann Blyth is believable as a war widow on a UN assignment, and Robert Mitchum is adequate as a laconic US Colonel. Some attempt, not fully successful, is made to interpret the moral issues involved in the Korean conflict, and there are moments when the humor is well defined. Suitable for the family audience. (RKO-Radio)

FEARLESS FAGAN is a family comedy that develops into far better entertainment than most of the million-dollar spectacles. The laughs range from chuckles to guffaws as a gangling Army recruit tries to find a suitable home for his pet lion. Training routine is disrupted until the Army takes a hand in getting Fagan comfortably settled for the duration of his master's service hitch. The problem is resolved in hilarious fashion and the audience is treated to a rollicking good time in the bargain. Carleton Carpenter, Janet Leigh, and Keenan Wynn are excellent, but the real star is Fagan, who takes it all in leonine stride. (MGM)

WASHINGTON STORY is long overdue in its appraisals of political life and tribute to hardworking Congressmen who have not always fared so well at the hands of ambitious moviemakers. Van Johnson's problem as a lawmaker is a familiar one, to vote for his conscience or his political future. Complicating the decision are a venomous columnist, not identified but recognizable, and a newspaper woman hunting an exposé. The players, with the exception of Patricia Neal, manage to make the occasionally trite twists of the plot more credible. Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, Patricia Collings, and Philip Ober are especially good, but the main attraction in this study of the democratic process in action is the portrait of a legislator who is neither corrupt nor opportunist. The main body of honest, able legislators get belated recognition in this absorbing drama sketched for audiences of every age. (MGM)

Franz Lehar's THE MERRY WIDOW serves, in this third motion-picture version, as the vehicle for Lana Turner and an Argentine newcomer, Fernando Lamas. The well-known operetta is treated conventionally and opulently here, with comedy a keynote and the Lehar score providing the picture's high point of interest. Colorful, gay, and adult in tone, the appeal in this remake is for those who prefer their music embellished with lavish trappings. Performances are adequate, with Una Merkel and Richard Haydn winning most of the laughs. (MGM)

☆ *Jane Wyman, Ethel Barrymore, and Bing Crosby in a scene from "Just For You"*

Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers head an especially able cast in the episodic comedy, WE'RE NOT MARRIED. It purports to show how five couples react when they learn that their marriages are invalid. Unfortunately, the theme is developed without any proper regard for the sanctity of the marriage vow. Fine acting and clever scripting can never compensate for that kind of approach. Victor Moore, Eve Arden, Paul Douglas, Louis Calhern, Eddie Bracken, and David Wayne are among those involved. (20th Century-Fox)

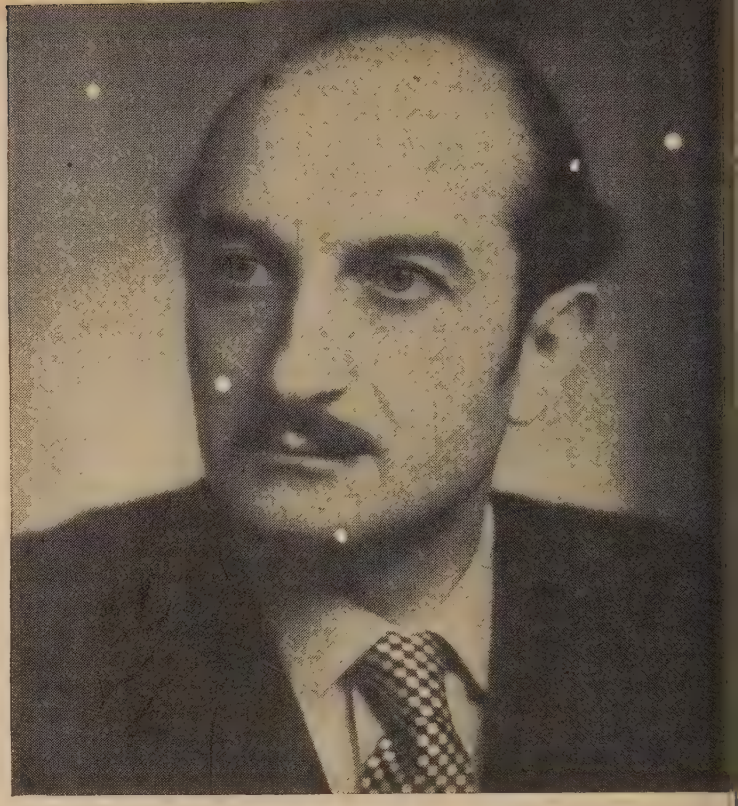
Bing Crosby, as the widower-father of a teen-age boy and girl, has more than his usual share of problems in the Technicolor comedy-with-music JUST FOR YOU. However, he manages to retain his nonchalance, sing a few undistinguished ditties, parry quips with Ethel Barrymore, carry on a romance with Jane Wyman, and climax a mildly entertaining tale by hopping off on a USO tour to Alaska. His problems with the younger generation are well handled, with the aid of two capable young players, Robert Arthur and Natalie Wood. Not Crosby at his best, but enjoyable nonetheless. (Paramount)

Theater Forecast

Added problems were presented to the already hard-pressed theater managers this summer in the demands of the stagehands union and Actor's Equity. In the case of the former group, a flat 15 per cent increase is demanded for all members; Sunday shows are to be paid for on a double time basis; and St. Patrick's Day and Yom Kippur are added to the list of the union's legal holidays.

Equity's demands on the producers are—by mutual consent—being kept a closely guarded secret at this writing. Whatever the outcome of the negotiations with both union groups, the members of the League of New York Theaters feel that the continually rising costs of theater production and operation in New York have just about reached the saturation point. As proof of their contention, they point to the fact that the number of new plays and musicals scheduled for the coming season is smaller than at any time in recent records. The almost prohibitive cost of producing a play in these days of inflated prices and wary playgoers, eliminates all but a few of the top-bracket producers from securing the necessary financial backing. A Rodgers and Hammerstein offering, or the promotions of producers like Guthrie McClintic can usually open the purse-strings of the prospective investors. But the average script has scant chance of ever seeing the light of a Broadway first night.

The theater itself suffers most as a result of this sorry situation which has inflated experiment and unorthodoxy right out of the contemporary drama. It has created a vacuum in which only the occasional musical play or a time-tested revival can hope for survival. There can be only losers in such a setup.



Dr. Theo Friedenau heads "Investigating Committee of Free Jurists of Soviet Zone"

The German Underground

An effective espionage organization in West Germany keeps track of every move made by East German Communists

by ROBERT MEYER

EVERY Thursday, the Red rulers of East Germany hold a secret meeting in a huge and dismal Berlin building which the Nazis once used as headquarters for Hitler's air force. During these meetings, the building is guarded by triple lines of the so-called People's Police and by large numbers of the Red secret police in civilian clothes. Under the chairmanship of Otto Grotewohl, the renegade Socialist leader who sold his party as well as himself to the Communists, the secret meetings adopt, without discussion, decisions made previously by the Politburo of the East German Communist Party under orders from the Kremlin. Naturally, trusted Communist stenographers attend the meetings and take down a word-by-word report of the decisions they endorse.

Nevertheless, despite the careful attempt at secrecy, a few hours after each meeting is adjourned the full stenographic report is in the hands of the man most feared by the East German Communists. He is Dr. Theo Friedenau, once a wealthy and distinguished corporation lawyer, who today heads an underground movement which is considered the most effective and reliable weapon now battling Communism in Eastern Europe.

After Dr. Friedenau finishes reading the secret report of the Communists' activities, copies are made and passed to appropriate officials in the West German government as well as to members of the Allied High Commissions and armed forces stationed in Germany. Thus, every move made by the Red masters of East Germany, every plan made to advance the cause of Communism, is quickly made known to those entrusted with combating the Red tide in Germany.

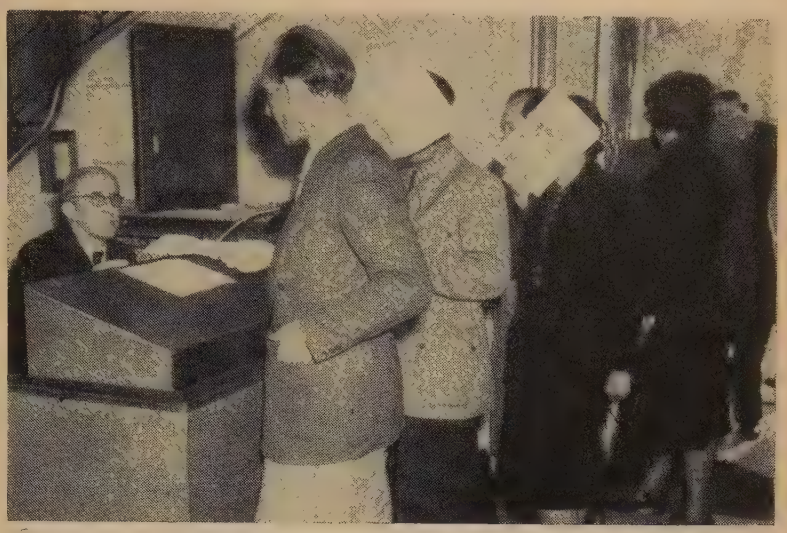
Looking at Dr. Friedenau, it is hard to believe that he is the creator of an underground espionage organization which has no parallel in modern times for efficiency and effectiveness. The forty-year-old former lawyer looks like a meek-mannered intellectual. True, a fund of dynamic energy flows out of his solemn gray eyes but it resembles the energy of the diligent scholar rather than that of the man of action. But results cannot be brushed aside, and the results show that Dr. Friedenau's organization, under his close personal supervision, has built up an apparatus which has succeeded—by taking a leaf from the Communists' own book and using typical Red tactics—in boring its way into every office and ministry of the East German Communist government.

The organization is called the "Investigating Committee of Free Jurists of the Soviet Zone" in tribute to the fact that so many of its members are judges and lawyers. Among its secret members are cabinet ministers in each of the five states of Soviet East Germany, high officials of the Red police, judges in the Communist courts, members of the East German parliament, and even office-holders of the highest rank in both the German Communist Party and the East German government.

The membership roll of the committee includes about seven thousand active names today. Of this number about one-fifth or 1400 occupy important government and Communist Party positions in East Germany. The headquarters of the committee in democratic West Berlin receives approximately 150 written reports each day from members in the Soviet Zone. These reports come in by mail, telephone, or messenger. Those that come in by mail are in envelopes with phony return addresses and, of course, are signed with code names, lest they fall into the hands of the Red postal authorities and give their authors away. Some of the reports are mailed directly to headquarters; others go to various innocent-sounding addresses in West Berlin and are then forwarded to the committee.

IF the worst comes, and reports are intercepted and tampered with in the East Berlin post office, the fact is immediately made known to the committee by members who work in the Communist postal administration. Frequently these postal workers are able to warn Dr. Friedenau when a check of the mails is to be made by the Red secret police and then word goes out to

A view of committee headquarters in West Berlin. There are about seven thousand active members in the organization



Many people from Soviet Zone apply to the committee for advice and help. To protect them, identities are kept secret

the reporting members to use some other means to send in their material.

To the uninitiated, the reports that stream into Dr. Friedenau's headquarters read like innocent, gossipy letters of the sort exchanged between friends and relatives. Here is a typical example, written by a Communist factory cell leader in East Berlin, ostensibly to a friend in the Western sector of that divided city:

Dear Hans,

I am sorry to have to tell you that our old school friend Hermann S. has proven to be a traitor to the glorious People's government which governs us so ably and well. Hermann's crimes against the people were so hideous that, to save us from knowing the worst, the court has not revealed the details, but I have learned from his widow that they were shocking indeed.

But enough of such an unpleasant subject. Yesterday, although it was not Sunday, I had nothing to do, so with a number of other old friends from the factory who were also free, we went for a picnic. The park to which we usually go was shut off because a large airfield is being built there to protect us from the American Fascist savages. We went to another park instead and found it very crowded because so many others were free for the day also. Indeed I learned that many go to the park every day and have been doing so for weeks.

It would be nice if we could see each other every week as in former times but I won't go to your side of Berlin as long as the American beasts are there, while if you come to see me the chances are you'll prefer our better way of life to such an extent that you'll never go home again.

My best wishes to you and your family. If Klaus were still here he'd join me in these greetings but I haven't seen him in months. I believe he went East and settled down on the land. He'll have a chance to dig with a larger drill than he used in his dental office.

With greetings,

Ludwig

On the surface this letter seems a harmless exchange of the news between two friends but to Dr. Friedenau and his experts it is a revealing report on Communist activities in the Soviet zone. Here is what the letter showed the Committee of Free Jurists:

First, it indicated that a certain Hermann S., a resistance leader, had been liquidated by the Red authorities after a closed trial and that, as usual, the Reds did not even bother to make the charges against him public. Then it revealed that the factory in which the letter-writer was employed had evidently run out of orders or raw materials and had closed down—otherwise the writer and his friends would not be free to picnic on a weekday. The letter also showed that workers from other East Zone factories were in the same position—unemployed. But, the letter revealed further, the Reds are busy constructing airfields even if their factories are unable to work full time.

Then the report contained a plain warning to its recipient that he was on the Red list of suspects and in danger of arrest if he ever fell into the hands of the Communist secret police. And finally the letter reported the fate of an East Zone dentist who had been sent to the deadly uranium mines for forced labor.

Of course there is a postal censorship in East Germany, but the censors are not so many that they can read each letter from top to bottom. Perhaps one letter in five is opened. If this one had been intercepted it would not necessarily mean that the information it contained would not have gotten to its destination because the agents of Dr. Friedenau's committee send everything in duplicate from separate mailboxes and the chances are very slim that both original and copy would be intercepted by the Reds.

Really important information, however, is not entrusted to the mail but is delivered orally, either by telephone or in person. If an agent has confidential news of the highest importance which must be gotten to Dr. Friedenau without delay, he can call one of a num-

ber of special telephones from a public booth in East Berlin. When the number answers he reveals who he is—using a code name naturally—and arranges an appointment at some private residence in West Berlin.

Many anticommunist East Germans who have heard of the committee and its work make it their business to slip over into the West Zone with information or grievances and call at the headquarters. Here they are sympathetically questioned by trained observers for every possible scrap of information they bear which can be used in the committee's battle against Communism. The building is well-guarded in an unobtrusive sort of way and no Communist agents have ever been able to get near enough to it to observe the comings and goings of the regular personnel and their visitors. Hence Dr. Friedenau is able to boast that no one who has come to his headquarters has ever been intercepted and punished by the Red secret police.

But the Committee of Free Jurists does far more than gather information about the Red regime in East Germany. It seeks to play its role in destroying that regime by digging up the facts on crimes committed by the Reds and pigeonholing the information for use in punishing the criminal now or later. The committee's records today contain complete information—all that is necessary for legal prosecution—on the crimes committed by 4000 officials of the Red government.

While the indictments are entirely unofficial, they are drawn up on the basis of the regular German law and are accepted as legal and competent by the courts of West Berlin and West Germany. Thus the offending Communist knows that he can be tried for his crimes now if he enters the Western occupation zone, and he also knows that on the day all Germany is united under a democratic and free regime he may be forced to stand trial for his misdeeds. This positive knowledge that he will never be beyond the reach of justice is a powerful deterrent against illegal acts. Many political observers are convinced that the actions of the Red government are kept within bounds by the fear of individual members of that government that they will one day come face to face with one of Dr. Friedenau's indictments in a fair court trial. Indictments have already been served against eighty-two Reds.

WHEN an indictment is drawn up against an East German Red, it is publicized via press and radio and published in posters and leaflets which are circulated by underground couriers in the Soviet Zone as well. In the beginning those indicted laughed the matter off as an idle threat which could not be transformed into positive action against them. But as time passed the Reds found that these indictments were no laughing matter as they watched comrades, who for one reason or another found themselves in West Germany, go before competent courts and off to jail.

The Finance Minister of East Germany, Hans Loch, is one of those who take the committee seriously. Loch recently refused an invitation to address a Communist meeting in West Germany, saying, "I am under indictment by the Committee of Free Jurists and I'm afraid to enter the West Zone because they'll have me arrested."

Fritz Lange, the East German Red in charge of the expropriation of privately owned property, is also under indictment. He admits that he will no longer enter West Germany because he fears arrest and imprisonment.

The committee does not act without warning. Each Communist official in East Germany has received a letter from Dr. Friedenau informing him that his acts are under the careful scrutiny of the committee and that he will be held responsible sooner or later for any illegalities committed.

• The best way to show a fool that he is wrong is to let him have his own way.

Josh Billings

The result of the committee's activities has been to place the East German Reds in a dither of fear and suspicion. The Reds know that many of their comrades are clandestine members of the committee. No one can be sure who is a loyal Stalinist and who is a committee agent. Many Reds prefer to give themselves the benefit of the doubt and either refuse to carry out orders which can get them in trouble with the committee, or else they evade them.

The committee has an almost perfect security record. Of its 1400 members in Communist territory, only three have fallen into the hands of the Reds and one of these three was rescued. This excellent security record is based on the simple and foolproof method of organization worked out by Dr. Friedenau. He is the only one who knows the identity of each committee member. None of the others has positive information about any other member and, above all, none possesses the true name of any of his or her comrades. Even if a committee member is arrested and tortured he is unable to betray other members of the organization because he simply does not know their real identity. For the same reason the organization is safe against the activities of Communist counterspies and *agents provocateurs.*

Recruiting is done through letters sent to East German prospects, but before they are accepted for membership they must come to West Berlin headquarters and be thoroughly questioned and examined by Dr. Friedenau himself. Only when he is satisfied that the prospect is a sincere anticommunist is membership extended.

Dr. Friedenau began to fight the Communists as early as 1946. During the war he was in a Nazi concentration camp for anti-Hitler activities. Thus, he has a long record of fighting totalitarianism of both the right and left.

IN 1946 he organized an anticommunist underground of the conventional type which the Reds were soon able to infiltrate. When he learned that Red police were about to pounce on his organization, Dr. Friedenau realized that he could not fight the Communists by ordinary underground methods. He fled to West Berlin and began his operations there. Fortunately it is possible for Germans to travel from the East Zone into East Berlin and from there into West Berlin without special permission. This gave Dr. Friedenau the opportunity to organize his information services without unduly jeopardizing the lives and freedom of his agents. At first these were few and the results they produced were scanty. However, he was soon able to convince anticommunist forces in the West that he was on the right track and the money needed to perfect and enlarge the organization began to flow into the committee's coffers.

The primary purpose of Dr. Friedenau and his associates is to shatter the structure of the Communist state in East Germany and to provide the facts needed to try and punish those responsible for Communism's misdeeds. The committee members do their best to alleviate the misery caused by that regime by frightening its officials into behaving themselves and by pointing out to them that they will surely pay one day for crimes committed now.

By turning the light of publicity on the barbarous crimes of the Communists, Dr. Friedenau's committee has successfully lightened the burden of misery carried by the thousands of East German victims of the Red conspiracy. Even the Communists are afraid of public opinion and hesitate to offend it when it is aroused.

Up to now the Reds have had a monopoly on infiltration and fifth column activities. Dr. Friedenau's Free Jurists have proven that free men can play the same game and turn the tables on Stalin's stooges.

HOBBIES FOR FUN AND PROFIT

A story in pictures of unusual hobbies, some of which are profitable ventures

Janet de Gore, legitimate stage actress, makes antique model autos and carriages as a hobby.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

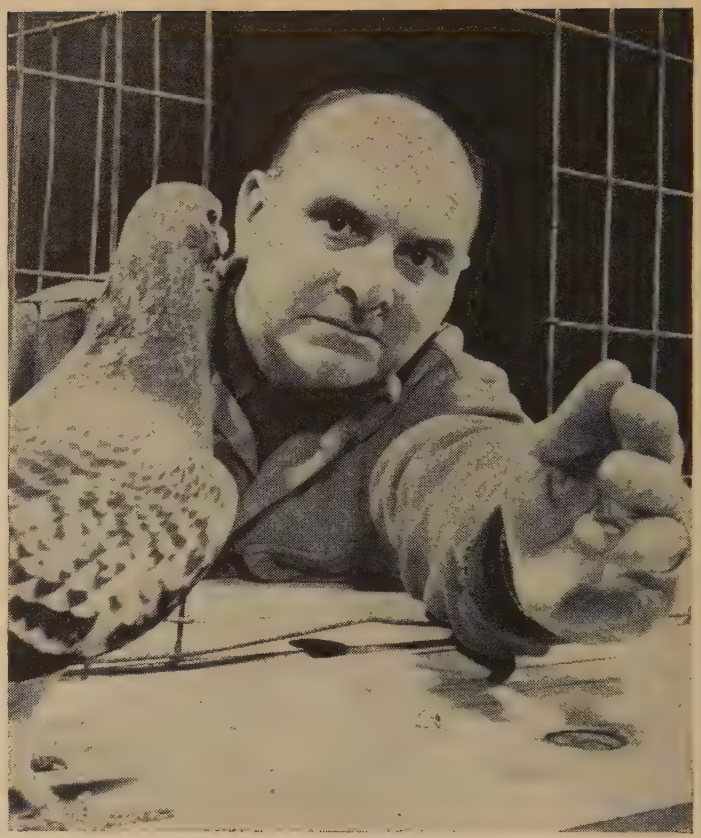
• Generally it's the busy people who find the most time for time-consuming hobbies. "The more you do the more you can do" is an old saying that is perhaps best applied to hobbyists. Often, hobbies fill an inner desire to be constructive or creative.

Although many hobbies are expensive pastimes, many, such as saving match-box covers, involve no expense at all. Some of our Presidents have been enthusiastic hobbyists. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for instance, was a devoted stamp collector.

Pictured here are a number of people working at their unusual hobbies. Most of them are employed in full-time positions but find many hours to devote to their first loves. The hobbies shown here require a high degree of skill, patience, time, and imagination. Many hobbies, and some of those pictured here, have been turned into profitable business ventures.

HOBBIES FOR FUN AND PROFIT

▲ Using leaves, nuts, and cornsilk-tassel, Mrs. Charles Anderson, of Newark, N. J., makes these dolls as a hobby. One store offered to sell them.



▲ Harold Saunders, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., raises and trains pigeons for racing. He sometimes sells a well-trained covey of them to finance his hobby.

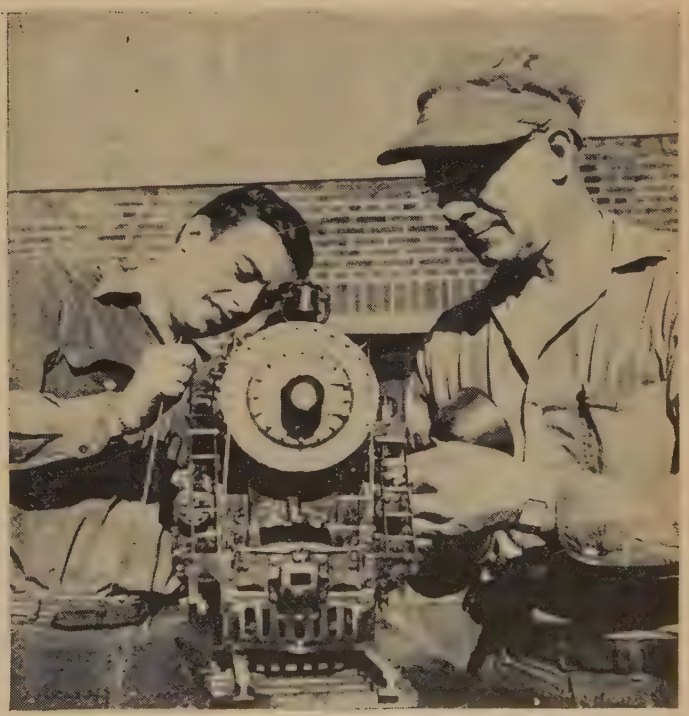
▲ Henry Clarke, of Southampton, L. I., turned a hobby of collecting antique auto accessories into a profitable venture. Shown here are auto lanterns.

▲ It takes Olaf Jordan as much as two years of spare time to make model ships like this one. A former sailor, he also makes paintings of them.

▲ Omar R. Watts, of Eddystone, Pa., has spent years building a miniature carnival complete with moving rides, lights, running cars, and trolleys.

▲ Embedding real plants with plaster, burning them out, and filling spaces with molten silver or bronze, Simon Javitz makes perfect replicas of real plants.

▲ Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ziegenhirt, of New York, turned a hobby of raising canaries into a profit. These prizes attest to their bird-raising ability.



▲ A machinist, Edmund Nebaurer and son Edmund, Jr., share a hobby of making model locomotives. The engines, which run, are complete to last detail.

Radio and Television

by DOROTHY KLOCK

The Fourth "R"

For a long time in many parts of this country, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic have been very happy to move over and make room for another "R" in education—radio. There are thousands of teachers across the land who will attest to the value of this newest member of the quartet and vouch for the extent of its service to the three older members and to all their brethren in the many subject areas of education. Radio in the classroom made its bow about two decades ago. If happy pupils and gratified teachers are the proper judges (and they are!), it is here to stay.

In this twentieth century, we are privileged to have many tools of enlightenment and entertainment at our disposal. We are using them at their best only when we use them to move us forward in human history. Radio coming from your car's dashboard, from a shelf in your kitchen, or a table in your living room is as natural to you as three meals a day. Radio coming from a receiver on the teacher's desk in your son's or daughter's classroom may be a surprising thought. Yet there are thousands and thousands of classrooms in the country in which programs designed especially for young listeners have been doing their special educational job for years.

The Federal Communications Commission saw early in the history of radio broadcasting the manifold opportunities in educational radio. Hence, it encouraged educational agencies at all levels to apply for frequencies and operate stations which were truly in the public service. In order to guarantee a portion of the broadcasting spectrum to education, the FCC set aside a special section of the frequency modulation (FM) band for educational broadcasters only, so that no competition for these frequencies could be offered by commercial broadcasters. Many of these frequencies are in fine use in many cities and states, and yet there are many still unused because school, university, city, and state administrations have not yet awakened to the tremendous opportunities in reaching a mass audience via radio.

The problems of creating a superior educational broadcasting service are fourfold—training the broadcasters to observe the highest possible standards; training the consumers to look for and listen to the programs; training the administrators to develop and staff sufficiently the station under their control; and training the citizen-taxpayers to foot the bill cheerfully. Strangely enough, if the first three items are taken care of in good and worthy order, the fourth is not at all difficult to achieve.

School Stations

A growing number of the FM educational frequencies are being used by stations owned and operated by city school systems. Some of these have been building their audiences over a span of ten or more years—WNYE in New York, WBOE in Cleveland, WBEZ in Chicago. Others are newer school stations—in Newark, New Jersey; Toledo, Ohio; and El Paso, Texas.

Most of the school stations broadcast their programs in school hours, from nine to twelve and one to three. Programs in many different subject areas are designed for listening at specific school levels—kindergarten, primary, intermediate, upper elementary, and junior and senior high school. By and large, program staff members at these stations are experienced teachers on special assignment. The full gamut of radio formats is used—drama, interview, discussion, quiz, and all the permutations and combinations of those basic four. Although some school stations use a "master teaching" approach to program production, it is far more common to offer programs which will enrich or supplement the teacher's instruction but which in no sense attempt to take his or her place in the classroom.

In addition to the school systems offering an extensive service to a large area over a powerful station, there are small cities and towns now operating inexpensive stations, serving a particular school or a small group of schools. It doesn't take a great deal of money to develop this kind of educational broadcasting service in your community. But it does take initiative.

A radio station owned and operated by a school system can offer many advantages. It provides teachers with the kind of vital, useful programs which cannot be found on commercial stations, especially in daytime hours. It provides a training ground for students, especially at the high school level, in many phases of radio broadcasting—production, writing, and engineering. It increases in both teachers and pupils, a heightened appreciation of "good" radio, planned and produced for a worthwhile purpose. It encourages greater selectivity of radio programs in leisure time listening rather than a passive acceptance of whatever comes out of the receiver when the dial is turned on. Finally, a school system station which does a good job can be a source of great pride to the administrators who had the wisdom to establish it and to the taxpayers who are the true owners of it.

Perhaps your city might well establish such a station. There's a frequency waiting for you.

University Stations

Another type of educational broadcasting station which provides excellent service for many listeners is the university station. It is entirely in keeping with the general purpose of any great university that it should own and operate its own radio station, serving as far as its power permits not only its own immediate area but also the region in which it is located.

Accordingly, there are a substantial number of American universities which have built for themselves a distinguished record of broadcasting service. Among these are WHA at the University of Wisconsin, WOSU at Ohio State, KUOM at the University of Minnesota, and WUOM at Michigan. As part of their service, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Minnesota broadcast statewide Schools of the Air, presenting programs for use in elementary and high school classrooms throughout the state. There are many other university stations paralleling this and other special services, especially those at Indiana University and Purdue University at Lafayette in the same state.

WHA at Wisconsin has carried the pioneer's spearhead in a special way. It has fostered the establishment throughout the state of other FM educational stations, which relay the programs from Madison so that practically the whole state is now provided with the same broadcast service that is available in the University area. This was made possible, of course, only through the co-operation of the Wisconsin State legislature which provided the essential funds. The pattern is one which might well be copied by other states with substantial rural populations which will welcome this kind of statewide recognition of their needs.

The nearest approach to this excellent Wisconsin pattern is the Empire State FM Network in New York. There, a statewide group of FM stations, both educational and commercial, carry out a half-hour daily radio relay of programs for in-school use, originating at many different points throughout the state.

Perhaps you have noticed from the list of university stations that it is the Middle West which has done the best job in recognizing the potentialities of educational radio. In the East, along the seaboard, it is noteworthy that the only university FM stations are those under Jesuit auspices, in particular WFUV at Fordham in New York and the station at the University of Scranton in Pennsylvania. There are other successful university stations under the same direction in New Orleans and St. Louis.

For the Grown-Ups

Consider the personnel resources available to a university. There are members of the faculty, representing all the branches of man's knowledge and achievement. There are frequently distinguished guests on campus. There are departments of music and drama on which to draw for the kind of talent most needed at a radio station. And at the other end of the broadcast operation, in a university area, there is a type of listener who makes a distinguished broadcasting service worth the effort put into it.

The responsibilities of an educational station to its listening public are great. For the school system station, there is the primary responsibility to the classroom audience. But beyond that is a secondary responsibility shared with university stations, that of promoting good relations between the educational agency and the public it serves. Most school-system stations try to utilize some part of their broadcast time for this sort of program. Radio can be a potent force in explaining to the citizen the fine job being done by the schools for which he is paying.

Spiritual Thoughts for the Month

by

DOM HUBERT VAN ZELLER, O.S.B.

Spiritual Reading

So much of our present-day spiritual reading gives the effect of biting on mouthfuls of feathers. One falls back, accordingly, on the Gospels.

Perhaps, since God wants us to read the Bible, this is one reason why He does not inspire writers to write better than they do. We are far too ready to leave the Scriptures on one side and pick up instead anything which suggests a new approach to spirituality. People are always prepared to blow bubbles about it. interpret it, give their own intimate experience of it.

Books which, for example, spin webs round the spirit and leave behind a vague sense of uneasiness, mystification, scruple are bound to be cramping to the action of grace. It is one thing to be stirred to penitence; it is quite another thing to find oneself wondering what on earth the whole thing is about and whether what had been believed to be the summons to holiness might not be an illusion after all. Books which complicate, which discourage, which multiply obligations and investigations, which lead to analysis instead of to the love of God, are worse than useless.

The trouble is that spiritual writers can fall into the trap which is set for the lecturer, the examiner, the doctor, the spiritual director, the economist, the part politician—indeed for the theorist and specialist of whatever profession or creed. That is to say, they can be too clever.

Now there is none of all this when we read the Gospels and Epistles. We know at once that every chapter applies to us as if it had been written for no one else. The operation, here, is timely. Each of us is suffering from the complaint of original sin. The language, here, is one which we cannot help taking: we have been sitting for it since we reached the age of reason. Original sin is not an imaginary malady: revelation is not a subsidiary subject. The Bible is one of the set books—and fortunate are they for whom it is felt to be the only really important one.

Occupational Problem

THE impulse to give all one's energy and time to God raises the question as to how much, in the way of actual displacement, He wants. Certainly we often feel we would like to drop all interests which do not directly relate to God, and sometimes the urge sweeps us so far that we see infidelity in the slightest departure from the program of exclusive service. But experience seems to show that the project cannot humanly be kept up.

Is this because sooner or later generosity fails? It may be. But may it not also be that what God wants is not so much a chain of specifically religious direction of all works?

Assuming that acts have less value numerically and objectively than they have from their end and inspiration, we should not be dismayed by either the multiplication or by the varied character of the exercises which the over-all service of God demands. If integration is one of the first things to be aimed at in the spiritual life, it is clearly more in keeping with the principle of unification to make a prayer of every activity than to select only those activities which have to do with prayers.

The advantage of this more comprehensive idea is that it can be made to work. The other cannot. Apart altogether from failure of purpose and a return to interest in the things of the world, there is the inescapable fact that to employ oneself only in activities which are directly Godward is an undertaking which has to yield to interruptions and dispensations: one has to shave and answer questions and write letters and bring accounts up to date.

Religion, the more perfectly it is expressed, is found to become proportionately less departmental. "To those who love God, all things work together for good"—even material, secular, mundane things. Not that mundane things may safely be chosen and spiritual things left, but that all—whether mundane or spiritual—may be lassoed, rounded up, broken in, and trained.

Kiss from mine Enemy

by **MAURA LAVERTY**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RUTHERFOORD

THE minute we came in from school, I rushed into the workroom where my mother did her dressmaking. "Can Peg and me pick blackberries in Doran's wood?"

"You can, to be sure. So long as you don't stay out too late. I don't want Peg catching cold on me." My mother held up a frilly, filmy dress of palest rose. She beckoned to my sister. "Come here, alanna. I want to see how this looks on you. I made it for you out of a bit I had left over from Cella Twomey's wedding dress."

My sister took off her gym slip and blouse, and my mother helped her into that lovely dress with its satin bows of baby ribbon and its edgings of fine cream lace. Peg stood there in her finery, her adoring eyes fixed on my mother's face. The soft frills of the dress disguised her painful thinness, and her paleness borrowed a flush from the misty pink material. Although only nine, she was as tall as I who was a year-and-a-half older.

"You'll do," my mother said with satisfaction. "There's no doubt that pink is your color."

"Pink is my color, too!" I wanted to scream. "Didn't Aunt Julia say that pink suited me when she gave me the pink jumper at Christmas?" But I said nothing.

My mother put her arm around Peg and gave her a hug which had a kind of desperation in it. As I stood watching them, the old jealousy rose in me, and I had to turn away. "I'll get the can for the blackberries," I said, running out of the room.

Doran's wood was ruddy-rich with autumn. The rowan trees dripped sealing wax through their ferny leaves, and the alders were heavy with wine-purple beads. Toadstools like queer jungle dwellings, mottled and sulphur-yellow and brown, ringed the elephant-gray trunks of the chestnuts. Full dark berries winked among the papery leaves of the brambles.

That was a great year for the blackberries. We could have filled a three-quart can without walking more than a dozen yards. I carried the can. Peg picked into an enameled mug which she brought to me as she filled it.

It was a good place to be, warm-cool and smelling of sun and berries and of ripe crab apples. Behind these fragrances were the strong, exciting smells of toadstools, of rank ferns and damp moss, and of rotting leaves.

It was a quiet place. Now and then there was a furry rustling among the bushes or a sudden fluting and a whirring of wings. And often we heard a thud as a chestnut dropped to the leaf-padded ground, where its green casque split to show the polished nut lying in its white satin bed. The ground was strewn with chestnuts, tawny oxeyes that stared up at us from every side.

It was a happy place. Any place with my sister Peg was happy for me when my mother was not with us. It was not that I did not love my mother. In truth, I loved her too much. That was why to see her with my sister Peg made me unhappy.

My mother loved Peg more than she loved me. Maybe she didn't. Maybe it was my sister's delicacy that made her yearn over her. She had had a hard fight to keep Peg alive. The pretty clothes she made for her, the special tidbits she cooked for her, the extra caresses and cuddlings—maybe these were her thank-offerings to Peg for staying with us in spite of the way her recurrent sicknesses pulled the child toward Heaven.

It wasn't easy to be cruel to her gentle, loving sister. But her jealous heart knew only that Peg was favored above her

That is how I see it now. But in those other days my jealous heart knew only that my mother favored my sister above me. There were times when I hated Peg for it. And I hated having to hate my sister, gentle and loving Peg.

That evening in the wood, I was able to put down for a time the burden of my jealousy. I was even able to forget the pink dress.

Peg came toward me. She carried the full mug so carefully that her little, sharp-featured face was old with anxiety. Her thin hair had something of the pale moon-gold of her skin, so that it was hard to tell where her fringe left off and her forehead began.

She tumbled the glittering berries into the can. "It's getting late," she said. "Shouldn't we be going home?"

"Ah, not for another while," I urged. "Sure the can isn't half-full yet."

"But we promised," Peg insisted. "Mother will be worrying in case I catch cold."

At this reminder of my mother's solicitude for my sister, my happiness left me. "You can go if you like," I said roughly. "Goody-goody! Always making sure of being the favorite." Spitefully, I added, "I wish you ever seen yourself in the pink dress. You're a holy show in it—like a Maypole!"

Peg looked at me in a troubled way. Then she went away from me through the trees.

I picked on, but all the joy and all the color had gone out of the wood. There was a bitter heaviness in my heart as I counted my grievances over and over, coming each time with a sick surge of rancor to the latest and greatest of them, the pink dress.

Mrs. Doran came through her garden gate and along the path toward me, but I did not notice her until she was right beside me. She had to address me twice before I took in what she was saying.

"Isn't it late for you to be here by yourself?" she said. "Is there nobody with you? I thought I heard voices."

"It was my sister. She's gone home."

Mrs. Doran was a rich and lonely woman whose children were all gone from her. She looked at me with kind, tired eyes. Maybe some of the dark hurt I was feeling showed in my face. Suddenly she said, "How would you like to come and have tea with me next Sunday? You and your sister? You could play with the doll's house. And I'd find you some books to take home."

Once, on a never-to-be-forgotten evening, Peg and I had been in Mrs. Doran's house. We had been given the run of the dusty nursery, a treasure-house of old-fashioned fascinating toys.

Delight returned momentarily to the wood with Mrs. Doran's invitation. "Oh, I'd love that, Mrs. Doran! And Peg . . ." I stopped short. *And Peg would love it, too,* was what I had been about to say, but my jealous heart put other words into my mouth. "Peg is going to Kildare with my mother on Sunday," I lied. "She wouldn't be able to come."

"Well, come yourself, then," Mrs. Doran said. "About four."

When she had gone, I stayed there for a little while. The shadows grew longer and the wood started to close in on itself. But I was conscious of nothing but my fierce exultation at having scored over Peg. In advance, I was savoring the envy that would fill her face when I should tell her that I was going alone to have tea with Mrs. Doran. "Serves her right!" I gloated. "Her and her pink dress!"

"Don't make a word of noise," my mother warned me when, my supper eaten, I started up the stairs for bed. "Peg's asleep. Don't waken her on the peril of your life."

I WENT into the room I shared with my sister. In the dim, red glow of the night light which burned before the picture of the Sacred Heart, she looked like a dead child who had drowned happily in a pool of sacramental wine.

When I got into bed, I wakened Peg. She raised herself on her little pointed elbow and looked at me sleepily. The frightening malice of my jealousy must have shown in my eyes, because she shrank back a little.

"You think you're great with your pink dress!" I jeered. "Wait till you hear this! I met Mrs. Doran and she asked me to go to tea on Sunday. Just me, do you hear? You're not invited."

I waited to see my sister's face become ugly with envy. Instead, a terrible thing happened. The sharp little face became round and soft with pleasure—*pleasure for me.*

"It's well for you," she breathed wistfully. "I know you'll have a lovely time. And you can wear my new pink dress."

A curiously weak and empty feeling came over me.

"The dress will look grand on you," Peg said happily. "That's because your hair is nicer than mine."

I lay down and turned my back to her. "Shut up and let me go to sleep." I said gruffly. But I could hardly bring out the words because of the way my throat was hurting.

by DON DUNPHY

Tommy Henrich's New Venture

The latest of the baseball luminaries to negotiate successfully the trek from the diamond to the microphone is Tommy Henrich, former great Yankee outfielder and one of the most popular athletes ever to wear the livery of the New Yorkers. "Old Reliable," as he was known for his great work in the clutch for the Bronx Bombers, is now a star in the television firmament and his 7:15 sports review over WJZ-TV (Channel 7) is one of the daily sports treats of the American Broadcasting System.

Tommy's success in his new venture should be no surprise because he gives to his new job the same hustle, thought, and enthusiasm that he gave in his playing days with the Yankees.

Although TV is hard work for Henrich as it is for everyone else, it came a little easier to him than it might have to many another ball player, because the ex-outfielder had a good voice to begin with, loves to talk, and was always a student of the major sports.

Although baseball is his favorite, Henrich gets his biggest kick out of his interviews with fight managers. "They're always working at their trade," he says, "promoting all the time."

We asked Tom about some of his mail of which he naturally gets plenty. Most of it is complimentary but some from Brooklyn is on the critical side. Perhaps some of the Dodger fans haven't forgotten the home run Henrich hit off Don Newcombe in the 9th inning of the first game of the 1949 world series. It gave the Yankees and Allie Reynolds a 1-0 victory and got the New Yorkers off winging.

"Do you feel at ease in front of those TV cameras?" we asked him.

"I feel more at ease now than when I first started. In the beginning when those red lights went on, it was like facing Bob Feller in his prime. You know in baseball, particularly in those big games, there was a lot of pressure on you, but at least when you ran out on the field there were eight other guys out there with you. But TV! Boy, there, you're all alone."

This brought up the natural question as to whether Tommy had any managerial aspirations. During the last couple of years of his playing career, there had been persistent rumors that he had been considered for this job and that, as a pilot.

"I wouldn't be honest," he said, "if I didn't admit that I would like to manage a big league club. But *only* a major league club," he added, strongly.

We got around to talking about the Yankees, for whom Tommy played so long and so honorably. Incidentally, Henrich played on six world championship teams and was a coach on another. To digress for a moment, unquestionably one of the greatest and most dramatic moments of his baseball life came on an occasion when he struck out. Most players would rather forget the times they whiffed, but no one will ever forget the fateful day in October of 1941 when Hugh Casey struck out Tommy Henrich only to look up and see Tommy down on first base. It was the fourth game of that hectic world series between the Yanks and the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Yankees were leading two games to one, but the Brooks leading by a run in the ninth inning were on the verge of knotting the series at two games apiece. Hugh Casey, a great relief pitcher, was on the hill for the Dodgers. He retired the first two men in the ninth. Henrich was up. Quickly Casey blazed two strikes past the Yankee outfielder. It was almost over.

The "Old Reliable" in a new role

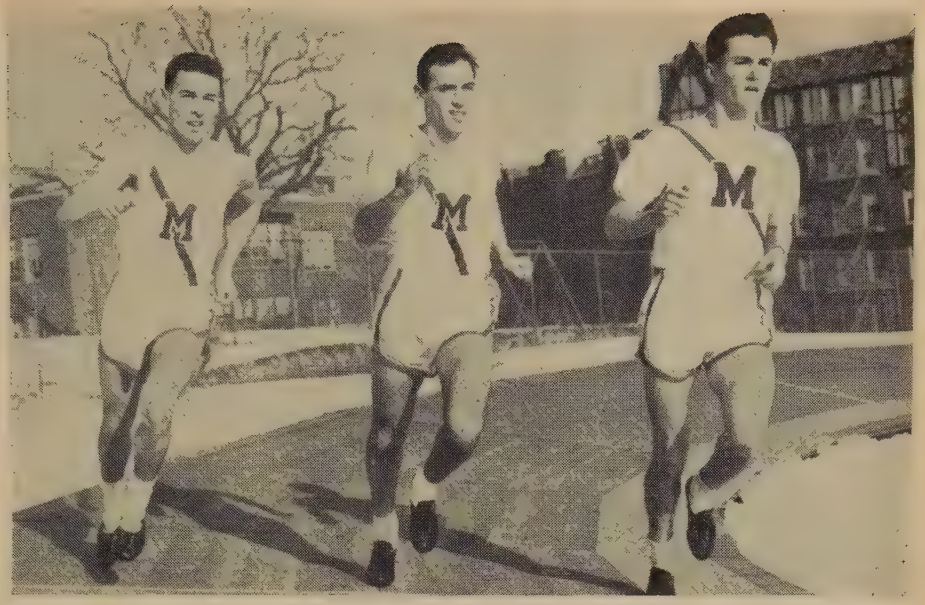
Some of the crowd edged toward the exits. Henrich dug in. Casey wound up and fired a sharp inside curve. Henrich swung—and missed. Three out . . . but no it wasn't. The sharp breaking pitch got away from catcher Mickey Owen and rolled to the backstop while a surprised Henrich raced safely to first base. That opening was too much to give the Yankees. Quickly Keller, DiMaggio, and Gordon unleashed basehits and the Yankees won it and the next game too, to take the series. To paraphrase the famous poem:

The mighty Casey struck out . . . the last man, but lost the ball game.

We asked Henrich about the saying that all an ordinary ball player had to do was to put on a Yankee uniform and he became a star overnight. Tommy laughed. "It's not that simple. I could name a good many ball players who put on the Yankee suit and became no better. On the other hand, some rose from mediocrity to stardom as members of the Yankees. It depends on the individual. For those who become better there is this theory. A player realizes, when he is with the Yanks, that he is at the top, so he tries so much harder to stay there. The result: he becomes a better ball player.

Incidentally, one of the bad breaks of Tommy's career was one of the best. In 1940, he tore a ligament in his leg

Coach Eastment knew he could do it



. . . And Lindy Remigino (center) proved it in the Olympics

and was sent to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in New York City. One of the nurses on the staff, although not a baseball fan, was introduced to him and it was practically love at first sight. Yes, they were married, and today Eileen and Tommy are the proud parents of Patricia, 10, Ann, 9, Tommy D., Jr., 7, and Mary Louise, born this past July. They live in Ridgewood, N. J.

Eastment Coaches Another Champion

Very often we hear of the story behind the headline. This little article might very well be called the "Coach Behind the Headline." For the headline was "REMIGINO WINS OLYMPIC 100 METER DASH."

If you like to hear about underdogs coming through, that's just what it was. So we'd like to tell you a little more about Little Lindy and the man who never lost confidence in him—his coach, George Eastment.

Manhattan College, in New York City, has a wonderful tradition in track and field, but until little Lindy Remigino broke the tape first in the Olympic Century at Helsinki recently, the Jaspers had never boasted of an Olympic champion.

There is no question that the win of the little thought-of Remigino was the surprise win of the Olympics. As a matter of fact, U. S. team coach Brutus Hamilton termed the victory "The Cinderella Story of the Year." It certainly was.

Lindy (his real name is Lindberg, named by his father who died two years ago, after the famous flyer) was well-known enough to Eastern track fans because of his sensational 60-yard sprint duels with teammate Jack O'Connell last winter and his 220-yard victory in the IC4A championships this spring. But both nationally and internationally the little (5 feet 7½ inches) Physical Education junior was definitely an unknown. True, he had been an important member of the Jasper 440 and 880 relays which had been undefeated against the country's best for two years, but relay races are vastly different than running individually.

As unknown as Remigino was when he started west with his Manhattan teammates for the National Collegiates and National A.A.U. championships in June, there was no doubt in the mind of his coach, George Eastment, that the Hartford, Conn., lad would make the Olympic team.

But in these two qualifying championships for the Olympic trials, Remigino made his coach's prediction look very sad indeed. For in the NCAA 100-yard dash, the stocky, stoop-shouldered runner barely qualified for the big trials by finishing fifth in the finals (six qualified) and in the National A.A.U. dash he was eliminated in the semi-finals. Both Remigino's attitude and his Olympic stock hit rock bottom.

The performances however, failed to dampen Eastment's confidence in the twenty-year-old. He knew that the youngster was in the best shape of his career and had the capabilities to lick anyone in the field. Remigino's poor showings left the coach with two problems before the Olympic trials: 1) to restore the lad's confidence in himself, and 2) to set up a training schedule in the five days before the meet which would enable him to be in condition.

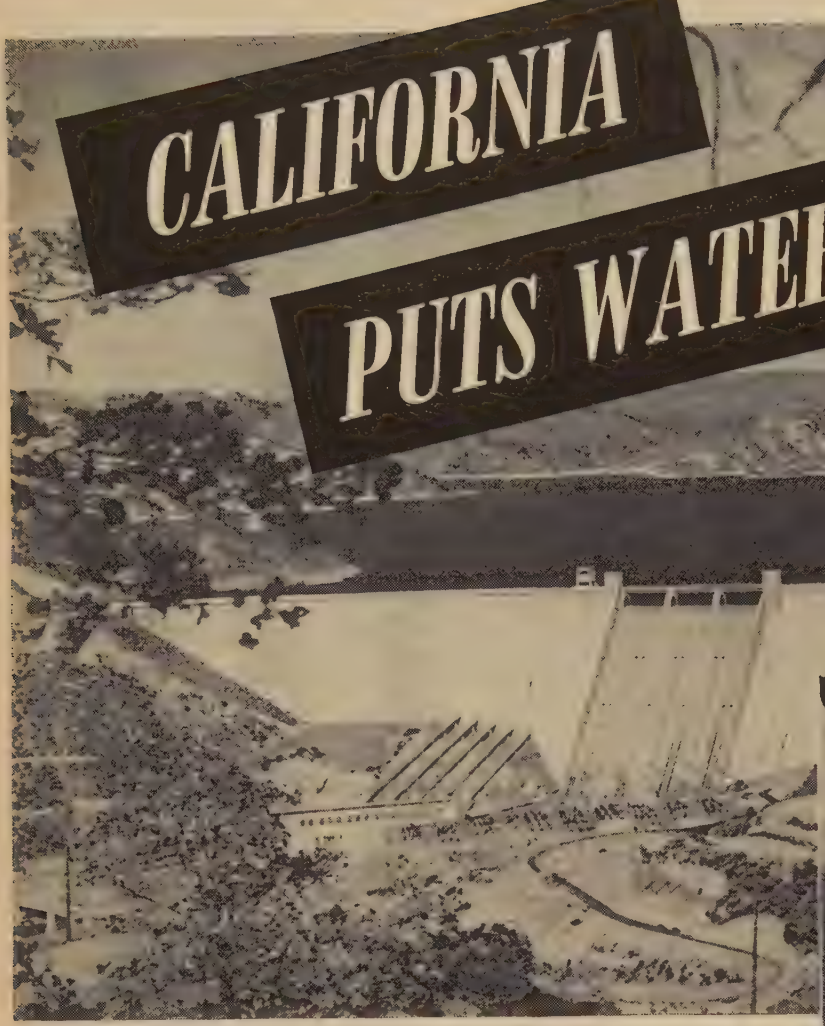
He solved the first problem by convincing Lindy that there wasn't anyone among the 13 other starters that he could not beat. The second problem was overcome when Eastment wisely deduced that Remigino, a tireless trainer, was overworked. Accordingly, he had the Jasper junior work out just one day and rest the other four days before the big test.

This system paid off handsomely. Remigino, surprising everyone but Coach Eastment, finished second by a stride to Art Bragg in the finals of the 100-meter dash in the trials and thereby won himself a place on the Olympic team. The rest of the story is now history. Tabbed as one of the poorest group of sprinters ever to represent the U. S. in the Games, Remigino was rated behind Bragg and both were given little chance against Bailey of England and McKenley of Jamaica.

But the track experts were again proved wrong by power-packed Remigino. In two trial heats he ran 0:10.4, just one-tenth of a second off the Olympic record, and in the semifinals, McKenley nosed him out in the same time. Observers perked up. Maybe the U. S. had a top-flight sprinter after all. After the final, all doubt was dispelled. Remigino was the winner in a photo finish, the U. S. had preserved its sprint domination, and Manhattan College had its first Olympic Gold Medal winner in its history. But, most of all, the modest and well-liked doughty youngster of Italian descent justified the faith that his coach had in him as he mounted the famous podium to be acclaimed the champion of the world.

Yes, Little Lindy was in great company in those Olympic Games. As one writer remarked, "Remigino wasn't the best runner in the race, but he sure was the fastest."

CALIFORNIA PUTS WATER TO WORK



Above: A view of Shasta Dam. Right: Dam's downside, showing jet pouring out billion gallons of water a day

An ambitious project to control water in the vast Central Valley and supply cheap power holds the key to California's future

by NEIL MacNEIL

CALIFORNIA is deeply concerned over its water resources. As thousands of people move monthly into that beautiful and fertile state to live, the demand for water becomes more and more pressing. In the East people take water for granted, just as they do the air they breathe, but in the Southeast water is scarce and precious, and the people know they must have water to exist and prosper. Where there is water for irrigation and for power, they have abundant crops and prosperity; where there is little or no water the land returns to the desert and the people depart.

In the decade from 1940 to 1950, the population of California increased 53.3 per cent. And with the population still on the rise, the water and power problems have become more and more pressing. California's hopes for the future solution of these water and power problems are tied closely to the success or failure of the Central Valley Project, an ambitious scheme if there ever was one.

The Central Valley runs north and south in the state between the Sierra Nevada on the east and the Coastal Range on the west. It is 500 miles long and about 100 miles wide, an area greater than the states of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Maryland combined. It is one of the richest farming regions in the word, with a crop yield already greater than the whole of New England and it is a growing industrial region; but it lives on irrigation and electric power. It has plenty of water, but it gets that water at the wrong time and in the wrong places. The aim of the project is to collect the water when and where it falls and to distribute it when and where it will best serve the people.

Rains and snow fall in the mountains during the winter and the spring and the resulting waters pour down in many streams into the Central Valley—mostly in the late spring. At times the waters were so abundant that the rivers could not contain them and there were disastrous floods. Two-thirds of these waters fall in the North and one-third

in the South. Unfortunately nature has reversed its own needs, for the South should have had the two-thirds and the North the one-third. Two river systems dominate the Central Valley—the Sacramento, which has its headwaters in the Mount Shasta area and flows south, and the San Joaquin, which originates near the Yosemite Valley and moves north. The two meet opposite San Francisco and empty into San Francisco Bay.

The Central Valley also contains a fertile farming area still further south, near Bakersfield, which needs water worst of all. Here the pumping of water for irrigation has caused the water level to fall lower and lower. As a result thousands of farms have had to be abandoned.

The solution obviously was to build a system of dams to gather and contain the surplus waters in the Spring and then to distribute them over the Valley during the crop-growing arid months of the summer. The volume of water to be dealt with was colossal and the area vast. Fifty-odd dams would be required and hundreds of miles of canals. Such a project would also involve costly pumping stations. Intelligent use of the waters would, of course, mean development of power, and this in turn meant great power stations and long transmission lines. The whole Valley needed a master plan.

CLEARLY this was not an undertaking for private capital. So in 1931 the people of California undertook what was known as the State Water Plan. Revenue bonds were voted to start it. But the State soon found that it could not finance it alone, and in 1933 it turned to the Federal Government for help. In 1935 Congress authorized the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior to take over the task.

Under federal control it became the Central Valley Project, but it retained the major features of the State Water Plan. World War II interrupted the work, but now the initial phases of the project have been completed and are operating, and it is possible to see how they work and to get a glimpse into the future.

On a recent visit to California, it was my good fortune to have had the project explained to me by Marshall Jones, the Sacramento Valley district manager, whose headquarters are in Chico. With him I visited the Shasta Dam, where "Rock" Atkinson, the operations superintendent, took us through the dam and the power plant and explained their purposes. Both of these gentlemen impressed me as capable and sincere public officials who know just what they are about and who take success for granted. Their enthusiasm is contagious.

The Shasta Dam is the showpiece of the whole Central Valley Project. It is a spectacular sight. Ten miles north of Redding, it halts the waters of the Pit, the McCloud, and the Sacramento rivers. It is 602 feet high and it has a crest length of two-thirds of a mile, which makes it next to Hoover Dam the world's highest, and next to the Bonneville Dam the world's largest. It took 6,000,000 cubic yards of concrete to build it. Over its spillway the floodwater drops 480 feet, nearly three times the height of Niagara Falls. Its powerhouse is California's largest hydroelectric plant, with five generators of 75,000 kilowatt capacity each. It forms Shasta Lake, which stores 4,500,000 acre-feet of water, has 365 miles of shore line, and 47 square miles of surface.

The Shasta Dam alone would make the Central Valley Project one of the

Lakes add to recreation facilities

greatest works of man, but it is only part of a much greater plan. Nine miles down stream, the waters released by Shasta for waterpower are captured again by Keswick Dam and utilized for irrigation and still more power. Then, twenty miles northeast of Fresno, the Friant Dam captures the waters of the San Joaquin River. It is also a mighty dam, 320 feet in height and 3,430 feet long on its crest, making it the world's fourth largest dam. Its chief purpose is to hold the waters of the State's second largest river and to make them available for irrigation of the rich but arid soil of the San Joaquin Valley. Here there is no power development. The water is too precious. Instead it is taken from the dam at high elevation by two canals, the Madera and the Friant-Kern, so it can be distributed by gravity over great distances.

The first phase of the project also includes a system of canals to protect what is known as the Delta area. This is where the rivers meet and enter San Francisco Bay. In the dry months the salt waters of the Bay, which is an arm of the Pacific Ocean, had been backing up the rivers and ruining a prosperous farming region and threatening to ruin more. These canals bring sweet waters to the farmers and also serve the industries and the towns of the district.

The second phase of the project is already under construction, or is authorized. It is less spectacular, but still impressive. It includes dams on the American River with a reservoir of 1,000,000 acre-feet capacity, on Putah Creek with 1,600,000 acre-feet capacity, on King's River with 1,000,000 acre-feet capacity, on Kern River with 550,000 acre-feet capacity, and on the Stanislaus River with 1,000,000 acre-feet capacity. Dams are also being planned for the Kaweah, Tule, and Calaveras rivers and for Stoney Creek. The waters from these rivers will provide irrigation for 800,000 acres, two-thirds of which is arid now and one-third of which lacks an adequate water supply. The second phase also provides for hydroelectric power plants that will generate 550,000 kilowatts.

The third and ultimate phase of the Central Valley Project remains a matter for the future, but the possibilities are staggering. It envisions twenty-five more dams with many more power plants and an elaborate series of canals and transmission lines. Mr. Jones informed me that it might well take a century to complete, but that if the need arose and the money were available it could possibly be done in twenty-five years. Much of it will need further study, based on the experience of what has been accomplished already and on what is required by the people of California.

WHEN the project is finished, the Central Valley will have a reservoir capacity of 30,000,000 acre-feet, and every available drop of water will be working for the people in one way or another. Incidentally an acre-foot of water is 325,850 gallons.

In years of water surplus, one year's fall is greater than another; some of the water will be used to raise the water level of the Valley itself. Underground water basins are estimated to have a capacity of more than 20,000,000 acre-feet. When they are replenished these will be valuable natural resources and an insurance against the future.

The ultimate power development is more certain. The engineers put it at 8,000,000,000 kilowatt hours annually.

THE PRIEST

by MARGARET M. DALY

He walks the way of lilies,
Ever upward.
Child winds cry all about him,
Yet softly, for they dare not storm
His still world with weeping.
Loneliness rides the lost valley of the night
But stays not,
Though her stone eyes have sought him.
Still round the firelight hovering,
As snow shepherds when the sun has passed,
Old memories melt their long breaths upon him
Softly, softly, for this land of his listens
In anger
To each alien sigh.
But One,
With a key She entered
And sealed the gold gate behind;
Her voice ran like the winds to meet him.
Moons wan with age have watched Her,
Bright in the dusk,
And Her hand within his softly, softly.
Young angels wait,
And weave their white wreaths of silence.

This huge volume of cheap electricity would assure the continued industrial growth of the Valley, and along with the irrigated land make it one of the wealthiest areas in the United States. Mr. Jones expects the project to add 3,000,000 acres to the arable land of the United States, an area larger than the state of Connecticut. The increase in population can only be guessed at this time, but the project does mean that one of the fastest growing districts in the country will continue to grow. It also means that there will be both jobs and food to support hundreds of thousands of settlers.

If it were not for the irrigation and power features of the project, the collateral features would of themselves be considered a major undertaking of national importance.

TAKE flood control as an example. Experts of the engineering department of the project make a continuing study of the fall of snow and rain in the mountains and can estimate the run-off into the dams. Thus they can foretell when and how the reservoirs will fill, and what water should be released from the dams to maintain the power stations, the level of the rivers, and the needs for irrigation. The dams on the Sacramento and the San Joaquin have ample capacity to deal with the surplus waters that in earlier times caused disastrous floods on these rivers. This feature of the project alone saves the people millions of dollars.

The day I visited the Shasta Dam, the reservoir was almost filled to capacity, Mr. Atkinson said, and as more water was expected he was releasing some of the contents into the Sacramento River. A huge jet of water gushed through a spigot on the down-side of the dam and with a mighty roar hurtled hundreds of feet into the river. Mr. Atkinson remarked casually that it was at the rate of 1,000,000,000 gallons a day, enough water to provide for the multiple needs of New York City. Yet so colossal is the dam that this stream of water seemed like a trickle.

Then consider navigation. In the early days of California, the pioneers had to depend largely on the rivers and streams for traffic into the interior of the State. Later, hydraulic mining choked many of the streams with debris and still later farmers drew off water for irrigation. The result was that navigation became difficult, if not impossible, above Sacramento on the Sacramento River and below Stockton on the San Joaquin. Smaller streams could not be used at all. Now the steady flow of water in the Sacramento and the San Joaquin permits the movement of millions of tons of produce, and navigation of other streams will improve as the project unfolds. This is also a large saving to the people.

Probably of greatest interest to the public at large are the new facilities for sport and recreation provided by the project. With four national parks, eight national monuments, and a splendid system of state parks, California was already well provided with facilities for sport and sight-seeing; but these facilities were mostly in the remote mountains. The series of new lakes provided by the project can be reached easily by the inhabitants of the eighty towns and cities in the Valley. It has been figured that at least one lake, and sometimes two or more, is within twenty-five miles of the most distant resident. All the lakes and the rivers and streams are being stocked with game fish; and elaborate care is being taken to protect and propagate wildlife.

Thus the people of the Valley will be assured of good boating and fishing at all seasons, and of swimming in the summer. The rivers will be safer for pleasure sailing and canoeing. Moreover both the rivers and the reservoirs will provide sites for camping and more permanent residents. The whole area will have a still greater attraction for the tourist.

THE land and power policies of the project are interesting. They are definitely planned to bring the maximum benefit to the people. Irrigation water deliveries to any one landowner are limited to 160 acres, or to a man and wife 320 acres—California being a "community-property" state. This means family-sized farms. Laws are also enforced to prevent land speculation. The water is sold cheaply to the farmer. After providing for the irrigation projects, the pumps, etc., the great bulk of the power is sold to municipalities, state, and federal agencies. What is left is sold to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

What will this immense project cost? And who will foot the bill? Mr. Jones informed me that the final cost might be as high as eight billion dollars. Estimates based on 1939 dollars have run as high as four billion dollars. Actually, the project is self-liquidating and will cost the general public not a cent. In fact it will ultimately yield a profit. Approximately 90 per cent of the project will be repaid over sixty years from the sale of water and power. The remaining 10 per cent is considered public welfare, and not reimbursable. So far the United States Government has invested $407,824,213 in the project. To date $48,196,496 has been repaid, leaving a net investment of $359,627,717. On this the Government in 1951 made a net profit of $37,993,494. This is better than a 10 per cent return on its money—much better than it allows American industry to net on the average.

The Central Valley Project is almost incredible and must be seen to be appreciated. A student of America once remarked that one had to see the Panama Canal to see American genius in its full flowering. I would amend that to say that he should see the Central Valley Project. It shows a vigor, a courage, a vision that is America at its best.

Tito's Paradise

Yugoslavia's domestic form of Communism has brought the people only misery, poverty, and slavery

by ***JAMES V. PARKER***

Black Star photo

Tito, doubtful ally and absolute ruler of the Yugoslav police state

NEITHER Karl Marx, Vladimir Lenin, nor Marshal Joseph Broz-Tito would be pleased with the Yugoslav consulate in France's great port city of Marseilles. The first two would be mortified by the decadent bourgeois swank of the mansion which houses the comrades who represent the Communist "people's" government of Yugoslavia. And Tito will be displeased, to put it mildly, when he learns that his consul at Marseilles was in so great a hurry to climb into his chauffeur-driven Packard and get away to a party that he committed the unforgivable sin of giving the writer an entry visa for Yugoslavia.

After many attempts to obtain a visa to enter Yugoslavia from various diplomats in Washington, Paris, and Rome, the miracle happened in Marseilles just about eighteen months and a dozen tries after the first attempt in Washington in early 1951. The Yugoslav consul in Marseilles was late for his party, got flustered and supplied the visa without consulting Belgrade or the little black list of Catholic writers who may not enter Marshal Tito's private workers' paradise. I hope that he won't be punished for this misdeed by being recalled to Belgrade because, if ever there were a Communist who enjoyed the fleshpots of the West it is the Yugoslav representative in Marseilles.

With the visa in my possession, at last I had the opportunity of learning at first hand something of what eight years of Communism has done for Yugoslavia and its people. Had it improved their standard of living? Had it accomplished any of its boasts to increase industrial production? Were the Yugoslav peasants an exception to the general rule that Communist collectivism in agriculture is repugnant to the tillers of the soil? Finally, was Communism deeply ingrained in the people of Yugoslavia or were they simply the victims of superior force and restless under Red domination?

I soon learned that the answers to my questions were vehement no's. The living standard in Titoland is miserably low—lower than anywhere else I have been this side of the Iron Curtain. Industrial production is at a standstill; indeed, it has retrogressed rather than increased. Agriculture is at a primitive level, so low that it must be seen to be believed. A dozen times I was appalled at the miserable looking open sheds for cattle and other livestock—only to realize that these hovels, not fit for animals, were in reality human habitations. Above all, I was startled by the silence and emptiness of Croatia and Slovenia, once moderately prosperous lands but now with a timorous, beaten-looking people, decaying houses, weed-covered fields, and tight-shuttered shop windows.

In touring the length and breadth of Yugoslavia I found not one single machine in use on the farms. I know, from the propaganda literature with which I was deluged, that there are model farms with useful agricultural equipment but evidently these farms are few and far between. At any rate, by avoiding the government-sponsored tours offered by Putnik, the state travel agency, I also avoided the model, propaganda farms and factories.

In fact, the only machinery I saw during the whole tour were the pistols and other lethal weapons carried by the police who swarm over the whole country. The police were of a dozen varieties but a single purpose—to keep the country and the people subservient to Tito and his Reds.

Before the war, Catholic Slovenia and Croatia enjoyed a higher standard of

living than the center and south of the country. Today there is little to choose from in degree of poverty. Both the Catholic north and the Orthodox south are victims of the same grinding poverty. Even in the largest towns and cities—Belgrade the capital, Zagreb in Croatia, Ljubljana in Slovenia, and Nish in Serbia—there are very few shops and in those there are, the shelves are bare of merchandise, while there is hardly an indication in the entire country that the industrial revolution has borne even wizened fruit.

It is a common sight in the streets to see men and women dressed in crude garments made from flour and sugar sacks marked "UNRRA" and "CARE." The children, especially, look undernourished and unhealthy. A frequent complaint heard from the people is that it is practically impossible to obtain such simple drugs as aspirin or bicarbonate of soda while doctors' prescriptions for even the most common diseases remain unfilled because the drug stores lack the essential pharmaceuticals.

But, on the other hand, the police are sleek and well-fed and carry modern weapons. They are everywhere—on the trains and busses, in the public buildings, and on the streets—and they continuously and monotonously challenge the passers-by to produce their passports or identity cards. These are sufficient to get you by on the street but when you are challenged on the train—and you are generally challenged anew after leaving each station—it is also necessary to produce travel permits properly endorsed by the authorities.

DESPITE primitive agricultural methods, the country districts in many parts—but not the country people—look healthy and capable of producing rich crops. But the collective farm policy of the government, plus the penalties burdening the peasants who refuse to join the collectives, keeps the produce from the hungry in the cities and towns except via the black market.

Communism and its practitioners boast that they possess the secret of solving such problems as increased industrial production and full employment. But in Communist Yugoslavia there are crowds of unemployed in each town with nothing better to do than sit in doorways or along the curbs.

Meanwhile, many of the factories and industrial plants which were taken over by the government under the nationalization scheme have been closed for lack of raw materials or for lack of the skilled direction needed to make them operate profitably. A former factory director told me, for example, that since its expropriation by the Reds his brick and tile works had failed to produce a single building brick or roof tile. In this case obviously the failure is due to the dismissal of the firm's management because the raw materials needed to produce bricks and tiles are everywhere at hand in Yugoslavia and need not be purchased abroad.

If it were not for the swollen army, which holds far more men under arms today, because of the Russian threat, than ever before in Yugoslav history, the unemployment problem would be even greater.

"Stalin is still Tito's friend," one man said grimly. "If it were not for Stalin our people would rise up and throw these Communist *Lumpen* out. But they're afraid they might only exchange Stalin for Tito if they did."

In Belgrade there is a great deal of recently abandoned new building construction to be seen. These are the shells of factory buildings and apartment houses which were begun under Tito's five-year plan for industrial and housing construction but were abandoned about halfway through for lack of building materials and because it seemed useless to put up new factories when the old ones weren't producing to capacity. But on the outskirts of Belgrade can be seen dozens of new and modern villas to house Tito's friends, Communist Party leaders and police, and army officers of high rank. These have been carried through to completion, not abandoned.

• By the time a man can afford to lose a golf ball, he can't hit it that far.

—Roy M. Gardner

Meanwhile Tito's war against religion goes on with undiminished furor. Out of deference to Western susceptibilities the war is not as spectacular as it once was and there are no more public trials of leading churchmen, but persecution of priests and closing of churches still continues, as well as a host of serious, if petty annoyances such as the banning of religious processions and Tito's frequent discovery that low production in some mine or factory requires overtime work on Sundays and Holy Days.

Some idea of how bad is the situation of Catholics in Yugoslavia can be ascertained from their position in the Tito-occupied section of the Free Territory of Trieste. That position is "tragically bad and growing worse daily," according to Msgr. Antonio Santin, Bishop of Trieste.

Msgr. Santin's diocese includes both the British and American occupied Zone A (the city of Trieste and some of its suburbs) and Red Yugoslavia's Zone B. The Bishop of course is quite free to carry out his religious and administrative functions within Zone A but he is not even permitted to *enter* Zone B. When he last did so several years ago, relying on the occupation statute signed by the Red authorities which permits the people of Zone B freely to follow the religious beliefs of their choosing, he was assaulted and savagely beaten by a gang of Communist hoodlums. While this unprovoked and premeditated attack took place, the Bishop told me, the Yugoslav Red police stood by with folded arms and refused to interfere—except to prevent other members of the Bishop's party from coming to his rescue.

Since then the Bishop has sent three of his assistants into the Zone to act as his representatives in diocesan business. Of the three priests who went in, one was killed by Red partisans and the other two sent to prison by Tito's drumhead courts.

As another example of conditions within Zone B, the Bishop told me that ninety Catholic priests served that part of his diocese in 1946. Today there are only thirty left; the others were either murdered or packed off to prison cells and concentration camps.

"The Yugoslav Reds," Bishop Santin said, "stop at nothing, literally nothing, to destroy the Church and deprive the people of Zone B of the natural right of all men to live a life of dignity and freedom. They murder, they bring false witness, they lie, and they cheat. There is nothing sacred to them and no step is too low for them to take if they believe it will hurt the Church."

If that is how the Yugoslav Reds conduct themselves in Zone B, which is part of an international enclave nominally under United Nations supervision, it can be imagined how badly they behave toward the Church and its followers within Yugoslavia proper. Just how terrible conditions are inside Yugoslavia I learned from talking to numerous Croats and Slovenes, most of whom professed the Catholic Faith.

Tito has already won his battle against religion in the Orthodox center and south of the country. In Serbia and Montenegro, and further south in Macedonia, the Orthodox Church has abandoned the struggle as lost, although a few individual priests are still fighting with great personal courage and at grave personal risk. But, unlike the Catholic hierarchy in Croatia and Slovenia, the Orthodox hierarchy in Serbia and Macedonia has made an uneasy peace with Tito and no longer takes a firm stand for its Church's traditional rights.

It is a very different story in the Catholic north. There priests and people are united in insisting that the Red

aesar be rendered his due. The whole urch, naturally, is paying for this urageous and forthright stand. I arned that fully 50 per cent of the atholic churches have been confis-ted, closed for religious purposes, and ansformed into CP headquarters or ntertainment centers.

But the remaining churches are owded to capacity and more for daily lasses and Sunday services, as I saw r myself. And this is so despite the ct that uniformed and plainclothes olice loiter about church entrances as to note and mark the names of all ho attend. The worshippers are prin-pally older people. It is a rare sight see a child or young adolescent in urch. This is proof of the effective-ess of Tito's campaign to woo the oung people away from religious ob-rvance and into atheism.

I talked to a Croatian father who bit-erly lamented that he had completely ost influence over his two sons who nceasingly told him that he was "old-shioned" to believe in God because od and His Church were barbarous elics of the capitalist past.

"Our children," this man said, "go school to be indoctrinated, not edu-ated. We of the older generation will ot fall for Tito. We know what he is. ut our children are impressionable nd believe what the Reds teach them. hen the older people are gone this ill really be a Communist land."

An illustration of how Tito is re-riting history for the school children revealed in a conversation I had with friendly young militiaman. He no-ced an article by Tito in a copy of *ife* I was carrying and, although he ould not read English, he took childish delight in looking at the accompanying pictures. One photo was of Draja Mikhailovitch, the Serbian Chetnik leader who was tried and put to death by Tito at the end of the war.

"This one was a scoundrel," the boy told me in primitive German. "He was a Russian spy who worked against us for Stalin."

Mikhailovitch had his detractors in the West who alleged that the forces under his command collaborated with the Nazis during the war. But never before have I heard the absurd charge that the anti-Communist, anti-Stalinist Chetnik leader was in reality a Soviet agent.

Yugoslav Catholics are greatly annoyed with the United States and the other Western Powers. They complain that the West is going out of its way to build up a government which deprives the citizens of their legitimate rights. The feeling is frequently expressed that Tito needs Western help so much he'd be more than willing to follow Western suggestions to cease his persecution of the Church and the faithful. This feeling was echoed by Bishop Santin in my lengthy talk with him.

Msgr. Santin, whose position in Trieste gives him an exceptional opportunity to study the situation in Yugoslavia, believes it is within the power of the West to force Tito to abandon the persecution of Catholics. "All the West need do," he said, " is to threaten to withhold supplies, dollars, and military equipment from the Belgrade government until they begin to behave like human beings instead of beasts."

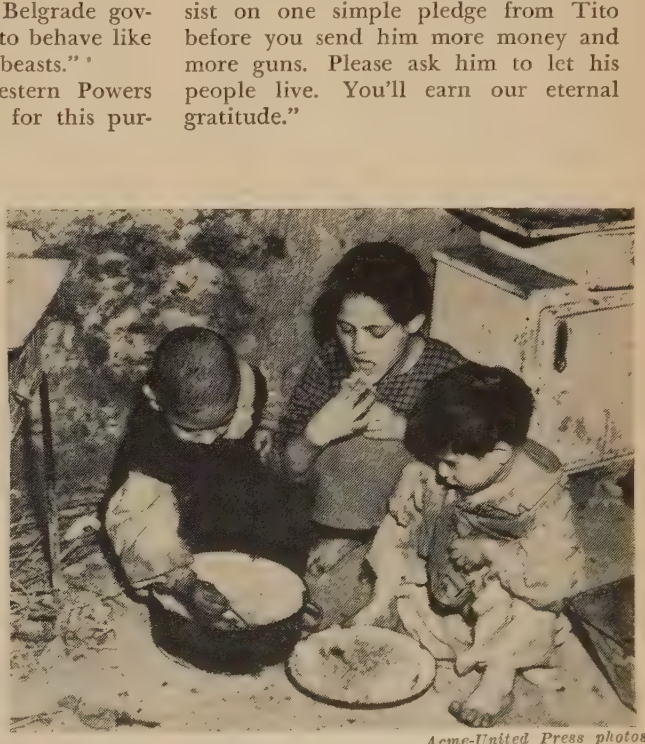
In asking that the Western Powers put pressure on Belgrade for this purpose, the Bishop declared, he is suggesting no more than is right and just. When the Free Territory of Trieste was divided at the end of the war, the three occupying powers—the United States, Britain, and Yugoslavia—promised to respect human rights in their zones. The Americans and British in Trieste are keeping their bargain, the Bishop said, and the people in Red-occupied territory have the right to expect decent treatment also.

The Bishop asked me to tell the Catholics of the United States that his diocese of Trieste "is the last outpost of the free world against Communism in this part of Europe. We Catholics of Trieste will do our share and are ready, if need be, to die for the Church and for the preservation of our Faith. We hope that the Catholics of the United States will not forget that we are fighting their battle, too, and will give us all their help in the common cause."

The Bishop's message was almost identical with messages given me inside Titoland itself by Catholic laymen and priests. They too feel that they have been betrayed by the West.

"This police state," a Croatian lawyer told me in Zagreb, "would collapse in a twinkling if your country stopped sending Tito help. We don't ask you to stop sending that help. Tito, after all, is our problem and one day we shall settle a heavy account with him. But why can't your government and all the other Western governments insist on one simple pledge from Tito before you send him more money and more guns. Please ask him to let his people live. You'll earn our eternal gratitude."

Outside help has alleviated the hunger and want of many Yugoslav children. Production is at a new low



Acme-United Press photos

Where outside help is lacking, the misery and squalor of the poor are almost unbelievable

You may be tired and your muscles ache, but you'd better remember that after all:

That's what DADDIES are for!

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

I FIGURE I'm in a good position to help the country lick its steel shortage. In the last four years I've picked up 14,354,687,312 pairs of roller skates around here, usually at the bottom of the steps. Think how that much steel would boost the scrap drive if I turned it in! Only my wife won't let me.

Last time I felt the floor develop wheels and start out from under me I fought for balance and then started bellowing for my son. He wasn't around, his mother said quietly, appearing like a good angel from the kitchen. He was busy in his room. Busy? I waved the deadly skate before the calm and kindly eyes of my spouse. Her soft laugh dispelled the fury of my gesture. In a minute or so, when I could speak, I asked her what he was busy at. He was, she informed me, composing a birthday rhyme to surprise Sister Johanna at school.

What're you going to do? I know when I'm licked. I took the skate down the cellar and oiled it.

Last week when it suddenly began to rain like mad, I glanced out the window and saw, drawn up in a circle like a wagon-train parked for the night on the western prairies, three doll carriages ($25 apiece for the big ones, $10 for the little one, all three worth at this point about $2.50), complete with dollies ($4.95 each), dollies' dresses, blankets, carriage covers, and an assortment of nursery books for the dollies to read. Except for the rubber tires, which the dog has chewed to bits anyway, nothing out there among the dancing raindrops was even a little bit waterproof.

My three daughters, who own the items in question, were nowhere in sight. Howling at the top of my lungs, where my family unreasonably claims I spend most of my time, I shot into a slicker, shot out of it again when I found it was my wife's, shot into my own and shot, but literally, out the door and, zip, right off the porch to land, not exactly on my feet in the wet grass. Yep. Banana skin.

Cautiously now, I put a big carriage under each arm and staggered to the cellar door. Setting them down again I yanked, only to find the door was locked from the inside. I went around and opened it and found the carriages had meanwhile rolled to the rear of the yard. Fighting the mud for possession of my slippers, now soaked, I tramped back there and got them.

Everything now in out of the rain, I emerged from the cellar, shut down the heavy doors, and raised my merry baritone in the old moose call for the girls. An upstairs window flew up and I could hear the clapping of tiny hands. Beaming down on me were the incomparably beautiful faces of my three daughters. Over my dripping head and heaving breath their applause rang out like a benediction, stealing my thunder, killing my steam, dissolving my wrath like churchbells at Angelus. I grinned feebly up at them and waved my hand. Then Susie stuck her head out.

"Did you hang up the dollies' things, Daddy?" she piped. "They'll get moldy if you don't."

Well, I always was a sucker for a sweet smile from a lady. Susie's got one of the sweetest going. I lifted the cellar doors again and went down. They're not so heavy, really.

What gets me fried crisper than bacon, though, is the baby. His eagerness to keep my waistline down is gratifying, or would be if it weren't also appalling. He has developed a positive detestation for property. So much so that he cannot bear the presence of anything but himself in his playpen or crib. Out in a rain of affection on my head come plastic fish, rattles, teethers, punching bags, pulltoys, and balls.

Struggling up from under this mountain of love, I begin, with an instinct that must go 'way, 'way back, to replace each item. I have a talk with the boy each time I do this (he's eight months old and I figure that's about right for an Irishman), and, you know, he listens carefully. He turns on that smile that matches in golden splendor his halo of hair, and I'm sure that this time I've convinced him. I go back to the sports page with a sigh of contentment but only to be showered again.

What's the use of having all those kids if you can't make 'em pitch in, eh? I've been thinking that too. I've been meaning to quote a little verse my mother used to quote to me, though I can't imagine why, when I was a kid.

" 'I love you, mother,' said little John,
Then, forgetting his work, his hat went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring."

It probably won't do much good, though. Here the other day we finished a new and pretty snazzy tree house for our brood. I was sitting on the side porch the morning they went out and discovered it was ready for play, and I want to tell you their squeals of delight made the aching muscles that went into that job well worth it. As I sat there beaming to myself I could hear Greg's voice (he's our eldest) above the babble and twitter of the girls. I shall never forget what he said. "Boy oh boy!" he cried, "that's what daddies are for!"

The love in those words made my heart ache, and I went quietly to the railing to savor the scene. After all, he's right. That's what we are for.

Books

BREAD FROM HEAVEN

By Henrietta Buckmaster. 309 pages.
Random House. $3.00

H. Buckmaster

Miss Buckmaster has the faculty of forcing her readers' immediate attention through her poignant opening pages. In quick, concise strokes she calls up a shabby young man and child as they walk down the road toward an unnamed New England village. Pausing beside a lilac bush on the edge of town, the older boy picks a flower, holds it out to the youngster, who smells it deeply and then bites at it with his teeth.

It is the only way he can touch the blossom, because he has no arms.

These are Karel and Nicky Lindemann, Czechs, once escaped from Buchenwald, escaping now from a type of American intolerance, and destined both to influence and be influenced by this stopping-off place. On sight, the townspeople are curious but wary of their alien, dogged courage. In time Nicky's affliction arouses a wave of public sympathy, and with kindness and ready acceptance he changes from a terrified, whimpering baby to a nearly normal, noisy boy, clamoring for the new arms he had been promised.

But the serious and straightforward Karel, who was nineteen but who thought of himself as always having been an old, embittered man of thirty-nine, admits to asking more than probationary approval from the village. He had arrived expecting to take the happiness he felt was his due, without giving and without interference. It was his loyal friends who stayed by him, even at personal expense, through the mounting tide of prejudice that finally taught him that taking and giving are a part of each other; that neither he nor any individual holds a prerogative on suffering or seeking or longing, because such things are universal.

Platitudes flow like wine in this novel of hope, with all the characters indulging in a spot of philosophizing as a sort of everyday hobby. However, the book achieves a touching warmth and understanding where Karel and Nicky are concerned, and it ends on the bright note that the pure in heart can conquer just about every obstacle.

LOIS SLADE.

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK

By Giovanni Guareschi. 250 pages.
Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.00

G. Guareschi

In *The Little World of Don Camillo,* a 1950 best seller, Guareschi unveiled a troupe of characters, a plot, and a series of incidents which would charm anyone who expects fiction to be what cigarettes are also supposed to be, a treat instead of a treatment. *Don Camillo and His Flock* picks up again the doings of that little world with perhaps an even happier touch.

There is the Party (C.P.) with its—in this case—lovable stooges, Peppone, Smilzo, Straziami, and Lungo. They move about with a sense of mission, a collective cockiness, and the absurdly standardized Party postures and reactions. There is also the Enemy, whom these ardent Comrades can never quite manage to treat like an enemy, Don Camillo, the parish priest.

The priest remains in control of the battle because, as allies, he has a better head, a sharper tongue, bigger biceps, and a sense of humor. To say nothing of an ethic which proves moderately elastic when he feels he must embarrass the Party and pull God's chestnuts out of the fire.

Often enough, the icy barrier of Party consciousness thaws before the urgency of local pride, common sense, and the remembrance of comradeship in the deadly peril of the "resistance." This explains why, in the dead of night, two men did what it had taken five to do. They removed one bronze angel from the steeple of the parish church and substituted another. The two men were Peppone, the Communist mayor, and Don Camillo, the priest. It explains, too, why Don Camillo burst into Party headquarters with his old chaplain's kit and said Christmas Mass for the Party discussion club.

This is fiction as good as you will get. Streamlined, uncluttered by erratic emotion and chunks of amateur philosophy. Like a good cocktail, it has exactly what is necessary. No more, no less.

HENRY EDWARDS.

THE MOUNTAINS REMAIN

By Hanama Tasaki. 408 pages.
Houghton Mifflin. $3.50

Hanama Tasaki

The Mountains Remain tells the poignant story of the geisha, Ko-ume's love for the young nobleman, Minoru. It is a tale of men and women, who, heirs to a Buddhist tradition, struggle for foothold in the world turned upside down of postwar Japan.

Contrast makes much of the book's interest—contrast between ancient customs and hurried Americanization, oriental and Christian philosophy, loyalty to the Emperor and Communism. It is, in fact, a novel of ideas made flesh.

In the grand tradition, it deals with moral responsibility, with ambition, passion, and despair. It is intense but reticent; the characters as clear and vivid as figures on a sandelwood fan.

Ko-ume's romance is blighted less by the prejudice that condemns it than by her own and Minoru's frailty. Against their fading stands her brother Takeo's growth. There is dignity in the portraits of both the Countess Imayama, Minoru's mother, and of O-man, the Count's concubine who, looking at Ko-ume, dead, wishes sadly that she too might have been taken young.

The best realized and most forceful man in *The Mountains Remain* is the old Count Imayama, himself. An august and enlightened pagan, his death is the novel's real tragedy. Like Ko-ume, he is undone less by external violence than by the weakness that pierced the armor of even his stout soul.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

1000 YEARS OF IRISH PROSE

Edited by Vivian Mercier & David H. Greene. 607 pages.
Devin-Adair. $6.00

A companion volume to the previously published *1000 Years of Irish Poetry,* this book is Part I of an attempt to live up to an imposing title. In a rather airy

FOR

PARISH USE

EASY NOTATION SERIES

by

William E. Campbell, M. A., Ph. D.

A unique series using a system of numeration instead of notes: texts and melodies, approved by leading Church musicians, are liturgically correct.

EASY NOTATION FOR THE PROPER OF THE MASS

Set to Psalm-tones, with explanatory notes, 206 pp., paper, $2.00

EASY NOTATION HYMNALS

School Edition, 112 pp., $1.00; paper, $1.00
Church Edition, 68 pp., paper, $.75

CHURCH LINENS

A guide for Altar Societies, by Dom Matthew Britt, O.S.B. Well-documented, immensely useful booklet, 40 pp., paper, $.15

Dept. 4-1645

ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS

PATERSON 3, NEW JERSEY

"Here is a book which is strangely new."
—Claude Farrere in the Preface

THE HALO ON THE SWORD

St. Joan of Arc

By Mary Purcell

"The story of Saint Joan of Arc from her childhood to her martyrdom, written not as a ponderous biography but . . . with people who throb with life and with all the fidelity of background that can have come only from years of prodigious study. . . . She depicts the saint in all her holiness and steadfast devotion to her purpose but has interwoven in the pattern a wonderfully rich design of action and high adventure. . . . Every page of the book shines with the light of medieval France in all its strength and all its weakness. It is at once a faithful piece of history and a brilliant romance."—*Irish Independent*

320 pages $3.00

August selection of The Catholic Literary Foundation

Wherever *good* books are sold

THE NEWMAN PRESS

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND

introduction the editors try to justify their selections but the explanation leaves much to be desired. They had no hesitation in disposing of 930 years by confining themselves to the period of "The Literary Revival" which is the subtitle of the book. The brickbats will probably be many but apparently they are expected.

It is difficult to assess a book of this type because the purpose of the publication is not entirely clear. It is not an anthology of the best writing. The criterion expressed is what is "most readable and most significant." With that latitude, any book of Irish prose will usually be worth reading and this book is additional evidence, if any were needed, that Irishmen are remarkable masters of prose. As a second volume is in preparation, perhaps it would be pointless to note omissions.

Appropriately enough, Yeats' "Cathleen Ni Houlihan" is the first selection, followed by four selections from Standish O'Grady's "History of Ireland." Contributions from such familiar authors as Synge, George Moore, James Stephens, Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Casey, and others appear. James Joyce is represented by a chapter from *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and a long excerpt from *Ulysses*. One of two contributions by Frank O'Connor is "First Confession," despite the fact that it has appeared in so many other anthologies.

No doubt the editors were faced with a difficult assignment and perhaps one should reserve judgment until the second volume appears. The nature of the subject being what it is, it is safe to predict that the project will encounter plenty of disagreement.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF STALIN

By Louis Fischer. *272 pages.*
Harper & Bros. *$3.50*

Louis Fischer, a native-born American reporter, lived in Russia for fourteen years. His own words in *The God That Failed,* published a few years ago, admit that during this period, 1922-1936, he was "Pro-Soviet." He was never a member of the Communist party. From 1936-1939 he was an active champion of Republican Spain.

Here, he has written an excellent factual analysis of various phases of Joseph Stalin's life and activities. A final chapter is speculation as to what is going to happen in Russia on Stalin's death. As a whole, the book is harshly critical of persons and events, but it is not critical of Communism as such. Thus, it could be inferred that the author's change of position regarding Communism was caused, not by fault perceived in the underlying philosophy, theory of government, or way of life, but rather by the manner in which these were applied by Stalin and his followers. The possibility exists that Mr. Fischer might still be "pro-Soviet" if Trotsky, instead of Stalin, had succeeded Lenin in 1924.

With the foregoing reservation, this is a book of value. Some of the material has been used before in periodicals, but here there is a compilation of twenty-six easily read chapters. It is the type of book that can be read chapter by chapter or as a whole. The style is simple, journalistic, and the author's background is scholarly. Involved terminology is absent so that no glossary is required. There are several excellent photographs, an index, and a bibliography to enhance the work.

TOM HURLEY.

MURDER AT ST. DENNIS

By Margaret Ann Hubbard. *201 pages.*
Bruce Publishing Co. *$2.95*

M. A. Hubbard

Here is a sequel to Miss Hubbard's *Murder Takes the Veil,* again with a conventual influence but set in a mining district's hospital instead of a girl's college. Over a period of years Sister Magdalene, superior of St. Dennis Hospital, has hired inadvertently a number of people who would have excellent motives for murdering the local tyrant, Big Balsam Cassidy. The latest arrival is Marmion Pyus, a young laboratory technician, daughter of one of the men from whom Cassidy stole a gold mine.

It looks as though there will be no temptation when Big Balsam becomes critically ill and confined to an iron lung. But one of the staff is too impatient to wait for the hand of God, and during an electric storm stops his oxygen while Marmion is in the darkened room.

Since it was clearly an inside job, the fear and tension among the staff mount as many a well-buried past is exhumed. Dr. Kingston, the resident physician, finds relief from his bitter, introverted life in the freshness of Marmion and the exposition of the murderer. Sister Magdalene discovers why her priest-brother was murdered by Cassidy, who, in an ironic turn of events, leaves most of his ill-gotten fortune to Sister for the improvement of the hospital.

The plot of *Murder At St. Dennis* is logically built, with a plausible ending. The characters are colorful and well-balanced; the suspense of the narrative is sustained. While there are a few fuzzy transitions and some of the conversation is awkward, these will not mar your enjoyment.

PAULA BOWES.

Our advertisers appreciate your patronage

Wherever you are—

submerged in the sea or in work, we have a Fall list coming that will raise your spirits. Look:

THE BOOK OF THE SAVIOUR

Assembled by F. J. Sheed

Forty authors write on Our Lord—among them, Father Walter Farrell, O.P., Father Martindale, Msgr. Knox and Alfred Noyes. No one man could have written so good a book on Our Lord. This is a companion volume to *The Mary Book:* the same artist did the jacket and there are nine reproductions of great pictures as illustrations. 464 pp. Ready **$4.00**

EDITH STEIN

by Sister Teresia Renata de Spiritu Sancto

Biography of the greatest woman philosopher in history. (Yes, really). She was a German Jewess who became a Catholic, then a Carmelite nun and ended up in a Nazi gas-chamber. She will most likely be canonized before too long. Frontispiece. Ready. **$3.25**

FROM CONFUCIUS TO CHRIST

by Paul Sih
Preface by Bishop Fulton Sheen

Autobiography of a Chinese convert, now head of the Institute of Far Eastern Studies at Seton Hall University. Before that Dr. Sih was chief delegate from China to a United Nations committee on the Balkans. Ready Sept. 11. **$3.00**

UNDERSTANDING EUROPE

by Christopher Dawson

We might as well try to understand Europe as long as all our money seems to be headed for it. It is, after all, part of the same world as America, a world now in some danger of disintegration. To understand why, we need such a book as this, by one of the few writers who not only understand the past but can interpret its bearing on our present situation and on the future. Ready Sept. 11. **$3.50**

SHEED & WARD
New York 3

THE SINNER OF SAINT AMBROSE

Robert Raynolds. *443 pages.*
Bobbs Merrill Co., Inc. *$3.75*

R. Raynolds

The sinner in this story of the last years of the Roman Empire is Gregory Julian, descendant of Julian the Apostate, to whom St. Ambrose says, "Your sins be mine." Some puzzling events take place before we are done with the garrulous old Gregory, writing from his refuge in Britain. He becomes a catechumen, but is never able to subordinate his love of women and Rome to the love of Christ. In an emotional moment and without religious conviction, he has himself baptized, then divorces his Christian wife for adultery. Though united later with his family and despite lack of vocation or aptitude, he becomes a priest by popular acclaim after the manner of Ambrose. Eventually he is forced to flee his Spanish bishopric for favoring Pelagianism.

While his spiritual struggles ebb and flow, the vicissitudes of the Empire are unfolded: Theodosius' death, accession of Honorius to whom Gregory is an adviser, the murder of the barbarian general, Stilicho, and the siege of Rome by Alaric the Goth. There is a strong implication smacking of Gibbon that it was not only the degradation of Roman life and the infiltration of the barbarians which brought about the fall, but the jealous consolidation of power by the Christians that distracted the Romans from their true loyalty to the Empire and fixed their gaze on the heavenly Kingdom.

This abortive attempt to write another *Quo Vadis* is shot through with just enough pseudoreligious aphorisms and marital infidelities to make it a salable historical novel.

PAULA BOWES.

YOU, THE JURY

By Mary Borden. *346 pages.*
Longmans, Green. *$3.00*

M. Borden

You, the Jury falls into that general literary category known as the tragedy—a rather rare species today, for genuine tragedy is not a popular theme. It is the story of Martin Merriedew, son of the Crabbe village physician, as told by Lady Barbara Patche who knew Martin when they were children. Even then he had been a compelling personality, brilliant and

SAINTS FOR NOW

Edited by Clare Boothe Luce

Paul Gallico, Whittaker Chambers, Bruce Marshall, Rebecca West, Karl Stern, Evelyn Waugh and better than a dozen more of equal calibre, each writing on a saint he feels we need now—in other words, on his favorite saint. The illustrations are the artists' choice of *their* favorite saints and include one by Thomas Merton and another by Dali. An even better book than it sounds. Illus. Ready Sept. 11. **$3.50**

THE HELL CATHOLIC

by Father X

The story of a somewhat carefree Catholic young man whose parents send him on a trip to Rome in the hope that it may steady him a bit. We can't say he strikes us as awfully steady even on his return, but it is at least a most rewarding pilgrimage from the reader's point of view. If you have been wondering what the author of *Everybody Calls Me Father* would write next, here it is. Ready Sept. 11. **$2.00**

WOMAN TODAY

by Father John Fitzsimons

Fr. Fitzsimons is well aware that women have a role to play in public life as well as in their homes, only, he says, they will do both so much better if they grasp that men and women are really more different than women usually realize. Any woman, housewife, clerk or politician will find what he has to say well worth listening to. Ready Sept. 11. **$2.50**

SHEPHERDS OF FATIMA

by Father John de Marchi
Rewritten for American Children by Elisabeth Cobb

The story of the children who saw Our Lady at Fatima and to whom she entrusted a message for the whole world. We especially recommend this for reading aloud, though children of ten years old up can read it for themselves. Illus. by Jeanyee Wong. Ready. **$2.00**

Order books from your bookstore

There is much more about these books and about the other books we are publishing this Fall in the current issue of Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. To get your copy write to Teresa MacGill. It comes free and postpaid.

SHEED & WARD
New York 3

We shall be pleased to fill your book orders

Which Order . . .

will he choose?

The one he knows best!

The one which has appealed to him through its Vocational Directives.

Have him get acquainted with your Order. Show him the Novitiate-Activities-Recreation-Seminary-Study Work-through the medium of Audio-Visualization.

CVE* is fully equipped to produce a Vocational Unit, consisting of a 35mm Filmstrip plus a synchronously recorded dramatization of the story of your Order —its background—its history—its future.

Tell us your requirements . . . We'll fill them!

Write for full details to:

***CATHOLIC VISUAL EDUCATION, INC.**
147 BLEECKER ST.,
N. Y. 12, N. Y.

CURVED FRAME

CURVED GLASS

Curved picture frame with glass gives picture or photo a three-dimensional aspect. African avoidire —blonde, mahogany or walnut finish 5x7—$12.50, 8x10—$16.00, 9x11—$18.00, 11x4—$20.00. Italian print of Christ as shown, or choice of Madonna, Immaculate Heart of Mary, Blessed Mother, Our Lord's Profile, The Agony in the Garden, all free in color. (Add $12.50 for a fixture illuminating photo from below.) Makes wonderful nite light.

NEMES
2631 Lehmann Court, Chicago 14, Ill.

fascinatingly beautiful. His influence on Barbara's crippled brother Francis had been so powerful that Francis loved and obeyed him implicitly. There developed a secretiveness and unshakeable devotion about their relationship impossible not to question, but it was years later, when Martin was indicted in her husband's court on three counts of high treason, that Barbara pieced together the whole grim cloth of the story.

The author reveals her main character sparingly, so that at first mention Martin Merriedew casts only a shadowy, somewhat sinister presence. He had followed his father in the medical profession and established a reputation as an authority on nervous diseases. Then, abruptly, he deserted his family for three years without explanation. His actions during that time, and during part of the war years, are brought out in the trial by one of his erstwhile friends, testifying for the prosecution, who had grown to hate him as vigorously as he had once followed him.

Miss Borden writes with a precision and at such a deliberate pace as to milk the suspense for all it is worth. The dénouement comes as a letdown, I think, because Martin is neither the brute he had been intimated nor yet the type of hero readers can take unreservedly to their hearts.

In resolving the controversy for themselves, many in the author's audience may echo Barbara's concluding sentiments: "I have written this book because of a great uncertainty. It is finished and I am still uncertain."

LOIS SLADE.

CATHEDRALS IN THE WILDERNESS

By J. Herman Schauinger. 334 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. $4.00

The Bruce Publishing Company, already noted in the field of Catholic biography, now adds one more important work to the North American section of this broad field. *Cathedrals in the Wilderness* is the story of Benedict Joseph Flaget, a Sulpician priest driven from France by the Reign of Terror, who became the first bishop of Bardstown in Kentucky, later affectionately known as the Mother Church of the West.

It was shortly after our own Revolution that the recently arrived young French cleric crossed the Alleghenies on his way from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, beginning that tireless apostolate which carried him through eighteen years as a mission priest and forty as bishop of a diocese extending from Kentucky and Tennessee up to Minnesota and Michigan.

Bishop Flaget evidently combined old French courtesy with the energy of a Daniel Boone; and since—as John Gilmary Shea long ago pointed out—he was a living link between such ecclesiastical pioneers as Badin, Nerinckx, and Carroll and the "prosperous Church of the nineteenth century," the hardships he faced ranged all the long way from Indian attacks to the trustee scandals. One great merit of Professor Schauinger's volume is that he never allows its necessarily copious documentation to obscure the personality of his subject—a personality so winning in its blend of strength and sweetness, of humility and authority. Another outstanding virtue, to the present reviewer, is the fact that he tells the story as straight biography, without fictional flourishes or imaginary conversations.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

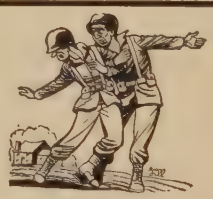
THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR

Alfred A. Knopf. 367 pages. $4.00

F. O'Connor

Here for his admirers, and among American literary *aficionados* of Irish writing they are many, is what the writer, Frank O'Connor himself, calls "the Perfect Book: the book he does not feel he really must apologize for before giving it to a friend; the book which sums up all that he has ever wished to be or do from the days when he was a penniless youngster wandering the streets of a provincial town."

The book embodies selected short stories taken from *Bones of Contention*,



Family Reunion

▶ The young recruits were being processed into the life of a serviceman. The tough sergeant was telling them what was expected of each of them, etc. He ended his lecture by saying:

"The Army tries to keep you as happy as possible. Now we are trying to keep brothers together while they are in the service. By the way, has anybody here got a brother he would like to be with?"

A timid recruit raised his hand.

"Where is your brother?" the sergeant asked.

"He's at home," was the meek reply.

—*Walt Reynolds*

Crab Apple Jelly, The Common Chord; and, rather unusual in publishing, from *Traveller's Samples,* issued but a short year ago. The stories, freshly in book form, will be familiar to many because of their recent appearance in *The New Yorker.*

Many of the stories have been rewritten, without losing any of their essentiality; for O'Connor is a preeminently painstaking craftsman. It is a question whether he has heightened or softened the squinting wryness of his irreverence toward the Faith of the people of whom he writes, a wryness that in bursts of a spitting bitterness comes close to even more than anticlericalism.

O'Connor is, indubitably, a master of his genre—"the slice of life" short story; although to some it will seem that he cuts with a ragged-edged, septic knife. It was perhaps unfortunate that years ago the poet Yeats called him an Irish Chekhov. There was a nobility in his first book, *Guests of the Nation,* that has not since been present in his writings. Now when he looks through his quizzing glass at the Irish scenes he does it "in a dark manner." Mercifully in this, his "Perfect Book" by his own styling, he has not included his notorious *Holiday* article on Ireland, which so many people deemed more fictional than any of his short stories.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE SHINING TIDES

By Win Brooks. *281 pages.*
William Morrow & Co. *$3.50*

Win Brooks

The Shining Tides is the story of a little Cape Cod fishing community, most of whose members, in one way or another, earn their living at sea. The taste and smell of the sea are in the air; the stories about fishing, though tall, are interesting, and the characterization is vivid, but in spite of this the characters do not come alive and the story lacks suspense, both defects stemming from the way the story is told. In the opening chapters, the author introduces the characters one by one, sketches their background, sets them in motion, then fits them into the narrative. Between the chapters, he inserts lyrical descriptions of life at the bottom of the sea.

Now this is an interesting way to tell a story, but one that loses momentum steadily instead of gaining it. The characters too lack reality; they are sentimental types, not living people who establish themselves in our imagination. Father O'Meara, the fishing priest, is a good example. There is too much effort to show that he is a "regular fellow" and he is too subjective and literary to convince us. Of course, he is on the side of the angels, a pleasant change in modern fiction, but his guilty conscience over his devotion to striped-bass fishing does little to establish his reality.

The story is interesting, however, and, except for an occasional lapse in good taste, is very well written. It is appearing on the book stalls at the right moment for the vacation trade, when every man who can leave his desk becomes something of a fisherman.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

THE LEMON JELLY CAKE

By Madeline B. Smith. *240 pages.*
Little Brown. *$3.00*

If the tremendous popularity of the psychological novel during the last decade brought any good to American fiction, it should at least have taught authors the need of mature thinking without which the novel will follow the movies in a desperate struggle for survival. A case in point is *The Lemon Jelly Cake,* a tale bogged down with adolescent conceptions of religion, politics, and human relationships. It is a novel and was published serially in a woman's magazine. This explains many things about it, certainly the housewifely pride in recipes, but not why the story should have gotten between the covers of a book.

The locale is Tory, Illinois, in 1900. Life there resembled a jelly cake. As Kate Bradford, wife of the town's doctor, puts it, "Life is in layers. Everybody is in his own layer and can't get out. I'm in the Tory layer." From her precocious eleven-year-old daughter, Helene, and her chum, Gracie, the daughter of the local minister, the reader learns about the private lives of the people of Tory, especially the monotonous life that irks their mothers and sends each of them off on a little spree. They return and somehow save Tory's moral standards.

Scattered through 240 pages of childish chatter, and without a gleam of satire, are the harebrained remarks of the mamas and papas, especially Helene's papa, who neglects his wife for his profession, claiming he has "been a Christer and I've laughed at other Christers." Maybe you'll get what I mean about this book from Helene's description of "an *unusual* summer: Mr. Fenton (her mother's secret admirer) had come to Tory . . . he had brought me a party and stolen Mrs. Antha's cake . . . Gracie and I had been to the hoarfrost house . . . Mrs. Baldwin and Ferd Fuchre, who weren't even second cousins, had gone to the Chautauqua together and stayed all night in the same tent. . . . Perhaps these happenings weren't too strange since Papa had said that the new century would bring unaccountable wonders."

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

For humor, excitement, inspiration, be sure to read the new book by

JOSEPH A. BREIG

NINETEEN sparkling chapters on life in a typical American, Catholic family. The five children and their parents are the heroes and heroines of occasions filled with laughter, pathos and the essence of grace-filled life. One of the most widely-read Catholic authors is at his delightful best in

MY PANTS WHEN I DIE

At your bookstore • $2.25

McMULLEN BOOKS, Inc.
22 Park Place • New York 7

for men of action

Penetrating essays by Father Montcheuil, S.J. concerning the many problems which lay people face in spiritual development.

2nd printing **$3.00**

christian design for sex

"We can fail young people by telling them what is right and wrong without revealing a plan . . . Father Buckley's genius lies in his ability to integrate the two approaches."

—*Father Denis Geaney*

$3.50

many are one

"It's grass roots theology at its best . . ." explained so that all may understand."

—*Hugh J. Nolan*

$2.50

accent on purity

A clear explanation of the role of parents, religious and priests, but also a workable outline on sex instruction. Full bibliography.

Revised edition **$1.00**

at all bookstores

fides

21 w. superior chicago

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your novel, scholarly or religious work, biography, play, poetry, memoirs, etc., perhaps we can help you. Write today for Free Booklet SN.

VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 230 W. 41st St., N. Y. 36.

Sell CATHOLIC Christmas Cards
Make $50.00 easy in Spare Time

Show your friends lovely, new, Religious Cards never before offered. Amazing values. Sell 21 for $1.00. Up to 100% profit. Over 57 other assortments on which you can make easy money fast. Start now—write for samples today.

EXCELSIOR GREETINGS
5938 Fieldston Rd., N. Y. 71, N. Y.

JOHN McCORMACK
DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED RECORDS
Catholic and Irish Records
Catalogue Mailed Free on Request
Blarney Castle Products Co.
Box 102, Times Plaza Station
Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

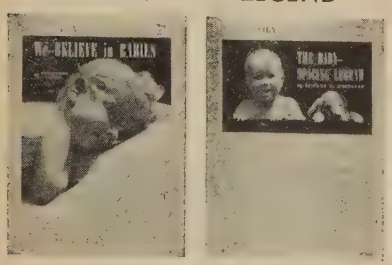
REPRINTS from THE SIGN
How A Mixed Marriage Worked!

The Story From Real Life By Man and Wife

15c A Copy $13.50 Per 100 $100 Per 1,000

Written by the Protestant Wife and the Catholic Husband—five years after! Sixteen-page booklet, 5½" x 8½". (Postage extra on quantities).

"WE BELIEVE IN BABIES" *"THE BABY SPACING LEGEND"*



Single copy of either: 5¢ plus a 3¢ stamp; 4.50 per 100, postage extra.

THE SIGN Reprints Dept. UNION CITY, N. J.

THE QUIET LIFE OF MRS. GENERAL LANE

By Victoria Case. *319 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.75*

The distinction between the novel with a plot and the novel with a meaning is well recognized by just about every literate human being, unless, of course, he happens to be an author, in which case the powers of discernment are, presumably, placed in fearsome jeopardy.

The latest to fall victim to his occupational hazard is Victoria Case, who has concocted, in *The Quiet Life of Mrs. General Lane,* as pointless a mixture of fact and fancy as ever flirted with that singular segment of the best-seller market that seems perpetually bearish on significance and bullish on schmaltz.

Having encountered, in accounts of the life of General Joseph Lane, controversial political figure of Lincoln's time, a reference to the "quiet life" of his wife, Polly, Miss Case was admittedly taken with the notion that the lady's life may not have been so quiet after all, and that such a premise presumably constituted a sufficient excuse for a novel. Seizing the bit in her teeth, the author seems to have raced off to the finish line with a saga of an orphaned girl who grows into passionate womanhood, marries once for security and later for love, then spends some four connubial decades growing away from a husband more interested in the growth of his country than in the welfare of his family. In the end, of course, she loves him all over again and, just for good measure, gets religion, (alas, Catholicism!) for reasons that make the head swim.

Through all this there are the usual historical allusions and now and then an attempt to secure a firmer place in history for General Lane, but the sum total is another one of those "historical" novels that confuse plot, color, and romance with meaning. What ever became of that paper shortage we used to hear so much about?

CLARE POWERS.

CATHERINE CARTER

By Pamela H. Johnson. *478 pages.*
Knopf. *$3.95*

Pamela Johnson

As a disciple of Marcel Proust, Pamela Johnson's recent novel suggests that she gathered together his theories as a psychologist and went in search of characters and a plot. She found them in the English theater of the nineteenth century, a tremendously colorful era—Victorian in the best and worst sense of the word. Yet withal, Miss Johnson has written only a weary, pedestrian, and verbose tale of the rise of a middle-class young woman to stardom on the English stage and her two loves, Henry Peverel, the actor who gave her her first chance and a portrait of the great English actor Henry Irving, and the young aristocrat, Malcolm Rivers.

On the whole, Miss Johnson's characters seem like puppets that must conform to certain psychological patterns. She sees man always in the process of mental change and development, regardless of whether the change involves morality. Almost every action of her characters, especially Catherine Carter, is minutely analyzed and catalogued. To accomplish this experiment, the heroine Catherine, self-willed and impetuous, is pitted against a variety of temperaments in her climb to fame. No one can deny that Miss Johnson often writes beautiful prose, reminiscent of Austen and Hardy without, however, their crispness. But in recording the Victorian revolt, in a way childish in its glee at crashing through tradition whether or not it involves the Christian moral code, she has a certain smugness and satisfaction. This will make her novel grist for the Hollywood mills but a theme already worn threadbare for the demanding reader.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

SHORT NOTICES

YOUR FAMILY CIRCLE. By Sister Jean Patrice, C.S.J. 145 pages. Bruce. $2.75. Here is a bright and charming book which should be of interest to parents, teachers, and all interested in the pre-school child. Sister Jean Patrice has had considerable experience in meeting the problems and answering the questions of young children. Her common sense and love of her charges are evident in suggestions for easing the new baby into the household, taking children to church, teaching them religion, dealing with handicapped children, or explaining the fact of birth, death, or color.

Your Family Circle makes easy and pleasant reading. However, a depth of thought lies beneath its casual style. Parents should welcome this integration of sound philosophy with child guidance techniques.

MAN FROM ABILENE. By Kevin McCann. 252 pages. Doubleday. $2.50. Mr. McCann's laudatory survey of General Eisenhower is bound to be judged as a campaign document, whether it was intended to be such or not. Certainly its point of view—that the General is not "too good to be true," but is "in most ways . . . better than he seems"—is valuable for political purposes. The author has also seen fit to provide a background

corresponding to American folklore for his hero. Eisenhower came from a family "poor by today's standards." Thus he would fit well into that group of Presidents, Jackson and Lincoln for example, who surmounted poverty on their way to greatness. His "boyhood was typical—in fact it was ordinary." Thus he has a background not alarming to the average man, another McKinley or Coolidge perhaps. But even as a child, certain friends detected in him "the quality of leadership." Expressing as it does such a familiar formula, *Man From Abilene* will undoubtedly have great popular success with the many supporters and admirers of General Eisenhower.

THIS IS IKE. Edited by Wilson Hicks. 100 pages. Henry Holt. $1.00 & $2.50. The wild scramble for publishing ideas which goes endlessly on in our country rarely leaves even a half-likely source untouched. Nobody knows yet whether General Eisenhower will ever be president. But he has plenty of news interest at the moment, and here is a book riding into the market on that publicity wave. It is a picture book representing over 250 shots of Ike, his family, his background, his public life. Brief captions and blurbs fill out and interpret the picture story. For anyone who wants to know about the General, but who shies away from the time-and-money-investment required by the regular biography.

Good Tip

▶A lecturer had warmed up to her subject. "Who has the most money to spend?" she thundered. "Who drives around in the finest car? The saloon keeper! And who has the finest fur coats? The saloon keeper's wife! And who pays for these pleasures? You do, my friends, you do!"

Several days later, a man and woman who had been in the audience stopped the lecturer on the street and thanked her for her advice. "I'm glad indeed," the temperance lady said, "that you have given up drink."

"Oh, we haven't done that," said the man. "We've bought a saloon!"

—Future

THE FURTHER JOURNEY. By Rosalind Murray. 185 pages. McKay Co. $2.75. Rosalind Murray, daughter of the famous and erstwhile Oxford professor of Greek, Gilbert Murray, has written a fifth book about her experiences as a convert to Catholicism. Twenty years ago the author emerged "from the bonds of a materialist humanism" and now she is eager to tell those she left on the other side of the wall how it feels when one has really tried to live by the Catholic faith over this number of years. Are there disappointments? Or any regrets? Miss Murray has none. "We feel that we are breaking free from a limited, man-made cosmos into an infinitely wider one. . . . To such a state of mind the Divine Christ, the Logos, the Christ present in the Blessed Sacrament, is far easier to accept than a historic and human Jesus." This is an honest, deep, and joyful account of a "good pagan" turned good Catholic.

MY PANTS WHEN I DIE. By Joseph A. Breig. McMullen. 159 pages. $2.25. "Dad, can I have your pants when you die?" If, from his inexhaustible supply of questions, your young son came up with this one, you might consider the request a little on the morbid side; but to Joseph Breig, it was just welcome proof of his son's affection.

At any rate, he has used it to advantage in titling a collection of essays originally published in various periodicals, but all built around the theme of Catholic family life. In the Breig household of five children of assorted age and sex, other parents will recognize the enchanting, lovable, mysterious, and maddening traits of their own offspring.

A newspaperman by profession, Mr. Breig writes breezily and entertainingly, with an occasional lapse into the sentimental, but with a deep conviction of the worth and essential religious character of the family.

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST. By Dom Columba Marmion, O.S.B. 256 pages. Newman. $3.75. Dom Raymond Thibaut, O.S.B., here offers a compilation of Marmion's thought on suffering. It is pieced together from the three major works of the holy Abbot of Maredsous and from his letters of spiritual direction. Characteristic Marmion qualities—profound contemplative understanding of the Scriptures, theological clarity, and identification of all Christian experience with that of Christ—are brought to bear on that most widespread of human adventures, suffering. All who share in the common woes will be cheered by the dignity and utility which the Abbot finds in them. They will also be reminded of the whole connected field of spiritual science which touches and must interpret the trials of life.

The Vatican leads in the fight against Communism

READ

Faith IS A Weapon

By THOMAS B. MORGAN

A DETAILED account of the resistance of Catholic groups, both lay and religious, against Communist elements in the various countries of Europe, by a man "whose information is firsthand . . . He has known intimately those prelates and laymen who are face to face with the evil abroad in the world . . . He knows not merely the work of the Church but also her indestructible nature. He has learned that the weapons of the Church are not politics or even human persuasion, but faith."—Most Reverend RICHARD J. CUSHING, D.D., Archbishop of Boston

At all bookstores $3.75

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
210 Madison Avenue, New York, 16

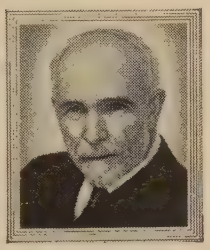
60 Day Delivery —Everything For Your Church!
- SANCTUARY— *everything*
- KITCHEN— *everything*
- RECREATION— *everything*
- SUNDAY SCHOOL *everything*

Write—Wire—Phone for Quotes

INSTITUTIONAL SALES
1037 6th Ave Huntington, W. Va.
PH:.33642

IF & WHEN You Move
Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address
to THE SIGN

Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?



SHERWIN CODY

MANY persons say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"—or use "who" for "whom"—or don't know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ie" or "ei", etc. Mistakes in English reveal lack of education, refinement — prevent you from presenting your thoughts in strongest way. Real command of English will help you reach *any* goal.

Wonderful Invention

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's famous invention—and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful, self-correcting lessons. **FREE BOOK ON ENGLISH.** Lack of language power may be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you; it costs you nothing to find out. Write for free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It will prove a revelation. WRITE NOW.

Sherwin Cody Course in English, 999 B & O Bldg., Rochester 14, N. Y.

Earn Quick Cash with CATHOLIC Christmas Cards

Sell cards that glorify the Church . . . and pay you handsome profits. All your Catholic friends will want them. You'll sell two, three and more assortments on a call, make up to 50c on every $1 box! Christmas Cards with name in 24-kt. GOLD, "Secret Pal" cards, Name-In-Skirt Notes, Stationery, Gifts, over 150 money-makers.

EXTRA DOLLARS for CHURCH GROUPS

Your group can earn big money this easy way. Start at once. No experience needed. Get FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, Assortments on approval. *Write today!*

FREE Imprint Samples

MIDWEST CARD CO., Dept. 54-C
1113 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS 1, MO.

STILL THE MOST POPULAR BOOKLET We've Ever Published—

Only 25¢

"Confidence In God"

- Gives You What its Title Says: confidence in your God.

96 pp. 3½" x 5½"

20% Off On 25-99 Copies.
33⅓% Off On 100 or more.

THE SIGN Booklet Desk UNION CITY, N. J.

THE BIG BASS DRUM

(Continued from page 16)

The figure of the drum came to mind again, the drum's resounding emptiness. More unexpectedly there rose in him a disgust with the third of his life he had wasted. Twisting clear of the Marvel's fat bulk—the fool had been actually trying to pin him, Stacy realized—Stacy sprang to his feet, bent and picked the other man up and carried him to the ropes. There, without having once consciously planned on doing so, he dropped him into the bass-drum. The tightly drawn hide opened as though to receive him and a single, rumbling note, quickly cut off, rose into the lights. Without bothering to see if the Golden Marvel were still whole or had any desire to return to the ring, Stacy turned, took his robe from Jeffrey, who had sensed before anyone else that it was over and was holding the garment out to Stacy, and started up the aisle.

A figure not unlike a scarecrow rose before him: it had the narrow, astonished features of Haloway. From the figure's uncertainty and tentative motions —as though balancing—no one could have said what Haloway might have been planning to do. Stacy decided for him. Thinking to get it all over at once, the whole of the poison forever out of his system, Stacy ran at Haloway, who turned and fled. Not hearing his own laughter, Stacy chased him into the lobby and saw him take off down the street.

Stacy made his way through the departing crowd to the dressing room. Jeffrey waited there but no one else. Stacy began to undress. "You want a regular job?" Stacy said.

"You mean, at this?"

"No—something decent, like taking care of a ranch house."

"I guess I could try it. I figured you might be getting done with this business after what you did."

"I know you did. You knew it before anyone. You knew it before I did."

The Negro stood there but said nothing more. In the shower Stacy began to wonder why he had waited so long to do what he had done. Ellen, the drum, the boy. Haloway—they had all come together in one place. If there was any more to it than that it would have to be thought about another time. Dressing, he simply let himself rejoice that he had finally done what he had to do. He was sure Ellen would let him take the child to the game tomorrow. And he was going to begin the rounds of the fraternity houses tonight.

Jeffrey, who had been watching him quietly for some time, said: "You look like you come into an inheritance or something."

"I guess you could call it that," Stacy said.

The Sign

Hopes You'll Remember, Now It's September— Order THE SIGN, Then, For Self and the Children!

THE SIGN Magazine
Room 109, Sign Bldg.,
Union City, N. J.

Rev. Dear Father:
Please enter subscription(s) for the following:
(Check here ☐ if gift cards should be sent to you, so you may send them personally).

Name .....
Address .....
City..... Zone.... State.....
☐ One Year $3 ☐ Two Years $5
Subscription is ☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL
☐ Send Gift Card Directly. Signed:
From.....

Name .....
Address .....
City..... Zone.... State.....
☐ One Year $3 ☐ Two Years $5
Subscription is ☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL
☐ Send Gift Card Directly. Signed:
From.....

ALSO, PLEASE ☐ ENTER ☐ RENEW MY OWN SUBSCRIPTION FOR.....YEARS.

MY NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
CITY..... ZONE.... STATE.....
☐ I ENCLOSE $..... ☐ PLEASE BILL ME

GIFT RATES:
One Year $3.00
Two Years or Two 1-Year Subscriptions $5.00
Each Additional 1-Year—$2.50
Foreign: Add 50c Per Year

The Sign

WHIPPING BOY FOR BIGOTS

(*Continued from page 31*)

lay. The country was consecrated to he Sacred Heart, which consecration s to be renewed each year on the feast. And there are many other signs of growing Catholic life.

The Protestant technique of denying hat Catholics are Christians appears in *Presbyterian Life* along with the other mears. This strange twisting of terms is used all over South America. The author has heard the Catholic Church referred to as "Satan," the Sacrifice of the Mass as "a pagan cult," the Catholic religion as "worship of the devil." Nothing more quickly angers a Latin American than to be told that he is not a Christian but a pagan. In the Latin mentality it is the Protestant who is the heretic. But the Protestants aren't apologists. Too often they are only Catholic-baiters.

"We believe in freedom of religion," said a Colombian businessman, "but not freedom to proselytize. Catholicism is our state religion. A Concordat approved by both our political parties exists between Colombia and the Vatican. This is the way Colombians want to live, contrary to what American or British Protestant missionaries may think."

The *Presbyterian Life* charges regarding the Bogota Riots have already been answered. There is no doubt that some extreme Protestants would have preferred to see the Communists take over Colombia, but it is fortunate for all America that the Reds lost their first foothold in the Western World.

The eight pages of accusations made by *Presbyterian Life* follow the same pattern and are subject to the same answers. The Presbyterians are doing religion and the nation of Colombia a strong disservice by allowing themselves to be party to such bigoted accusations, which could be a crude joke except for their very tragic consequences.

From April, 1951 to April, 1952, there have been almost 100 bombing, dynamite plantings, cross burnings, kidnappings, and destruction of religious property in the United States' Southland. These acts were committed against Jews, Catholics, and Negroes; against synagogues, Catholic churches, public schools (admitting Negroes), and private homes. These attacks have all been documented. Yet they have received less attention in the public press than the Protestant charges against the Catholic Church in Colombia. It would make as much sense to blame the Baptist or Methodist Church for these outrages as it does to blame the Catholic Church in Colombia for incidents there.

The situations are parallel, but bigotry is blinded.

CORTINA
makes it FUN *to*
Speak FRENCH SPANISH
RUSSIAN · GERMAN · ITALIAN
BRAZILIAN · JAPANESE

BIG OPPORTUNITIES await Americans who speak languages. Learn as a child learns — "by listening." The CORTINA method, famous for 70 years, teaches you, right at home, to speak like a native!

All New Recordings On Unbreakable Records

FREE BOOK The "Cortina Short-Cut" describes this amazing method and FREE TRIAL offer. Send for it TODAY. State language interested in. Also if Vet. now eligible under G.I. bill.

CORTINA ACADEMY DEPT. 1339
105 W. 40TH ST. NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

519 DIFFERENT STAMPS
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD
for only 25¢

plus FREE Booklet on Stamp Collecting

Big valuable imported collection of 519 different stamps from dozens of hard-to-get countries! Regular $3.50 value — yet all yours for only 25¢ to introduce our Bargain Approvals. Included, FREE, helpful booklet on Stamp Collecting — shows you how to identify stamps. Money back if not delighted. Send 25¢ today. Ask for Lot FY-1

- KOREA 1951 provisionals;
- INDONESIA native rebellion pictorials;
- MONACO Roosevelt triangle, etc.

ZENITH CO., 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

No Other Folding Kneeler Chair Like This ...Combines Seating and Kneeling...Beauty and Comfort

Many uses: *In the Sanctuary... as a pew extender for overflow crowds... For Lectures... Dinners... Entertainments.*

The kneeler is a built-in part of the chair and folds automatically as the chair folds. It also folds up and locks out of the way when the chair is needed for regular seating only. This steel chair folds to flat 2" thickness for safe, non-wobbly stacking in minimum space—has Clarin famous lasting baked enamel finish—choice of luxurious mohair or leatherette upholstery—several beautiful color combinations—supremely comfortable for sitting or kneeling.

Write for: Beautiful, new Free Catalogue showing entire Clarin line including unique new folding tablet arm chair.

Clarin Mfg. Company, Dept. 21.
4640 W. Harrison St., Chicago 44, Ill.

SINCE 1925...THE ARISTOCRAT OF FOLDING CHAIRS

SIGN SUBSCRIBERS in CANADA
You may send your payments to
THE SIGN
Passionist Fathers
Box 64, Station K
Toronto, Ontario

RELIGIOUS—CHURCH WORKERS
EARN money for your church or yourself. Sell new and distinctive religious necklaces made with *hand*-made—*hand*-painted Ceramo-Tex medals. Write today for *free* information
Religious Artcraft & Design
Box 472 Pittsfield, Mass.

FOLDING LEG TABLES

For Adults and Children
Tops—Plywood—Masonite Plastic
Folding Chairs
Steel and Wood
Card Tables
Write Dept. S
WAL-MAR CORPORATION
507 N. Wolcott Ave. Chicago 22, Ill.

YOU MAKE $50.00
for yourself, Sodality, School or organization selling 100 boxes of brand new 1952
CATHOLIC CHRISTMAS CARDS
Other fast money makers. Write for samples on approval.
ROBINSON CARDS
Dept. E-20 Clinton, Mass.

PICTURES & PRINTS

The largest selection of Religious Subjects in America by world-famed artists

Also, complete stock of Old Masters, Moderns, Contemporaries

Full information furnished promptly upon request

Oestreicher's 1208 Sixth Avenue (Dept. R) New York 36, N.Y.

YOUR CHURCH WINDOWS CAN INSPIRE WORSHIP

Through the use of low cost "Windowphanie" plain glass windows can be transformed into rich, colorful Art Glass Effects. Easily applied.

Ask for Free Sample

DEPT. S

WINDOWPHANIE COMPANY

855 Bloomfield Ave. Glenridge, N. J.

from $2975

Buy...the REAL thing!

HERE is a genuine *PIPE ORGAN*... with finest tone and action, and within reach of every budget.

WICKS ORGAN COMPANY HIGHLAND ILLINOIS

Dept. L.G.

WICKS ORGANS

ACCORDIONS

FAMOUS ITALIAN MAKES

The Vatican's Choice

Now! Offered to Students, Teachers, Professionals, and Church Groups—DIRECT at

WHOLESALE PRICES

Illustrated folder FREE—Write TODAY!

Accordion Manufacturers & Wholesalers Outlet

Dept. TS, 2003 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.

Rich in Vitamins

Gathered ripe to capture the full vitamin flavor.

If you cannot purchase this in your home town—write us—P.O. Box J. S., Chicago (90)

Sexton Quality Foods

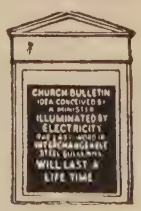
D-25

WANTED JEWELRY

We buy old or broken jewelry. Highest cash paid immediately. Mail us gold teeth, watches, rings, diamonds, silverware, eye glasses, old gold, silver, platinum, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed or your articles returned. We are licensed gold buyers. Write for FREE information.

ROSE SMELTING CO.

29-AB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

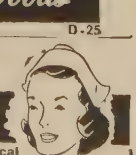


CHURCH BULLETINS

Every progressive church should use Winters' De Luxe Bulletin Board. Dignified, effective, and economical. Over 7,000 IN USE, increase attendance, interest and collections. Write today for Illus. Catalog SI. H. E. Winters Specialty Company, Davenport, Iowa.

...Train At Home For A WELL PAID CAREER

PRACTICAL NURSING



Help fill the urgent need for Trained Practical Nurses. If you are between 18 and 55, it's easy to train at home in your spare time to take your place in this respected calling. Many earn while learning. High school is not needed. Nurse's equipment included. Mail this ad today for FREE Facts.

Wayne School Of Practical Nursing, Inc., 2525 Sheffield Ave., Desk FJ-4, Chicago 14, Ill.

Please rush FREE FACTS and Sample Lesson Pages.

NAME _____

Full Address _____

Mitchell FOLD-O-LEG tables

The strongest, handiest folding table made. For banquet, church and school use. Write for descriptive folder.

MITCHELL MFG. COMPANY

2748 S. 34th St., Milwaukee 7, Wis. Dept. S

NEW EXCLUSIVE! CHRISTMAS CARDS Sparkle Like Diamonds

BIG EARNINGS FREE SAMPLES

"Everyone will love them! Sparkling, Twinkling, Personal Christmas Cards; embossed, diecut, different! See how they go! Sure to make "happy" spare-time dollars for you. EXTRA, EXTRA dollars, too! Unusual other Christmas Cards, Gift Items and Wraps. WRITE TODAY—FREE SPARKLING SAMPLES plus assortments on approval.

MAKE 75¢ A BOX

CHAS. C. SCHWER CO., 89E Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

LETTERS

The Anti-anti Communists

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article which THE SIGN carried some time ago, dealing with COUNTERATTACK and RED CHANNELS, certainly seems to have raised the blood pressure, if not the hackles, of your subscriber and correspondent from Chicago, Illinois, who signs himself "P. C. G." I certainly hope that this individual reads the editorial in your current issue, "Who is the Enemy?" In my way of thinking the anti-anti-Communist is about the most frustrated type of liberal upon the scene today. To me there is a certain phony type of justice and charity, which starts blowing fuses and exploding all over the place when Senator McCarthy, Whittaker Chambers, Pat McCarran, or Louis Budenz begin to smoke out the traitors in our midst. It seems to be too much for these timid souls to grasp the fact that certain professors, and others of the class of smug intellectuals, are in fact lousy traitors. My, how this gentry groans when they are exposed! What a great gnashing of teeth and snarls of hatred for such a man as McCarthy! It certainly is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel for this gentry to denounce the "methods" of McCarthy, while swallowing the tripe of Lattimore, et al. Ain't it awful? Ain't it really awful?

The whole letter deserves some kind of an award, but it seems to me there should be some special sort of prize for this heavy thinking.

> "Communism is a real and present danger, true. But the tactics of such men as Sen. McCarthy and the publishers of *Red Channels* are also dangerous in that they are destroying true, liberal, Christian thinking. And though these men have given the word 'liberal' an ugly connotation, remember that in a very true sense, Christ was a liberal. Thank God there is no *Red Channels* in heaven, or the thief on the cross would now be in hell."

Your correspondent apparently uses this rubbish without suspecting that the basic idea behind is has been planted, and that he is a mere vehicle for transmitting the irrational and tainted dish of Red propaganda. He is indeed in a sad posture, which reminds me of nothing so much as the similar squealer to whom Eugene Lyons once referred to as having made "an indecent exposure of his most private intellectual parts."

CHARLES A. WALSH

Concordia, Kansas

Likes "The Sign Post"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I enjoy your magazine immensely. It is based upon good Catholic dogma and does not attempt to entertain the reader with religious sentimentalism, as so many other Catholic magazines do. I think that the makeup and the photography and the various features are excellent, and quite interesting, but I epecially like the columns devoted to answering questions concerning the Catholic Faith sent in by mail. It is very important for Catholics to read, not only so that they might learn the answers, but also so that they will be able to answer those very questions themselves when asked.

Being a graduate of a Catholic college, I began reading the column confident that it would be something I had already learned. I soon realized how very much I have yet to learn, because particular cases with their individuating circumstances are quite different from the general courses in Apologetics and Theology and Ethics that we had in college—although naturally the same general principles apply in all cases.

I like the calm and respectful manner by which each question is answered clearly and logically.

JOAN BACKMAN

Stamford, Conn.

The Spanish Issue

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was very interested in the letter of one of your readers who tells you that "your support of the Spanish dictatorship reveals an appalling lack of vision."

May I offer my view of the Spanish issue based on what I know about the Spanish people, their literature and history, after my service some thirty years ago at the Spanish Consulate in Vienna, and a recent stay in Madrid, and talks with Spanish Catholics.

If THE SIGN did not look favorably upon the present authoritarian regime as the only working alternative, in these crucial times, to a return to the troubles of the civil war and subsequent Communist dictatorship from which the national movement intervened to save the country, I am afraid you would display that lack of vision with which your correspondent charges you.

AUGUSTE MOESLINGNER

Epinal, Vosges, France

Helping the Blind

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The illustration and the legend which preface the very charitable article, "Is Kindness A Good Investment?," in your July issue, contain an error from the point of helping the blinded. The illustration and the legend, well intended though they be, show just what one should not do in assisting the blinded—you should never push or pull a blinded person if you wish to guide him. Rather, you should lead him.

It is to be noted that the couple in the background give a proper illustration of just how that particular gentleman in the foreground should have been guided. Since the blinded man is carrying his cane in

MOTHER: Send for This!

8 Mistakes Parents make

FREE BOOK

Every parent should have this new book. It is free; no obligation. Simply address

PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 279, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

SELL RELIGIOUS LINE

Start a Hobby or Profit Business

Now . . . you can make large profits selling our line of Holy Pictures, Medals, Statues, Rosaries, Novelties at our daringly low wholesale prices. Then too, you can make thrillingly beautiful Rosaries easily with our exciting beads, chains, crucifixes, centers, etc., for fun and profit. SEND 10c TODAY for our large, ILLUSTRATED WHOLESALE CATALOG.

MAKE ROSARIES

WHOLESALE CATALOG

GREYLOCK CREATIONS, Box 1048-S Pittsfield, Mass.

Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis
Williamsville, New York

Devote their lives to the care of orphans and the aged, to nursing the sick in hospitals and the teaching of youth. The Community enjoys the privilege of Perpetual Adoration, combining the active and contemplative life.

Address MOTHER SUPERIOR

CARMELITE SISTERS

of the Divine Heart of Jesus welcome candidates who wish to consecrate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus, by taking care of children, the aged or missions. Apply to the

Reverend Mother Provincial,
1214 Kavanaugh Place, Wauwatosa, 13, Wis.

Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate

A Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, Trained Catechists and Professional Social Workers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st Street, New York City.

NOVITIATE: MARYCREST CONVENT
Monroe, Orange County, New York
Write for Information and Free Literature

HAVE YOU A DOMINICAN VOCATION?

The Sisters of Saint Dominic are devoted principally to teaching in Grammar School, High School, and College. They also have Sisters employed in social, secretarial, and domestic work.

For information address:
Directress of Vocations
MOUNT SAINT DOMINIC
Caldwell, New Jersey

The Church needs Missionaries—catechists, domestic workers, teachers, nurses. Young women between the ages of 16 and 27 of normal health, average intelligence, good character and generous heart are qualified to fill this need. If interested apply to

REV. MOTHER PROVINCIAL
Pallottine Missionary Sisters
St. Mary's Convent
Huntington 2, W. Va.

Missionary Sisters
of the
Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

devote themselves to teaching, nursing, and caring for the aged and orphans in the home and foreign missions. Candidates between 14 and 30 desiring to join them are invited to write to

Rev. Mother Provincial, St. Michael's Convent
Bernharts Reading, Pa.

The Missionary Sisters of the Precious Blood

offer to generous young women interested in religious life many types of charitable and educational activities. We work as: kindergarten, primary, industrial, commercial, and high school teachers; catechists; social workers; nurses; dentists; musicians; artists; journalists; housekeepers; seamstresses; fine needle workers, etc.—in home and foreign missions.

Please write to: Mother Superior
Precious Blood Convent, Princeton, N. J.

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

ACTIVE CARMELITES

Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love—her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Avila on the Hudson, Germantown, N. Y.

A PASSIONIST VOCATION FOR GIRLS

Perhaps Our Lord is calling you to serve Him. The Passionist Sisters are a Congregation of trained Social Workers and Educators, affiliated with the Passionist Fathers. The Novitiate for the United States is at Mt. St. Joseph, Bristol, R. I.

For particulars apply to the
Rev. Mother Provincial, C.P.

AFRICA—THE COMING MISSION FIELD

It needs generous and self-sacrificing American young men to carry the seed of faith to its fertile but meagerly tended fields. High School graduates eager to train as missionary priests so as to reap a harvest of souls in the African Vineyard should apply to:

Rev. Director of Vocations
Society of African Missions, Dedham, Massachusetts

BROTHERS OF HOLY CROSS

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Young men interested in teaching or in the various allied activities of the religious life may secure information and literature by writing

BROTHER HYACINTH, C.S.C.
St. Joseph Juniorate Valatie 9, New York

BOYS called to the service of GOD

The Minor Seminary of the Discalced Carmelite Fathers receives young men and boys who feel themselves called to serve God in the religious state. Boys who have finished grammar school or higher grades may apply to:

REV. FATHER RECTOR, O.C.D.
Minor Seminary of Our Lady
Holy Hill P. O., Hubertus, Wisconsin
Worthy boys unable to pay board and tuition will be given consideration.

"Franciscan Missionary Brothers of The Sacred Heart of Jesus

Congregation of Home Missionaries, nurse the sick, are employed in other trades and clerical works, invite young men 16 to 45 to enter their ranks. Write to:

Rev. Brother Superior
St. Francis Monastery
Eureka, Missouri

YOU as an **ALEXIAN BROTHER**, can be a *Follower of Christ*. Imitate His great charity — *Serving the Mystical Body* as a Hospital Brother. Learn the many aspects of this vital *Apostolate of Charity*. Contact

Brother Director, **ALEXIAN BROTHERS POSTULATE**, Signal Mtn., Tenn.
117 James Boulevard

PIARIST FATHERS

(Order of the Pious Schools)

Become a Priest and Teacher! *Join the Piarist Fathers!* The Order, founded by St. Joseph Calasanctius in 1597, is the first Teaching Order in the Church. They started the first free schools for everybody. The members of the Order make a special fourth vow to educate youth.

Write for further information to the

PIARIST FATHERS P. O. Box 2096, Buffalo 5, N. Y.

THE PASSIONIST FATHERS

live a monastic and an apostolic life. From the solitude of the cloister, they go forth to preach missions and retreats. Young men interested in a vocation to the Passionist Way of Life are invited to write for further information.

Those living east of Ohio should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
1901 West Street
Union City, New Jersey

All others should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Ill.

THE MISSIONARIES of the SACRED HEART

welcome boys and young men desiring to serve God as priests in this country or in the foreign missions, according to their choice. Lack of funds no obstacle.

8th graders and high school students should apply for minor seminary. College and university students may apply for clerical novitiate.

Young Men, *18 to 35 years of age*, who do not wish to become priests, but feel called to the *Religious Life*, are invited to join the Society as *Lay Brothers*. Theirs is a well balanced life of *prayer* and *work, office, shop, kitchen, and farm work*.

***Write now to:* DIRECTOR OF VOCATIONS,**
Sacred Heart Mission Seminary, Geneva, Illinois
(located 40 miles west of Chicago, Ill.)

GRAYMOOR FRIARS,
Graymoor 3, Garrison, N. Y.
Please send me without obligation your literature in regard to ☐ Priesthood ☐ Brotherhood.
NAME ..... AGE.....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE.....

YOUNG MEN NEEDED AS
FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Young men wishing to follow their Divine Master and interested in boarding school work or the rehabilitation of problem boys can obtain more information by writing to: Rev. Brother Provincial, Mt. Alverno, Cincinnati 5, Ohio.

his right hand (which is most common) the kind gentleman assisting him should have stepped to the blinded person's left and have permitted him to grasp lightly his guide's right arm at the elbow. In that way, the blinded person, who is thus usually about a half-pace behind his guide, is led with confidence even up and down stairs, since he will sense immediately the change of position of his guide.

I would also note that because blinded persons, just like the rest of us, have a certain pride in their own accomplishments, one should assist them only insofar as they may need assistance. In assisting the blinded, it is better to err by defect rather than by excess. Holy Scripture speaks about "leading the blind"—it was the right thing even in those days.

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
Haverhill, Mass.

Appeal for Korean Refugees

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The "Korea Adopt-A-Family Program" has just been set up by the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in co-operation with the National Council of Catholic Women. This means that at least a way has been found to get help direct from the U. S. to some of the millions of Korean refugees now suffering from a rice famine. May we request through your columns the help of generous SIGN readers?

Food packages, costing $5, will be assembled and distributed in Korea to the neediest of the refugees. Each package will supplement a family's diet for about two weeks. The Maryknoll Sisters Clinic in Pusan, which cares for over 50,000 refugees each month, is acting as the center of the program. Sister Mary Mercy, head of the clinic, says that most of the diseases met among the refugees are due to extreme malnutrition.

Donations toward this most pressing need will be immediately sent to the stricken areas. Won't all of your readers blessed with a $5 bill they can spare send it now to:

Korean Adopt-a-Family Program
War Relief Services-NCWC
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

RT. REV. GEORGE CARROLL, M.M.

Wants a Children's Page

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Although I have been reading THE SIGN for many months, I have not found time to comment until now. I think it is an excellent magazine with much to interest anyone who looks at it. If you only had a children's page it would be almost perfect.

I like especially your questions and answers in the "Sign Post," but why must you always remind readers so sternly to file the "Sign Post." Many, I'm sure, send the magazine along to someone else. I know I do with both my copies. Why not instead keep a record of libraries that file the "Sign Post" and refer the questioner to the nearest one.

Your entertainment comment and book reviews are tops, and your pictures first rate. I don't always like your fiction; but I

ually like most of the articles. On the tion please let's not overdo Maura Lavty. It's not that I don't like her, but ther that I do. Now that she seems to be permanent fixture with *Woman's Day* e A & P magazine, that means I read two her stories every month. I'd rather read ie every other month and have something look forward to.

By the way, I think you did a very good b on the series about the women's magaies. I didn't agree with all that was said it most of it rang true. I do think *'oman's Day* was dismissed too lightly. ot only is it the best of the grocery store agazines but it is the best buy of *all* the agazines for women. Recipes, patterns, ousewifely suggestions are, after all, an tegral part of a woman's life and cerinly she expects to find them in a magane.

I almost forgot those little boxed-in iecdotes. They add unexpected spice and dash of humor to the usually serious ages.

Let's have plenty of Lucile Hasley. I enyed her article so much I went out and ought her book.

MISS EVELYN M. SHEEHAN
ew York, N. Y.

Bingo

DITORS OF THE SIGN:

Prompted by your editorial, "The Sureme Court Adrift Without Charts," in ur July issue of THE SIGN, may I humbly ate I don't like bingo conducted by the hurch. Catholic people who love God id the Church never attend this game. Catholics put more money in the collecon on Sundays and really supported the hurch as they should, bingo would not required.

C. E. MERTENS
owson, Maryland

Toward Understanding Jewish Thinkers

DITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I take exception to the cool air of rtial satisfaction with which Mr. Geoffrey she reviewed Father Oesterreicher's *Walls re Crumbling* in the July issue of THE GN.

Perhaps it is significant that Mr. Ashe nits mentioning the book's subtitle, *Seven wish Philosophers Discover Christ.* For ter all, these seven *were* Jewish in orin—which means they began their disvery in an atmosphere of distrust of rist, with a heritage of ignorance. And, ter all, they *were* philosophers, twentiethntury philosophers—which means they ere imbued at the start with prejudice, ith a universal doubt.

That in the end they should have come en as close as they did to Christ and is Church is something astonishing, someing thankworthy. All, without exception, came to love Our Lord, although not l followed Him entirely and one turned way.

What more does Mr. Ashe want to imess him? Let him be assured that Jewish inkers do not regard these men so lightly. But I dare say there were critics of St. ugustine's *Confessions,* who complained

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

MOUNT ST. CHARLES ACADEMY
Boarding School for BOYS Woonsocket, R. I.
Directed by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart.
Grade 8, through High School, State Accredited Classical, Scientific, Commercial, and General Courses. Very moderate rates. Write for catalog.

MOUNT SAINT MARY
ON-THE-HUDSON
All grades complete from first to twelfth. State-chartered; accredited, Middle States. Preparation for college, business, life. Character development and health stressed. Homelike personal supervision. Fireproof building; beautiful 42-acre campus. Illustrated Catalog.
SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC
Newburgh, N. Y.

MT. ASSUMPTION
Plattsburg, N. Y.
BOYS' BOARDING SCHOOL
New York State Regents
Academic, Commercial, Junior and Senior High Schools
Moderate Prices—All Sports—Modern Buildings
New York References Gladly Given
Direct Railroad and Bus Lines
For Catalog, Address Rev. Brother Director

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE
WHITE PLAINS NEW YORK
Westchester County
Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion
FULLY ACCREDITED B.A. and B.S. Degrees
Standard Courses in Arts and Science, pre-medical, journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies, fine arts.
Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus.
Forty minutes from New York City.

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY
Foremost Catholic Military School under direction of Christian Brothers. Accredited college preparation. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Senior R.O.T.C. Beautiful 170 acre campus with all athletic facilities. 50 miles from New York City.
For catalog, write Registrar,
BOX S, OAKDALE, L. I., N. Y.

ARCHMERE ACADEMY
Accredited boys' prep school under Norbertine Canons. High School only. Limited enrollment, resident or day. Sports, public speaking, social activities. Moral and spiritual guidance. Catalog.
Very Reverend Headmaster
Box 67-S, Claymont, Delaware

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH
A Catholic college conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Founded in 1899, it is the oldest college for women in New Jersey and meets in full all standard requirements. Regular arts courses, business administration, home economics, pre-medical, teacher training, music. B.A. and B.S. degrees.
For information address: Director of Admissions
Convent Station, N. J.

Caldwell College for Women
Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic
CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY
Fully Accredited
Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees
Teacher and Secretarial Training

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE
Lakewood, New Jersey
Four-year course leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees
Liberal Arts: Fine Arts: Science: Music: Teacher Training: Home Economics: Business Administration.
Fully Accredited.

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Syosset, Long Island, New York. Boarding and Day School for Girls. Affiliated with the State University. Grades 7 through 12.
School buses leave from Jamaica, Hempstead, Great Neck, and Manhasset. Bus also meets trains at Syosset. School Session 10 a.m.-3:45 p.m.
Conducted by:
THE SISTERS OF MERCY

COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT
Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY
Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, and Teacher Training
Accredited by the Association of American Universities.
Campus bordering Hudson River • One half hour from Grand Central Station, New York City
Address Secretary

College of New Rochelle
New Rochelle, New York
Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns
Accredited by the Association of American Universities
Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station, New York City

Academy of Mount Saint Vincent
TUXEDO PARK, NEW YORK
FOUNDED 1847
Ideal Country School for Girls overlooking Tuxedo Lake. College Preparatory and General Courses. Art, Music, Dramatics, Home Economics, Athletics, Character Guidance, Social Training. Chartered by the Regents. Accredited by Middle States Association. Grades 7-12.
Send for Catalogue
Phone Tuxedo 4-0230

Ladycliff College
Highland Falls, New York
Four-Year Course leading to the Degree of Arts, Science, Education
LADYCLIFF ACADEMY for Girls—A Chartered Regents High School—Commercial Electives.
Resident and Day Students

THE COLLEGE OF SAINT ROSE

Albany, New York

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

RESIDENT and DAY STUDENTS

Mount Saint Agnes College

Mount Washington, Baltimore 9, Maryland

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools

Courses leading to Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science Degrees. Liberal Arts, Teacher Training, Nursing, Medical Technology and Business.

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH

Boarding High School for Boys

Conducted by the Xaverian Brothers since 1876. Scientific, Classical, Business, and Industrial Arts Courses. Accredited by Middle States Association and State of Maryland. All major sports—band—extensive extra-curricular program. Directed study and play.

Address: Headmaster, Mount St. Joseph High School, Box H, Baltimore 29, Maryland

ST. GERTRUDE'S ACADEMY

Ridgely, Maryland

Boarding Preparatory School for Girls
Grades One Through Eight

Write for further information to the

BENEDICTINE SISTERS

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland

An accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional advantages.

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS
THE REGISTRAR

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pennsylvania

Conducted by the
Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus

Liberal Arts — A.B. Degree
Pre-Professional Training for Medicine,
Teacher Training

Accredited by the
Association of American Universities

Eleven Miles from Philadelphia on the P.R.R.

IMMACULATA COLLEGE

IMMACULATA, PENNA.

Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary
Fully Accredited

DEGREES: Arts, Sciences, Pre-Medical, Secretarial, Music, Home Economics, High School Teacher's Certificate

Swimming Pool, Lake, Campus 327 Acres, Athletics, Riding, Sports

View-book on Request

Phone: Malvern 2201 — **40 Minutes from Philadelphia** — **Cable: Marimmac**

SETON HILL COLLEGE

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of Charity

Degrees:
- **Bachelor of Arts**
- **Bachelor of Science in Home Economics**
- **Bachelor of Music**

Thirty miles east of Pittsburgh on the main line of the P.R.R. For catalogue and viewbook, address The Registrar, Box 23-S.

COLLEGE OF ST. MARY OF THE SPRINGS COLUMBUS 3, OHIO

Resident and Day College for Women
Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic
B.A. and B.S. Degrees
Liberal Arts, Pre-Medics, Teacher Training, Nursing, Home Economics, and Music
Address Registrar

GILMOUR ACADEMY

A Resident and Day Preparatory School for Boys

Gates Mills (Cleveland) Ohio

Members of the North Central Association of schools and colleges. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in the picturesque Chagrin Valley in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course offered. Classes limited to 16 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt, C.S.C., Headmaster.

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. JOSEPH-ON-THE-OHIO

Beautifully located near Cincinnati, Ohio

Conducted by Sisters of Charity, devoted to Higher Education of Women. Recognized courses leading to B.A., B.S., B.Mus., and B.S. in Music Education. Prepares for teaching in Art, Business, Health and Physical Education, Home Economics, Library Science, Music, and Speech. In co-operation with the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, a four-year course leads to degree of B.S. and Diploma of Graduate Nurse. Prepares dietitians and medical technologists.

For Prospectus address THE DEAN, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, OHIO

SIENA HEIGHTS ADRIAN MICHIGAN

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited. Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Commercial Education; Home Economics; Teacher Training; Dramatics; Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical Courses; Two Year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Exceptional Opportunities in Art.

Beautiful Buildings — **Interesting Campus Life**

For Further Information Address the Dean

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE and MILITARY ACADEMY

Junior college and high school. ROTC Honor School. Modern buildings. Conducted by the Capuchin Franciscan Fathers. Rates very reasonable.

Write for Bulletin, Office of the Dean,
St. Joseph's College and Military Academy,
Hays, Kansas

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

In the inspiring environment of this accredited standard college girls acquire cultural knowledge and career skills. B.A. and B.S. degrees. Music, art, commerce, secretarial, journalism, teacher training, speech, and radio. Beautiful buildings, spacious campus. Tennis, riding, swimming. Catalog. Early registration advised.

Box 42 SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, IND.

MARYWOOD SCHOOL

For girls. High School for resident and day students. Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Fully accredited. Member of North Central Association. College Preparatory, General Academic, Music, Art, Home-Making courses. Gymnasium and swimming pool.

2116 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

that for all his scholarship, he had not "established a case of a strictly rational conversion."

A little enthusiasm, Mr. Ashe, please!

MARTHA COHEN

Brooklyn, New York

Mixed Marriage Articles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Belated congratulations on your two articles, "I Love You, But." I enjoyed them thoroughly and was surprised to read unfavorable comments, especially that of J. P., of Connecticut, who canceled his subscription on their account.

To me they were most informative, giving insight into the difficulties of a Protestant wife and a Catholic husband. I sympathize with the wife. I imagine her difficulties arise from her inability to concede that her husband must put Christ and His Church before his wife. She must feel that her husband's religion is a mortal enemy with which she must daily battle. If she could only understand that our Church also protects her rights as a wife and teaches her husband to respect her as a daughter of the Blessed Mother, I think her difficulties would disappear and minor disturbances would appear as such.

Evidently she doesn't realize that the many fine qualities that attracted her to her spouse were developed by his Catholic life. In other words, the Church helped make him what he is. Naturally, Protestants have fine qualities too, but she married a Catholic and, therefore, must accept his religion as part of him.

The husband gives great tribute to his wife's character and honesty, but one feels that in his charity he holds back anything that might be construed as her faults. And yet I imagine he might be worried about the future when the children mature in a household with two sets of morals, one strict and one more lenient.

They should both be congratulated for generously revealing their experiences.

MRS. GEORGE W. BRAUE

Williston Park, N. Y.

"A Tribute"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The enclosed letter copy will be of interest to you since it pays an unexpected tribute to your magazine.

We send three subscriptions annually in response to an appeal made in THE SIGN by Fr. Brennan, S. J.

MOTHER MARY PAULA

New York, N. Y.

(Enclosure)

Dear Students:

It was very kind and thoughtful of you to renew your gift subscriptions to THE SIGN for us. Many thanks. It will interest you to know that the monk in charge of a Hindu monastery library near Calcutta wrote to say how much they appreciate THE SIGN. They had not suspected that such fine literature should come out of "materialist" America. So you see, you are real missionaries when you enable us to get good Catholic literature to the people we would like to get it to. The demand is far greater than we can meet at present.

REV. J. J. BRENNAN, S. J.

Patna, India